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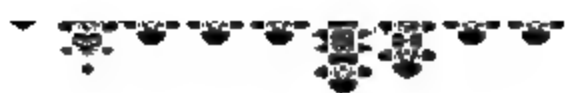
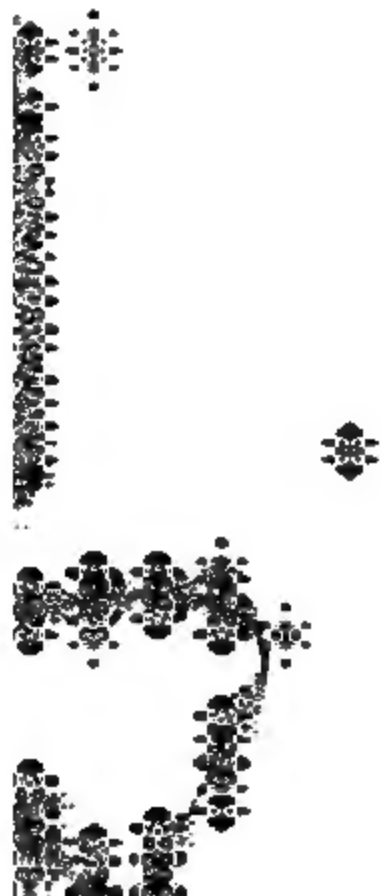
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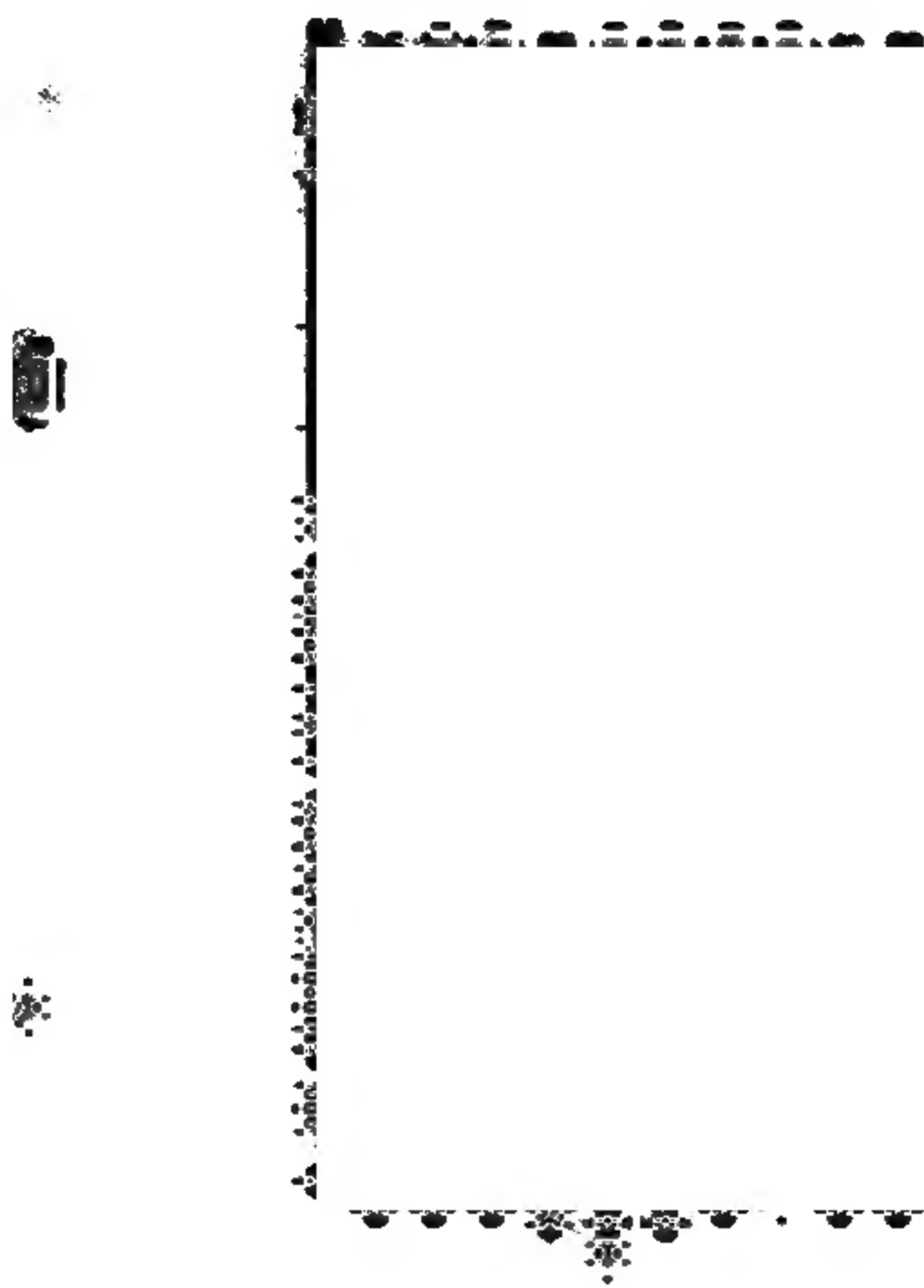
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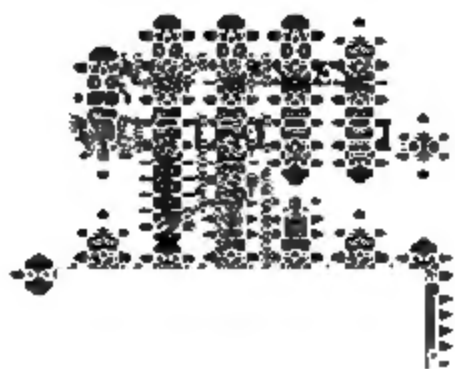
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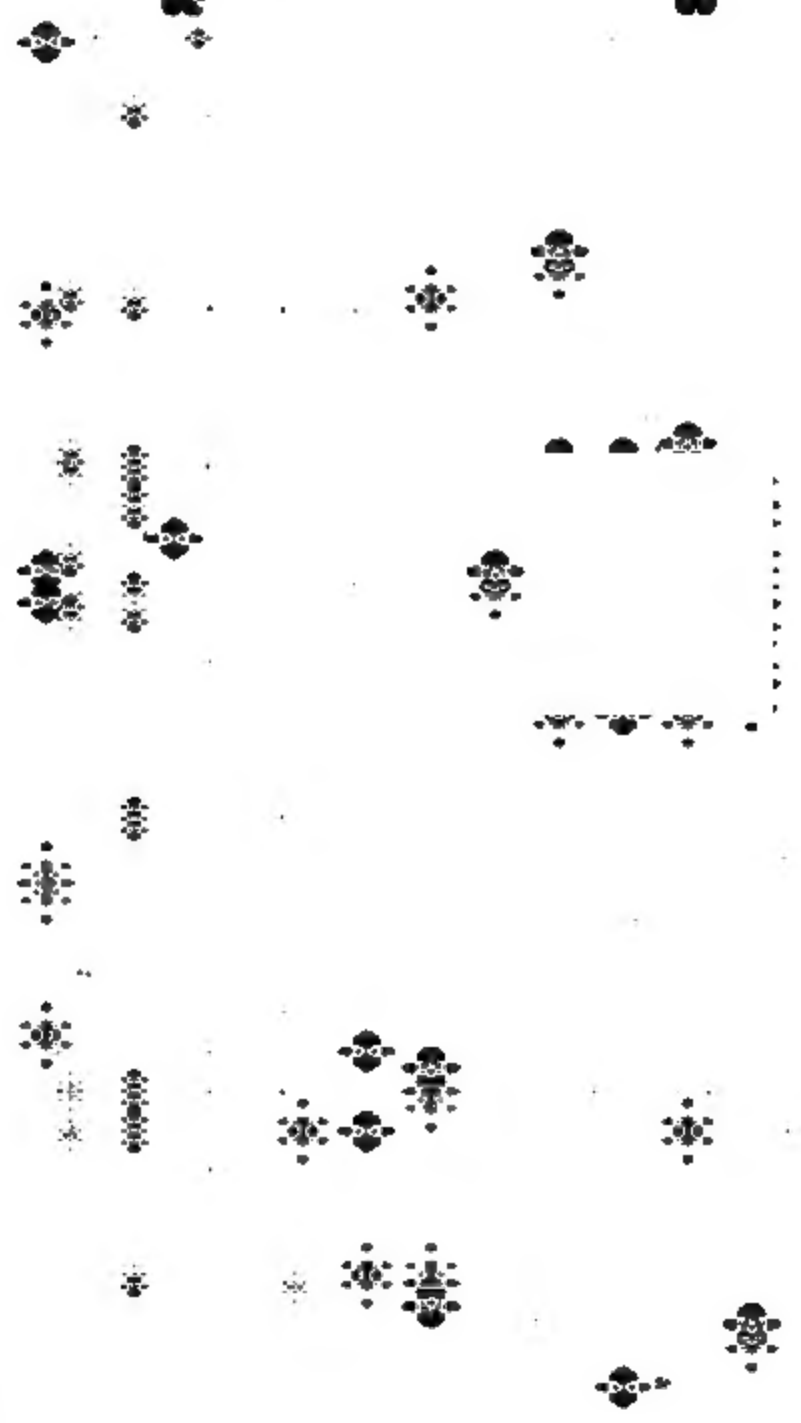
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
ABDY WILLIAMS, E. M.	An East End Incident : A Poem . . . 114
A. M.	Time's Footsteps . 103, 231, 360, 493, 620, 733
ANON.	Some Historical Novels 573
"	Alexander Csoma de Körös 699
ANSTEY, F.	A Stepney Playroom 170
ARCHER, WILLIAM	The Plays of Victor Hugo 143
"	R. L. Stevenson : His Style and Thought . 581
BARNETT, REV. S. A.	Modern Babylon 129
BERLYN, ALFRED	Self : A Poem 197
BEST BOOKS, THE	Classified Bibliography 127, 251, 379, 507, 634, 760
BETHAM-EDWARDS, MISS	The Great Jubilee 427
BRITTON, J. J.	The Ghost of the Lederstrasse 437
CAMPBELL, PROFESSOR LEWIS	The Higher Humanism 37
COATE, H. A.	Chinese Domestic 78
COLEMAN, JOHN	The Garrick of the North 60
CRITICAL NOTICES 115, 247, 370, 502, 631, 740
DALY, FREDERICK	The American Stage 29
DENNIS, JOHN	Style in Literature 71
EDITOR	Women's Work and Women's Wages. . . 539
ELLIS, HAVELOCK	The Present Position of English Criticism. 669
ELTON, J. M.	Conventionality : A Poem 572
FABIAN, A.	Ethical Socialism 47
FIELD, LOUISA F.	Only a Face at the Window 180
"	Travellers in Norway, 1885 693
GALE, FREDERICK	Little Vauxhall 158
GORDON-CUMMING, C. F.	Memories of Ningpo 264
GREENE, W. H.	Remarkable Stall Ends 177
HODGSON, W. EARL	Party Organisation 395
IGNOTUS	Vox Clamantis 410
ISMAY, VERNON	Victor Hugo's Chief Disciples 281
JONES, REV. HARRY	Indirect School Influences 663
JOYNES, J. L.	The College Clock 707
KERNAHAN, COULSON.	Haunted : A Story 567
LATHAM, J. B.	A French Politician 548
LOWREY, F.	Mr. Atterbury's Duel 198
MAGNUS JULIAN.	The American Stage : A Reply 167
MARTIN, T. CAREW	The Real Countess Guiccioli 561
MILNER, A.	The Suez Canal Difficulty 134
O'CONNOR, T. P.	The New Ministry 8
RAWSON, H. G.	Ethical Socialism : A Reply 679

	PAGE
Political Philosophy	643
Moon : A Poem	333
Case	272
.	18
83, 208, 335, 457, 592	
Fish	296
Elementary Education	419
Cloud	253, 381, 509, 637
Years of Childhood : A	447
.	7
.	294
New Government	1
of Scotland	529
.	290
.	430
.	311

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❖ TIME. ❖

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JULY, 1885.
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THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

It is appropriate enough to the political downfall of the most accomplished casuist who has ever ruled a State, that the circumstances of his overthrow should have given rise to as pretty a controversy on a point of parliamentary ethics, as anybody curious in such matters could desire. The question, however, which is involved in it we may leave to be dealt with by the historian of the future. How far an embarrassed Ministry is justified in disregarding the probability, if not insuring the certainty, of a defeat, which will shift their embarrassments to the shoulders of opponents, whose persistent (too) political attitude presupposes their willingness, if not their desire, to accept the burden, would make an excellent subject for a debating club. But for the practical politician the situation created by this accident—or manœuvre—is far too interesting to allow him either mood or leisure to speculate on the agencies by which it was brought about. It is enough for him that, whether ministers contributed to their own downfall or not, they could not have fallen at a moment more opportune for themselves; and that, whether their opponents wished, hoped, or expected to drive them from power by the fatal vote of June 8th or not, the reversion of office could hardly have come to the Conservative party at a more forbidding conjuncture of affairs abroad, or under more terribly embarrassing conditions at home.

Yet we cannot for an instant doubt that Lord Salisbury was right in responding at once to Her Majesty's invitation to him to form a Government. Numerous and formidable as are the considerations adverse to such a course, they were all outweighed by the single argument from public duty, in the form in which it presented itself in the present case. We are not at all prepared

2 THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

to subscribe to the theory,—and highly convenient to the Liberals no doubt, during the late crisis,—that an Opposition, which does not shrink from defeating a Government by a hostile vote, ought always, and in all circumstances, to be prepared to take its place. It is not a rule of universal application, even where the ministerial defeat has taken place on a question of first-class importance, and regarded from the first as one of “confidence”; for the legitimacy of Mr. Disraeli’s action in 1873—the latest precedent for the refusal of an Opposition leader to replace a beaten Government—has never been questioned. And assuredly the rule has no leading force whatever in the case of a question which ministers gratuitously choose to elevate at the eleventh hour into one of “life or death,” although such questions have again and again, in our history, been treated as matters upon which Administrations may constitutionally bow with submission, but without resignation, to an adverse vote of the House of Commons. The constitutional doctrine on this point is perfectly well settled, and can be mistaken only by those interested in doing so. In 1851, and again in 1861, it was laid down by ministers from the Treasury Bench, without protest from any other part of the House, that a Government may, “without any loss of dignity,” submit to such a defeat as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues underwent; and that “it would be unfortunate for the free exercise of the judgment of the House, if the rejection of any portion of a Budget were to be construed into a vote of want of confidence.” No doubt it is an equally sound doctrine that “no Government worthy of its place can permit its estimates to be seriously resisted by the Opposition”; but this was not a question of estimates, it was purely one of ways and means. Ministers could not, of course, acquiesce in a parliamentary refusal to sanction the expenditure which they have declared necessary for the support of the administration and defence of the country; but they may acquiesce, with perfect propriety, in the rejection of a proposal to raise a particular sum of money in a particular way. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, the Conservatives would have been amply justified in declining to have office forced upon them, when they themselves had done nothing to force retirement upon the Government. But the circumstances were not ordinary ones. On the contrary, the situation was critically unique, and, being a situation brought about by the unparalleled incapacity and unprecedented blunders of ministers—incapacity and blunders which had been vehemently denounced by the Conservatives as ruinous to the Empire—that party would have justly forfeited their reputation for patriotism, and deservedly incurred discredit with the country, if they had not consented to receive the helm of the State from hands which they had so often denounced as incompetent, and to do their best to rescue the water-logged and labouring vessel.

The imperiousness of their duty, however, is, in fact, the measure of their difficulties. They would not have been so inexorably compelled to undertake the task of government, were it not for the very fact that their predecessors had gone far to make it an impossible one. The Conservatives succeed to the heritage of an Ireland which Mr. Gladstone has made ungovernable by the ordinary law, and which the dissensions in his Cabinet preclude him from governing in any more stringent way. They take up the threads of a continental policy which Mr. Gladstone has hideously and hopelessly entangled; of an Egyptian policy which has arrayed the Powers of Europe in a coalition against us; of a colonial policy which has threatened our very existence in South Africa, and has half encouraged half provoked Germany to assume a dangerously unfriendly attitude towards us in the Australasian Seas; and of a Central Asian policy which leaves Russia triumphant before the gates of India, and disdainfully selling, as a few months' respite from attack, at the price of almost everything we had pledged ourselves to defend. That is the situation, or at least the more salient points in it briefly set forth; and so formidable is the very part of these that one need look no further for evidence of the well-nigh insurpassable difficulties of Lord Salisbury's position. The first task which awaits him is to attempt to do with a minority what Mr. Gladstone, with the largest, most subservient majority ever packed behind a minister, proved himself unable even to approach without provoking a hostile combination from which he recoiled. Lord Salisbury will at once be called upon to examine carefully into the condition of Ireland; and if, as we can hardly doubt will be the case, he finds himself compelled to adopt Lord Spencer's view of the exigencies of Irish Executive policy, his lieutenant in the House of Commons will have, as the first measure of the new Administration, to propose the renewal of certain provisions of the Crimes Act. Arrayed against him he will, of course, find an allied force of Parnellites, Irish Liberals, and English and Scotch Radicals;—the first of these parties implacably hostile in their attitude, and absolutely unscrupulous in their tactics; the second only too anxious probably to make their peace—or as much of it as possible—with their Nationalist countrymen before the general election; the third, actuated by the double desire of embarrassing a Tory Government, and emphasising, for the benefit of the new constituencies, the distinction between themselves and the coercionist Whigs.

No doubt there is a less unpleasant side to the picture. A modified Crimes Bill, introduced by the new Government, will drive itself, like a wedge, into the ranks of the Opposition, and split them into two fragments, with a line of clearage roughly coinciding with the gangway on the Speaker's left. And the spectacle of disunion thus presented, upon an elementary but

4 THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

vital question of government, and one on which a party of imperial disruption or a party of political anarchy could alone be permitted a doubt, will unquestionably not be lost upon the more intelligent and instructed portions of the community. So far it may be allowed that the Conservatives would be the gainers by their own difficulties, and, perhaps, by their very defeats. But, unfortunately, the extent to which instruction and intelligence may be expected to leaven the reconstructed electorate is extremely uncertain; while, on the other hand, it is pretty evident that the effect of redistribution has been to strengthen the influence of the Irish element in English constituencies. There is but too much reason to fear that the results to the Conservatives of the introduction of a Crimes Bill will resemble the reward of honesty according to the Roman satirist, *Laudatur et alget*. They will earn the applause of every sensible and patriotic Englishman, and their chance, in many an electoral ward, will be starved out of existence by the withdrawal of the Irish vote. Nor will the Parnellite party be slow to point this out to them before they take the final step in the "Coercion policy," and to dangle the vote aforesaid before their eyes as a bribe for them to play fast and loose with their eccentric duty. For some of the party we fear the temptation thus held out will be too strong. The new Government will have to oppose a firm front to the hostility of their adversaries on the one hand, and to the solicitation of their less scrupulous followers on the other.

Abroad again, their difficulties will be of extraordinary gravity, the chief of them, of course, in Afghanistan. It has been rightly assumed, no doubt, that the new Government will regard themselves as morally bound to take up the negotiations with Russia at the point at which they were dropped by their predecessors; but it has been much less hastily assumed that this promises a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the Anglo-Russian difficulty. A remarkable change in the Russian attitude in all probability does promise; but there are more ways than one of gaining the ends of encroachment, and Russia is adept at them all. She is not by any means so likely to attempt to "bluff" a Conservative Government after the fashion which has proved so successful with a Liberal one. Russia will probably prove much more yielding in points of detail in connection with the frontier delimitation; but that she will be in a hurry to conclude the settlement, appears to us to be the very last thing to be expected of her. She will have, and will doubtless urge, the most plausible of reasons for hanging up the negotiations until after the general election, on the ground of the defective authority of the Government which proposes to proceed with them; and even if this objection is firmly overruled, as undoubtedly it should be with regard to the main question of proceeding with the negotiations, it may but reappear

in a multitude of ways in the course of these negotiations themselves. Clearly, it is to the interest of Russia not to go forward with the frontier settlement at all, if she can help it; to spin out the discussion of it as long as possible, if she cannot avoid its renewal; and if she is unable to defer the conclusion of a nominal arrangement of the matter until after the general election, to take care that it shall be one which restricts her future action as little as possible. Such a line of tactics on her part will, of course, be calculated to cause the maximum of disquietude to our Indian Empire, and of embarrassment to the Home Government; but it is not easy to see how the Ministry could effectually resist it. To put their foot down in Afghanistan will be an exceedingly difficult operation for a Government liable at any moment to be tripped up at Westminster.

In colonial matters, their position no doubt will be a better one. They ought to be able at least to stop the nonsense of the Boers; and though it will be a work of time for any Government to deal with the anarchy of Zululand, they will certainly approach that, like every other matter, in which authority counts for so much as it does in all dealings with inferior races, under far more favourable auspices than the discredited Government of the Majuba Hill defeat and the Transvaal retrocession could ever hope for. Australians, still sore on the subject of New Guinea, will doubtless welcome the coming as heartily, in a different sense, as they will speed the parting Administration; and, whatever may be the extent of Prince Bismarck's designs or ambition in those regions, he is pretty sure not to push them on with quite as gross a brutality against an English Government of a party which has always shown a willingness to cultivate friendly relations with him, as he has of late displayed against a minister who has always ostentatiously preferred the now alienated friendship of Germany's chief European enemy. And generally one may say that perhaps the happiest effect of the change of Government will be a clearing of the air of European politics. The existence of Mr. Gladstone's Administration was a perpetual and a two-fold source of mischief throughout the whole Continental world. It exerted the enmity of some Powers, the cupidity of others, and, directly or indirectly, the uneasiness of all. Those States, such as Turkey and the German Power, with whom its once "free and irresponsible" Prime Minister has, or had been, ill friends, were necessarily bound to watch its every movement with jealous suspicion; those States, such as France and Russia, for whom he had demonstrated an unwisely effusive affection at once, of course perceived opportunities of "squeezing," and increased the rigour and audacity of their operations as time went on. It could hardly, for instance, have been anything but a shrewd premonition of Mr. Gladstone's approaching fall which caused Russia to push on her later operations in Afghanistan at a rate of speed so unusual with her. It

6 THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

was a case of "making hay while the sun shone." It was better, she argued, to dare greatly while Mr. Gladstone remained in power, than by running only a moderate risk during his tenure of office; to miss half the advantage which could have been gained by daring; and perhaps to lose the best part of a golden opportunity which might not recur for years.

The game was a bold one, and succeeded admirably; but a little less cowardice on the part of Mr. Gladstone, or a little less arrogance on the part of Russia, and even our "peace-at-any-price" statesman could have landed the country in a war with an Asiatic rival, and in two, if not three, quarters of the globe at once. As to France, the incessant stimulus with which Mr. Gladstone's personality and preferences have supplied her restless ambition is but too obvious. From the moment when her ostentatious friends came into office, she became, to all intent and purposes, their and our enemy. For the last five years she has steadily set herself to oppose and contrast to England whenever the two nations crossed each other's path; and she is, at this moment, the soul of that European league against us in Egypt, whose existence and activity constitute one of the most serious dangers which the new Government will have to face. But here again the mere change of persons may quite conceivably render the situation more manageable. If France is the seat of the coalition against us in Egypt, Germany is, after all, its heavy hand; and the substitution of an English Government which he can get on with, for one which has never made the faintest attempt to get on with him, may have the effect of inducing Prince Bismarck to take an entirely new view of our position there, and of the allowance which should be made for us.

To recapitulate; it seems to us that the Conservative leader, formidable as may well have been the objections which presented themselves to him, has done well in accepting office. Upon the advantage which his party and the country may gain in foreign affairs, through his accession to office, we have but just spoken; and though mainly negative, they are far from slight. The new Government will be, by its anomalous position as a Government unsupported by a majority, precluded from any attempts to strengthen the country by understandings and alliances. Foreign Governments cannot be expected to enter into any binding negotiations with a Government which may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. But *entente cordiale* is still worth something in politics, and the *entente*, which we could never possibly have obtained under the late Government, we may fairly count upon recovering under the present. As to home affairs there the very difficulties of the new Government will prove, in a certain sense, their recommendation. Here, it seems to us, they stand to win without any possibility of losing. If they can obtain the assurances from the outgoing minister, upon which

they have a right to insist, there is no reason why they should not make a marked success of their Administration, even if it should live but a few months. If, on the other hand, they fail to receive the assurance from their adversaries which they require, they will at least have had an opportunity of demonstrating their own patriotism, and, in demonstrating it in all the more attractive shape, form a contrast with the selfish partizanship of their enemies.

H. D. TRAILL.

A LIEDER KREIS.

XI.

AS THE FLOWER FADETH.

VIOLETS plucked or daffodils
 Fade beside their native rills;
 Lilies crushed by careless feet
 Droop ere spring and summer meet;
 So thy flower of youth, too soon
 Cropped before the strength of June,
 No kind dew, no kiss of rain,
 Makes to grow or bloom again.

XII.

AMOR PATIENS.

Though, Love, thy lips are pale with praying,
 Though thy crowned brows are faint and chill,
 Thy tired eyes dim with long delaying,
 And down thy cheeks the salt tears straying,
 Yet, Love, thou art our own Lord still.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

THE situation is throughout one of paradox. A Ministry in an immense majority is defeated ; there is a Government which is in a hopeless minority ; and while there is joy among the vanquished, the victory for a long time seemed to bring nothing but depression and anger to the victors. The situation will be made complete when it will be found, as probably it will, that the policy of a Conservative Ministry will be more Liberal than the policy of the Liberal Administration which it has expelled from power.

For it may be at once prophesied with regard to the new Ministry, that it will be perfectly impossible for it to violate half so frequently, or one-tenth so flagrantly, all Liberal principles, as the Ministry which has just ceased to exist. The Liberals, reduced to Opposition, will at once renew their faith in Liberal principles. Coercion for Ireland is contrary to Liberal principles—that is to say, when the Liberals are in Opposition ; useless and wholesale massacre is a thing against which the gorge of the honest Liberal rises in violent ardour—that is when the useless and wholesale massacre is the work of a Conservative, and not of a Liberal Administration. And thus it will come to pass in all probability that there will be no Irish Coercion, and no Soudan expeditions, under a Government which is now mainly denounced, because its principles favour coercion for Ireland and massacre for everywhere.

One may even go a little farther, and say that if there be a Conservative Government for any length of time—always provided it be not in a majority over both the Irish and the Liberal vote—there will be more Radical progress in five years of Conservative rule, than in twenty of a Liberal *régime*. The carriage of the most Radical measures during the present century by the Conservative party, is not the idle and mendacious boast of partisan speakers, nor a mere accident ; it is almost a law in the present state of party relations. A Conservative Ministry has more power to pass good and less power to pass bad laws than a Liberal Ministry. This may have been some time a paradox, but it is a paradox only to those who have not studied the history of English parties, and have no practical acquaintance with their working.

A Conservative Ministry has more power to pass good laws

than a Liberal Administration; because such legislation, when proposed by a Conservative Administration, has no Opposition to contend against. Good measures proposed by a Conservative Administration find encouragement, not hostility, from a Liberal Opposition; reforms are broadened, not narrowed, stimulated and accelerated, not discouraged and obstructed by such an Opposition. Then a reform proposed by a Conservative Administration finds its way immensely smoothed by the removal of that dread obstacle to all legislative reform,—the Upper Chamber. The House of Lords is notoriously at the beck and call of a Conservative Ministry; any reform that a Conservative Ministry adopts may, therefore, be taken as certain of being accepted by the House of Lords. With a Liberal Administration, on the other hand, in power, something like the force and passion and terrorism of a revolutionary temper is required to pass any great measure of great constitutional change. A Conservative Administration, on the other hand, has less power than a Liberal to pass bad laws, say like Irish Coercion. Any such proposals from a Liberal Ministry meet with the same reception from a Conservative Opposition, as Reform proposals meet with from a Liberal Opposition; that is to say, they are welcomed and stimulated, instead of being thwarted and obstructed. But such proposals, when made by a Conservative Administration, find in a Liberal Opposition bitter, active, and sometimes even unscrupulous, opponents. For these reasons do I say that the downfall of a Liberal, and the advent of a Conservative Administration, mean the resurrection of Liberal principles of policy.

Or could the position be put in different language thus: the Conservatives have no principles, while the Liberals have principles which they eagerly, and joyously, and shamelessly abandon on the first opportunity. The ideal state of things is reached when the party without principles is forced to take up those of its opponents, and the party eager to abandon its principles is deprived of all temptation and power to do so. That leads to the same conclusion; Liberalism has a chance when Liberals can no longer betray it.

For these reasons I do not think that a true Radical or an Irish Nationalist has any reason to view the accession of Lord Salisbury with any feelings but those of unmixed satisfaction. The Ministry will be still more welcome to the real Radical if the principles of Lord Randolph Churchill gain the upper hand. The democratic temper of Lord Randolph Churchill has been doubted: there is not the least reason for doubting it. On the contrary, there are many things in his training and position that would make him frankly and boldly democratic. He is the younger son of a man high in the ranks of the peerage, and low in the ranks of wealth. Younger sons in a country of primogeniture are

proverbially Radical; the anomaly of their own position predisposes them to general hostility to the *status quo*. Then he belongs to the age of democracy. He has nothing but a boyish recollection of the period when his present chief was fighting the battle of culture, and property, and privilege, against numbers. Lord Randolph may be said to have been politically born about the time when a Conservative Minister was sweeping into the electorate a vaster mass of the working classes than had ever been dreamt of in the cut-and-dry and trim schemes of Whig statesmen. He has therefore had no prejudices to overcome or illusions to lose. He is a man of his day; and his day is the day of democracy.

Tory democracy was preached for nearly the whole of his lifetime by one of the greatest of Tory leaders. And yet it may be said to be still a very indefinite faith. It would be a short and a not very inaccurate description of it to borrow Lord Beaconsfield's own scornful description of the statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel: it is to catch the Whigs bathing and carry away their clothes. For if one were to examine the professions of faith by Lord Randolph Churchill and by Mr. Chamberlain, it would not be easy to see where there is so material a difference between them. Mr. Chamberlain has, in fact, approached more nearly to Tory democracy than Tory democracy has to Mr. Chamberlain. Some of his recent speeches display that tendency to mild flirtation with socialism which is one of the main characteristics of Tory democracy. The one essential difference between the Radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tory democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill, is that the one casts longing eyes on property in land, and the other is not free from some covetous uprisings with regard to the property of manufacturers. And this difference probably lay at the bottom of the Tory democracy which was preached by the first apostle of that strange new gospel. The younger Disraeli saw what an excellent cry the Liberals of his earlier days had in the absurd monopoly of the land, and he saw at the same time that it was vain then—as to some extent it would be now—to attempt to induce the Conservative party to surrender a monopoly which lies at the root of their power. His ingenious escape from this dilemma was to attempt to fix the eyes of the masses on the property of the manufacturer. The improvement of the social condition of the people was the great cry proposed for the Tory party; and it was enforced by lurid pictures of the stunted growth, the enfeebled frames, and the hideous overpressure of the working classes of the towns. The remedies were, naturally, interference with the masters under whom the urban toilers worked. Hence factory legislation, and proposals of that kind were recommended as good working cries for the Tory party; and the cries undoubtedly have done some service. It may well

be that in time Lord Randolph Churchill may in the same way gain the ear of the working classes of this country, and win their hearts by some such proposals with regard to the capitalists as in Paris are associated with the wilder spirits that once ruled the Commune. This is another reason for supposing that under a weak Tory Administration there would be changes more sweeping than any that could be even attempted by a Liberal, or even by a Radical Ministry.

Another fact which leads to the assumption that there will be advance instead of retrogression under a Conservative Administration is the enormous change which has been made within the last two years in a democratic direction; and the hearty and cordial recognition of that fact by Lord Randolph Churchill. It will be remembered that he never was thoroughly with the Marquis of Salisbury in his movement against the Franchise Bill of Mr. Gladstone; and his misgivings, though afterwards surrendered, and the outspoken utterances of Mr. Gorst, probably had a good deal to do with the arrangement to which Lord Salisbury finally agreed. A still greater proof of the thoroughness with which Lord Randolph Churchill has recognised the great change, is in the desperate fight he made to have due recognition of talent and due suppression of even time-honoured dulness in his own party. The reduction of the Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats were perhaps far less revolutionary in their effect upon the political life of England, than the single member system of constituencies. That system pronounced the doom of absolute vacuousness in either of the two political parties. Every candidate must now stand by himself; there is no longer the power of being lost in the crowd; of the dull man riding in on the shoulders of the clever; of money electing the dullard and brains the genius. In other words, every man must now be able to talk for himself. The single member system completes the subjection of England to speakers. This was the idea that lay at the bottom of the fight of Lord Randolph Churchill with the elder and duller members of his own party; and this was another proof of his willingness to recognise and obey the new masters of the Empire.

So far for the general tendencies of the domestic policy of the new Ministers. As to their foreign relations I do not consider myself competent to judge. One remark only is inevitable. It would be perfectly ridiculous to suppose that because Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill have said wild and foolish things in their days of Opposition, they will necessarily do wild or foolish things when they have the responsibilities of power. If there be any bitterness left in the Russian mind by the "commercial illustrations" of the Marquis of Salisbury, he has an illustrious precedent for withdrawing words uttered in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. The Conservative Opposition acted only after the manner now apparently fixed in

the party warfare of England; they were heedless, hasty, had slight regard for the susceptibilities of other Powers, and no regard whatever for the difficulties of the Ministers of their own country. If they have any qualms of conscience left, they may find consolation in the past by comparing the speeches in Midlothian with the performances in the Soudan; and repentance in the future will probably be obviated by criticism as relentless and as unjust of their own actions and motives by the gentlemen of the Liberal party below the gangway. The real truth is that the new Ministers, when they get into office, will be for the first time masters of all the facts, and, therefore, of all the difficulties of the situation; and will act with just as much discretion as most men do when they exchange the libertine freedom of Opposition for the solemn responsibilities of office.

It will be useful, to our study of the tendencies and possibilities of the new Ministry, to take a glance at the two most prominent figures—the two men whose names have been already mentioned more than once. The Marquis of Salisbury is undoubtedly entitled by great and commanding talents to the position of Prime Minister of his country. He is, next to Mr. Gladstone, the most remarkable and interesting figure in the political life of England. In pure intellectual endowments, in culture, in loftiness of speech, and, to some extent, in loftiness of aim, he stands far and away beyond most, if not all the other competitors for public favour. And yet it may be doubted if in any but a country governed by speakers, he would be selected for the position of First Minister. He has the besetting vice of Parliamentarians: he is the slave, not the master, of words; and words do not always carry to his mind, as to the mind of a man like Napoleon or Bismarck, definite images of facts, and forces, and things. In this respect the Marquis of Salisbury is more like Mr. Gladstone than any of Mr. Gladstone's own followers and associates. But the slavery of the Marquis of Salisbury to words has in some respects greater dangers than the similar servitude of Mr. Gladstone. The Marquis of Salisbury has a craze for antithesis, and a genius for epigram; but the man has yet to be born who remembers one epigram out of the vast and infinite lengths of Mr. Gladstone's oratory. In dealing with foreign nations this difference between the two men is especially important. Mr. Gladstone may say and has said some terribly imprudent and injurious things about foreign Powers who have had the choice afterwards of doing England and Mr. Gladstone a good turn or an ill turn; but Mr. Gladstone's pointless verbosity has prevented his denunciations from being readily and portably remembered. The Marquis of Salisbury, on the other hand, has the unhappy knack of putting his attacks into a compact form that makes them more difficult to forget than to remember. The difference in the effect of the imprudent utterances of the

two men is the difference between getting an ugly sousing from bilge-water and being stabbed by a poisoned stiletto.

When the career of the Marquis of Salisbury comes to be considered as a whole, it will probably be found that many of his mistakes as a politician are due to his early training as a journalist. The training of the journalist is in many respects the best ; in some, it is the worst for the man who takes afterwards an active part in practical politics. The writer at his desk is essentially removed from contact with or disturbance by his fellow-men ; and thus it is that the timid man becomes brave with his pen the gentle sanguinary, the wavering decisive. The journalist, thus accustomed to write in the privacy of his own closet, gets a habit of thought independent of the feelings or the sensibilities of other people ; and it is the power of considering, and regarding, and working through the feelings, and sensibilities, and passions of other men that make up a great part of the equipment of the practical politician.

It is still more unfortunate for the Marquis of Salisbury that the journal on which he received his early training should have been the *Saturday Review*. It was—as everybody knows—apparently the main object of that journal, in its early days, to say the most harsh things in the most insolent form of everybody and everything in the world. A man could not be one of the leading writers for such a journal for many years without taking away some distinct and indelible traces on his style. The Marquis of Salisbury is often nothing more nor less than the unconverted, unregenerate *Saturday Reviewer*. The disregard for the opinions of others ; the impatient rush to the unpopular rather than the popular view of any subject ; the love of antithesis ; the straining after pointed and bitter ways of saying things ; in other words, the slavery of the artist in words to form rather than matter—these are the relics of years spent in the weekly grinding out of articles which had, above all things, to be pointed and bitter ; which had the irresponsibility of anonymity ; and which looked at everything from the standpoint of culture, correcting and despising the judgment, and prejudices, and ideals of the crowd. It is an unfortunate thing when the biting journalist, transformed into a politician, can play by epigrams with such dread and chainless forces as armies and ironclads, international rivalries, and the murderous hatreds of multitudinous races.

What makes the fault worse and more lamentable is the probability that the effect of much of what Lord Salisbury says is more surprising to himself, perhaps, than to anybody else. His “commercial illustrations” might, and perhaps did, go near provoking a bloody, prolonged, and in all respects appalling conflict between two of the greatest powers of all this earth ; but the phrases dropped naturally from the lips of a journalist,

talking aloud his anonymous article in a weekly newspaper. Those who have the privilege of Lord Salisbury's personal acquaintance describe him as particularly courteous and considerate in manner, and quiet, and reasonable, and kindly in political and personal judgments. He is haunted by the curse of the journalist to express himself too strongly. His pen is more bitter than his tongue, and his tongue a good deal more bitter than his mind.

Another grave obstacle to the success of the Marquis of Salisbury as a leader of the new and omnipotent democracy is that, in all probability, he has not yet attorned in his heart of hearts to the democracy. He obeys, but he does not love his new masters. Here again the traditions of the *Saturday Review* and of also of the *Quarterly Review*, as well as of the successful university student, pursue him. He belonged for years to the clique of able and brilliant men who made war on the multitude; the *hauteur* of the scholar and of the biting writer rather than of the aristocrat, perhaps, was at the bottom of his political faith. There is no able public man of his time who has said more venomous, or, indeed, childish things with regard to the rule of that Demos whose yoke he has now to bear. His vehement hostility to the Household Suffrage is well remembered, and the splendid attacks he made more than once on Mr. Disraeli's change of principle. In the course of the debates—if I remember rightly, on the Suffrage Bill of Mr. Gladstone—he made some pleasant comparisons between the term of residence required for artisans, and the term of imprisonment compulsorily gone through by a person convicted of crime. His refusal for years to be reconciled to Mr. Disraeli was due, it may well be supposed, not to personal dislike alone, but because the Conservative leader had "shot Niagara," and permanently lowered the political life of England by admitting the greater part of its citizens to a share in their own government. In the pages of the *Quarterly Review* Lord Salisbury continued periodically to pour forth the jeremiads of an irreclaimable and irreconcilable enemy of the new order of things, and was as dismal as Carlyle could have wished in his vaticinations against the rule of the democracy. It may be that he has abandoned all this early sourness of view; but his attitude always suggests acquiescence in rather than approval of the great democratic changes he once so fiercely resisted. When conversion is of such a kind, *aliquid amari surgit*; he is always liable to say something which will provoke the class passions of the multitude, and lay him and his party in the dust.

Lord Randolph Churchill has made advances more rapidly than any politician of his time. There was probably not one Member of the Parliament of Lord Beaconsfield who had the least conception that the Member for Woodstock would ever have amounted to, or indeed would have ever cared to amount to

anything like an important figure in the struggles of the House of Commons. His record in that Parliament of nearly six years was practically *nil*. He spoke altogether three or four times ; at least that is all that anybody remembers ; and the speeches were not promising of a future of political seriousness. On one occasion he made a speech in defence of a hopelessly rotten corporation which did credit only to his audacity ; on another, he attacked Mr. Sclater-Booth with a freedom that shocked sober men ; and his third most notable performance at this period was a speech made in Dublin, which, in the vague echoes that reached London, seemed to extenuate the obstruction of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar at the moment when their heads were demanded by the universal voice of England. His political appearances, in short, were regarded as part of an eccentric and somewhat reckless nature, that found everything else in life more interesting than its serious affairs. At this period this was perhaps a not wholly unjust estimate. His ignorance certainly at the time was of appalling proportions. The story is told of Lord Palmerston, when first the opera of *Faust* was performed on a London stage, being astonished beyond measure at finding that some of the audience knew how the opera would end ; the good man had never heard either of Goethe or of *Faust*. There is a similar legend, probably wholly unfounded, of Lord Randolph Churchill thanking Mr. Irving with effusion for having first induced him to study Shakespeare when, at an age far beyond that of the schoolboy, he saw the great actor perform *Hamlet*. Another story is that up to his entrance into Parliament he had never read any book beyond perhaps an occasional novel.

The fall of the Beaconsfield Ministry was his rise. Those who can look back at the aspect of the two parties at the beginning of the present Parliament can alone form a fair estimate of the work Lord Randolph Churchill—and, let it also in fairness be added, his associates, Mr. Gorst, Sir Henry Wolff, and Mr. Arthur Balfour—have done for the Conservative party. Nobody—especially nobody who, new to Parliamentary life, had his powers of observation fresh and keen—can forget the mournful contrast between the appearance and the demeanour of the victors and the vanquished after the great electoral struggle of 1880. The Liberals overflowed on their benches ; all the names that had been familiar for years as the leaders of the forlorn hopes of Radicalism had found places in the new Parliament ; and the look on their eager, and hopeful, and earnest faces was as that of Alexanders, who wept by anticipation that they had not new worlds of wrong to overcome and annihilate. The great leader of the party stood one day at the bar, his mobile face wreathed in smiles, and with the flush of victory achieved, and greater victories to come ; and the whole party rioted in the sense of its omnipotence. On the other side there were benches painfully

and spectrally attenuated, and the universal look was one of impotence and despair. The leaders of the party were even in worse case than the rank and file. It is notorious that for some months after he was driven into Opposition, Sir Stafford Northcote was constantly complaining of the want of assistance from his colleagues, and of their complete demoralization. The overwhelming defeat at the polls had come upon them with surprise; to bewilderment succeeded disgust; and it was impossible to get many of them for a while to turn their faces from the wall, and take up their broken weapons. One man suddenly took a fancy to rural pursuits; the exigencies of his private affairs wholly engrossed the mind of another; for this excuse and that, they nearly all kept studiously away from the new Parliament, and shunned the gaze of their triumphant enemies. It was in this dark hour of rout and despair that Lord Randolph Churchill and his associates in the Fourth party took up the uphill work of raising the spirits and restoring the *morale* of the party, and of arresting the triumphant chariot of their adversaries. It looked as hopeless as the arrest of the car of Jugger-naut. The disposition of even their own side was, for a while at least, to let things take their course; and as the country had determined that it was best for it to enter on the path that leads nations to Hades, to let the country have its way, and go to Hades.

The entrance of Mr. Bradlaugh to Parliament would, in all probability, have been allowed to pass unchallenged, had it not been for the vigilance of Lord Randolph; through his efforts it was that the member for Northampton was refused admission; that the subject was gradually transformed from the contest between the conscientious convictions of a single member to a great ministerial question and a greater ministerial embarrassment. Then the different bills of the Ministry were opposed clause by clause, even line by line; and it soon came to be seen, that by the dexterous use of the forms of the House—by constant attendance, by steady hard work, even three or four men could act as a drag on a party with a hundred of majority. I am, it will be understood, merely describing—not expressing approval of the tactics of the Fourth party. In carrying on this work Lord Randolph ran great risks. He was exposed to the charge of obstruction; was howled at by the ministerial rank and file; ponderously denounced by ministerial orators; laughed at and menaced, and even included in the same category with the enemies of gods and men, the followers of Mr. Parnell. But he took no notice of these attacks, went on his way steadily and pitilessly; with the result that there came to be confidence where there had been despair; activity where there had been apathy; brisk and constant attendance on benches that had yawned in horrid emptiness. In short, it was Lord Randolph Churchill that brought back life into the corpse of the Tory party. Nobody took him seriously at

this period, not even his own side. To many he appeared a somewhat livelier Mr. Warton, a more amusing Ashmead Bartlett; above all things, a figure never to be taken into the calculations of serious men.

From the House, as his confidence in his powers grew, he passed to the platform, and soon he was able to show by results that he had caught the ear of the multitude. He made some horrible mistakes. His attacks on the Government were shrill, exaggerated, indecorous. He was still regarded as a clever but rather grotesque personage. When he returned from some of his stumping expeditions, he increased the ordinary estimate of his levity by open quarrels with his own leaders; and while people did not think Sir Stafford Northcote an ideal leader, everybody shook his head over the audacity of the attacks on his authority by the aspiring and loose-tongued stripling who had never held even an under-secretaryship. It may be doubted if he had among the ranks of the Liberal party enemies more bitter or more scornful than in the ranks of his own party. The whole forces of the Front Opposition Bench were arrayed against him; and the entire strength of the official hierarchy of one's own party is a very formidable combination. The squires thought him dangerously brilliant, and grossly insubordinate, and several times it looked as if he were going to be incontinently cast out of the ranks. Everybody knows how he has changed all this. His rise in popular favour and in parliamentary influence has been so great and rapid, that it has been seen growing visibly before the universal eye, until now he is perhaps the most popular man of his party out of doors, and in its parliamentary arrangements he can dictate his own terms.

It remains to be seen how far all this may have been due to the inferior talents that make a smart and effective member of an Opposition. He is still untried, and his future is darkly shrouded. He has an unfortunate knack of making great blunders, and of making them at the very worst time. Some of his offences against both taste and tact are almost unintelligible. It is hard to say whether these mistakes were outbursts of temper, or pure want of judgment; or badly calculated estimates of what the great Demos requires. Time will soon tell. He has given mighty hostages to fortune, in assuming one of the greatest places in the Ministry, and his career will soon be made or marred. In any case the new Ministry presents a problem of extraordinary interest in the history of England and of the world generally. The moment of the almost completed emancipation of the proletariat sees the rise of two aristocrats among aristocrats to supreme power. Will the democracy be content to be the Bucephalus of the nobility?

T. P. O'CONNOR.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

BY DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

LITTLE more than a year ago "the Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was in the hands of many and in the mouths of all of us. At that time an active philanthropist who is also a man of the world uttered the cynical prophecy that "the Bitter Cry would cry itself to death." There is much danger that this forecast may prove accurate. And as it is obviously important that so urgent a matter should not be allowed to sink into oblivion, it is hoped that a few remarks upon one branch of this wide subject may be of interest.

The problem which the Bitter Cry presented for solution was one of great complexity; and there is hardly any one of the most pressing social questions that is not more or less involved in the controversy which the attempt to solve this problem has raised. Questions such as the causes of, and the proper remedies for pauperism, the merits and demerits of State-aided emigration, the relations between labour and capital, the effect of the laws regulating the tenure of land, the influence of the abuse of alcoholic liquors, the results of improvident marriages,—all these and many equally difficult arise, when we undertake to consider the condition of our unfortunate neighbours in this vast metropolis. It is not our intention to deal directly with any of these larger subjects.

The question to which the Bitter Cry of Outcast London attracted the immediate attention of the most practical among statesmen and philanthropists, and which it is our purpose briefly to discuss here, is that of the homes of the poor.

There is an appearance of substantiality about bricks and mortar which has gained for this question a precedence in men's minds over others, by no means less important, but which open up vaster and vaguer issues. And the instinctive preference thus accorded will be found to be justified by the facts. The attempt to secure decent and healthy homes for the poor is one which it is imperatively necessary to make, which has already been made in many instances, which, where it has been made, has been fairly successful in the past, and which, as we believe, is destined at no distant a future to attain yet more complete and more conspicuous success.

In dealing with the question of the homes of the poor it is

proposed to consider, first, the nature and defects of the existing accommodation, and next, the measures which are, in our opinion, necessary and practicable for the improvement of this accommodation. That the houses inhabited by the working classes are, for the most part, in such a condition as to cause the gravest evils, moral and material, to their inhabitants, and at the same time to threaten with a serious danger the health of the whole community, is now admitted. The statements made by the author of the "Bitter Cry" have been tested, and their general accuracy fully established by the painstaking investigation of a Royal Commission, whose first report, dealing with England and Wales, has recently been issued. This Commission was formed of elements so representative in character, and numbered among its members men of such acknowledged practical ability, as to ensure for the outcome of its labours much attentive consideration. And yet the danger is great that the report of this Commission may meet with the usual fate of such compilations, and that the recommendations which it contains—moderate as they are, even to timidity—may lead to no improvement, and remain barren of permanent result. A document such as this report inevitably, and most unfortunately, presents a forbidding aspect of official dryness. And if it should be objected that there is in this paper but little that is not to be found somewhere in the eighty odd folio pages of the first report of the Royal Commission, and the seven hundred and twenty-eight sheets of closely-printed evidence which accompany this report, the apology of the writer consists in his earnest conviction of the importance of calling general attention to the subject.

It certainly appears probable, that besides the "old guard" of philanthropy to whom the facts and conclusions set forth in the Report and Evidence have long been familiar, there are very many persons who, while their strong sympathy with all endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the working classes is unquestionable, have not found the leisure or the opportunity of studying those two very valuable, but somewhat formidable, volumes.

With respect to the existing accommodation provided for the working classes, two main features are strongly presented in the report—the overcrowded state of these dwellings and their insanitary condition. Even if houses are free from sanitary defects, yet if they are inhabited by numbers largely in excess of those which they could, with due regard to the laws of health, safely accommodate, these houses must be hotbeds of disease. That a single room is frequently occupied by seven or eight persons is shown by the instances given in the report; and one case of twelve in a room is there mentioned. When one thinks of the smallness of the rooms in the houses of the poor, with their low ceilings, and

their windows, which must, during a great part of the year, remain closed to keep out the cold, and which too often cannot be opened at all for fear of injury to their rotten frames, it is easy to form a mental picture of the state of the atmosphere in these crowded apartments, and to estimate the consequent injury to the health of their inhabitants. We learn without surprise that in some districts the death-rate is disgracefully high. The Report gives an instance (p. 14) of some buildings in St. Pancras in which the death-rate in 1882 was 70·1 per thousand; and mentions that in Wellington Square, "which was stated in evidence to belong to a member of the St. Pancras Vestry, the rate the same year was 52·7 per thousand, and in Derry Street 44·4 per thousand."

To enable these figures to be the better appreciated, it may be observed that the general death-rate for the whole metropolis during the year ending 31st March, 1885, was 20·34; while in the model buildings erected by the Metropolitan Association the rate for the same period was 17·3.

As to the grave danger, from a moral point of view, caused by the overcrowding prevalent in the houses of the poor, no one who reads (for example) that "In System Place one room was occupied by a man and wife with four children, the eldest of 16, in addition to a woman lodger and baby—eight in all—in a room nine feet square" ("Report," p. 8), can have any other opinion than the most sad conviction that such circumstances must inevitably foster immorality too hideous to be thought of without a shudder.

Occupied, as they are, by numbers vastly too large for their area, the houses of the poor are too often in a condition so insanitary, that, even if overcrowding were effectually prevented, their inhabitants must yet remain the constant prey of numerous and fatal diseases.

Should an epidemic of cholera visit this country, an event which many of the best-informed physicians consider probable at no distant date, the mortality which must ensue—first among the poorer people, and then, inevitably spreading, among all classes of the population—would be of a character truly appalling.

These pages are perhaps hardly a suitable place for a full or a technical description of the sanitary defects most commonly to be met with in the houses of the poor. And yet the subject is too important to be passed over in silence.

The report of the Commission, while drawing attention to the great improvement that has admittedly taken place by the substitution of house-drainage for cesspools, points out (p. 9) that "Notwithstanding the great change for the better, the evidence proves conclusively that there is much disease and misery still produced by bad drainage. The work of house-drainage is imperfectly done, frequently in consequence of there being little supervision on the part of the local authorities"; and (*Ibid.*) that "there is much room for improvement in the matter of ash-pits

and dust-bins." But the evidence laid before the Commissioners as to the condition of the houses of the poor would have furnished material for comment of a much more vigorous character than this.

What is meant by "imperfect drainage" can be best understood by any one who will be at the pains of walking into almost any of the houses in almost any of the back streets of almost any quarter of London. And perhaps in no other way can the state of things which the supineness of the different local authorities, to whom the care of the public health is entrusted, allows to exist in these unsavoury domiciles be fully appreciated. If the outlets of the drains are trapped at all, the probability is that the traps are of the kind known as "bell traps," which at the best are of but little use, and that nine-tenths of these traps will be found to have the loose bell-cover—which is fallaciously supposed to guard the entrance to the drain and to prevent the upward escape of sewer gas—either broken, so as to be altogether futile, or else detached from the trap, lying in a remote corner of the yard, or long since lost and vanished for good and all from the scene. The notorious bell-trap is, in fact, nothing better than a man-trap, entangling its unwary victims in the meshes of infectious disease. The visitor often looks in vain for a dust-bin. Piles of decaying fish, vegetables, and other worse refuse are discovered heaped up in a corner of the yard, if the house has a yard, or in the cellar. Even where a dust-bin exists, it is probably unprovided with a cover; and while it receives all the rain of heaven to breed putrefaction in the *olla podrida* of its contents, this singular "sanitary appliance" liberally exhales a blended fragrance,—*omnis copia narium*,—intricately compounded of all the most disgusting and deleterious odours. Often, too, the dust-bin will be found in a site apparently chosen on account of its immediately adjoining the principal windows of the back part of the house, which can only be opened at the peril of admitting these noxious stenches. In many cases it will be observed that the bottom of the bin is well below the surface of the yard, which probably slopes towards it, and which pours the "slops" and other water discharged on to the pavement round the base of the dust-bin, into whose walls and foundations this delectable liquor permeates.

The remainder of the surface-water lies in fetid pools in the numerous holes and crannies of the ill-paved yard, while the sink, which should by rights receive all this liquid abomination, will be seen to be raised several inches above the general level of the ground—a position of isolated eminence well befitting its aristocratic inactivity.

As to those brawny ruffians to whom the omnipotent dust contractor entrusts the very responsible task of cleaning out these Augean accumulations of filth, these men rival the hosts of heaven in the infrequency of their appearances; and on their rare visits

decline to perform any part of their duties until their palms have been greased with the *baksheesh* which they audaciously demand. The tax levied by these impostors is a grievance to us in every district; but to the denizens of "the slums" "the price of a pint," which the dustman exacts, is often a prohibitory impost.

If the visitor now turn his attention to the other parts of the house, he will very possibly find the walls reeking with damp, the roof freely admitting the rain, the floors full of holes, the staircase without a baluster, and with the "treadles" completely worn away. As Mr. G. R. Sims told the Commission, "some of these floors a woman could not scrub. They are absolutely rotten; in fact, the more you do to them, the more terrible the state in which they become." The condition of both floors and staircases is such, as not only to make cleanliness impossible, but to cause many grave accidents. An instance occurs to the writer in which a woman in the east end of London, while carrying a lamp burning paraffin oil, caught her foot in a hole in the floor; the lamp was broken; the woman's clothes, saturated with oil, caught fire; and she was severely injured. The numerous misadventures that arise from the extreme dilapidation of a staircase in a crowded and badly-lighted dwelling can easily be imagined.

The deficiency of closet accommodation in the homes of the poor is another most important point, with which the report, while it does not altogether miss it, deals in a manner by no means adequate. Cases are mentioned (p. 11) where there is in Clerkenwell not more than one closet for sixteen houses. "In a street in Westminster, a witness states that there was only one for all the houses in the street, thirty or forty people inhabiting each house." But though the marginal note appended to these and other similar observations is "Water Closets," the Commissioners fail to notice the singular fact that, even where "water closets" exist, these misnamed offices are very often entirely devoid of water supply. Not only do instances of apparatus for flushing the closets being so badly arranged as to be almost useless, or of such flimsy construction as to be constantly out of working order, occur with a frequency little suspected; but there are whole districts in the metropolis where such closets as do exist are, almost without exception, wholly unprovided with flushing machinery of any kind whatever. Out of 2,328 houses in the East End of London (the major part in Whitechapel) which the writer, in the discharge of his duties as the Honorary Secretary of the Sanitary Committee of the Board of Guardians for the relief of the Jewish Poor, caused to be visited by the Sanitary Inspector of that institution between 9th June, 1884, and 9th June, 1885, there were only 276 which possessed closets fitted with flushing apparatus of any description. Out of 464 houses in Clerkenwell, inspected under the direction of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People in the first three months of the current year,

no less than 194 were found to be entirely unprovided with a water supply to the "water closet."

Whether the water closet system is as efficacious as that employed (for example) in Manchester, where the excreta are carted away and chemically treated, may be by no means free from doubt; though the opinion of Mr. Chadwick, the President of the Association of Sanitary Inspectors (to be found at pp. 520, 522 of the Evidence) is strongly in favour of water removal. This, at any rate, is certain, that where, as in London, no system of refuse destruction exists, the provision of closets which shall possess an efficient arrangement for flushing the pan with water, is a matter of the first importance. And when such a provision is made, it is to be desired that the apparatus supplied shall no longer be liable to be rendered inoperative by the exercise of the arbitrary power, which the Water Companies now possess (and which the Commissioners (p. 56) recommend should be taken from them), of cutting off the water supply on account of non-payment of rates.

The picture which has just been drawn represents with fidelity the condition of a great part of the existing accommodation provided for the working classes; and is fully borne out by the evidence taken by the Commission (see especially Answers 3063, 3234, 4379, 5452, and, as to Liverpool, 13,467).

The next question for our consideration is the means to be taken to bring about an improvement in this accommodation, both by the amelioration of the condition of houses already built and occupied by tenants of this class, and by the provision of new dwellings better adapted to secure the health and comfort of their occupants. Something has already been done towards the attainment of both these objects; and the means hitherto adopted have, on the whole, been wisely conceived, and where energetically carried out have attained a measure of success so considerable as to demonstrate at once the hopeful character of the task and the extreme importance of renewed and yet more vigorous action in the same direction.

The improvement which has been effected in the condition of the houses occupied by the poor is due partly to the action of the vestries and other public authorities, and, in a great degree, to the efforts of volunteers. So far as concerns the action of the local authorities, the most important fact to be observed is that, if these authorities did their duty, if they exercised with zeal and with discretion the powers conferred upon them by existing legislation, but little would be wanting to secure the complete and permanent amelioration of the class of dwellings now under our notice. The report gives an account of this legislation which is at once concise and complete, and which, as it is remarkably free from all technical terms, may be perused with interest even by the lay reader. Such a perusal will convince us that, although

some alteration ought undoubtedly to be made in these statutes,—and the Commissioners suggest some amendments of obvious utility—the crying evil which meets our view at every turn is not so much the imperfection of the sanitary laws as the absence of proper vigour in the application of these laws. An Act of Parliament will not “run itself.” What we want, even more than new machinery, is improved motive power.

All persons who have had practical experience in the attempt to improve the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor, will agree that if you desire to procure the abatement of a nuisance, the first and greatest obstacle which is encountered is, in nine cases out of ten, not the difficulty of discovering a legal remedy suitable for the purpose, but the impossibility of inducing the local authority to apply this remedy. The vestries possess ample powers; but these powers they in many cases refuse to exercise.

Therefore what is required—it cannot be too clearly or too often asserted—even more urgently than the consolidation and amendment of the existing sanitary laws is a marked increase of energy in their administration, both on the part of the local authorities and on that of the officers of these authorities.

The number of sanitary inspectors must at once be largely increased. At present we find (“Report,” p. 33) in some districts of London (such as St. James’, Westminster, and St. Giles’), one inspector to each 9,000 of the population; but in Bermondsey one to 86,000, and in Mile End one to 105,000. The report lays some stress upon the necessity for the employment of sanitary inspectors of a higher class:—

“Your Majesty’s Commissioners would recommend that advice should be given to Metropolitan sanitary authorities to increase in some cases their staff of inspectors, and in all cases to select persons acquainted with the principles of sanitation and of building construction.”

As they are at present constituted the London vestries are not likely to take much notice of this advice. Of course if we can get better as well as more inspectors, we shall be well pleased. But the first thing needful is the increase in the number of sanitary inspectors. Mr. Paget, Clerk to the Vestry of Clerkenwell, told the Commission, “If a man was endowed with good common sense, I think that would be as good a training as he could have.” There is much truth in the remark; but it does not contain the whole truth. If you have an able Medical Officer of Health to direct and supervise the work of the inspectors, and if you do not fetter his action, then certainly it is not of vital importance that his subordinates should all be men of high training. But you must give your Medical Officer a salary of sufficient amount to remunerate the services of a first-class man; and, above all, he must be free to act as he thinks best without the constant dread of losing his position, if he incur the displeasure of the house-farmers on the vestry. A parish doctor, a relieving officer, a

master of a workhouse, a steward of a pauper infirmary—no one of these officials can be dismissed from his post except with the consent of the Local Government Board. Why should not the same protection be afforded to the Medical Officer of Health? *

The opinion of Lord Shaftesbury (Evidence, 32 and 92) is very distinct on this point:—

“I should be very glad indeed to see the health officers made perfectly independent. I think that, being still appointed by the local authorities as they are now, they should only be removable with the consent of the Secretary of State, and then they would act independently; but without that I am sure they cannot act with perfect freedom.”

The Rev. R. C. Billing, Rector of Christchurch, Spitalfields, who is a member of the Whitechapel Board of Works and also a poor-law guardian of Whitechapel, takes the same view as Lord Shaftesbury (Evidence, 5124 and 5138); and his authority to speak on the subject will be disputed by no one.

Turning now to the consideration of the volunteer agencies by which the work of the local sanitary authorities has been supplemented we must give the place of honour to a name which will ever be revered in the annals of philanthropy. Gifted with no common intellectual ability, with rare common sense, and with a patience which knows no bounds, Miss Octavia Hill has not only herself successfully undertaken a task of the greatest difficulty, but has been able to train a large staff of devoted assistants, to whom she has communicated the results of her vast experience, and whom she has imbued with much of her own enthusiasm and sagacity. Miss Hill, whose evidence (pp. 288—308) is replete with interest, has induced a number of persons to invest a portion of their means in the purchase of tenements occupied by the poorest of the poor, which their former owners had allowed to fall into a state of dilapidation. The rents of these tenements (which she has caused to be put into thorough repair) are collected by Miss Hill and her assistants; and while she has maintained these houses in a satisfactory sanitary condition, she has in all cases been able to secure to those who have invested their money in the purchase of the houses under her care an uniform return of 5 per cent. For this collection Miss Hill charges a percentage of 5 per cent., which she expends in the training of paid assistants. Thus the work done by Miss Hill, while it secures the proper housing of a large number of poor people, and while it affords to the kind-hearted and cultivated rent-collectors abundant and

* That the Commissioners have not included in their recommendations a distinct proposal for such an amendment of the law as here suggested is all the more surprising, since they speak (“Report,” p. 34) on the subject of “dismissal for zeal” in terms which show them to have fully appreciated the importance of securing for Medical Officers a more independent position; and refer with emphatic condemnation to the treatment received by Mr. Shirley F. Murphy, the Medical Officer of the parish of St. Pancras, who during the revision of the Report “found himself compelled to resign on account of his relations with his vestry.”

The most recent case in point is the enforced retirement of Dr. W. Johnston, the Medical Officer of Leicester. (*Lancet*, 13th June, 1885.)

never-neglected opportunities of inculcating among the tenants lessons of morality and prudence, is conducted upon strict commercial principles. The success achieved by Miss Hill demonstrates with convincing force how much may be done to improve the homes of the poor by the well-directed efforts of private individuals, and this without any expenditure which can be properly called charitable.

If Miss Hill has rescued by purchase from unscrupulous owners the numerous houses which she now manages, yet, as it is hardly possible to buy up all the insanitary dwellings of the metropolis, it is clear that much remains to be done in the direction of compelling landlords to fulfil the requirements of the sanitary laws. And since the legal means of enforcing this fulfilment are in the hands of the local authorities, it is obviously necessary that the action of these bodies, many of whose members are themselves owners of the class of property now referred to, should be stimulated and supervised. This task is undertaken in the metropolis by the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People and by its committees. Space does not permit of a detailed account of the work done by this institution, which in 1884 inspected more than 2,500 houses. But it is impossible to mention the name of the Mansion House Council without expressing astonishment at the very inadequate support, both moral and material, which it has hitherto received. Indeed, so badly is this institution supplied with the sinews of war, that there is some danger that it may be compelled to abandon the campaign; and in any case its operations must be much hampered by its very scanty resources.

The local committees, to whom the Council, from want of means, is unable to grant the services of trained and salaried inspectors, are entirely dependent upon the efforts of volunteers. Now the most poverty-stricken districts in which the need for inspection is the greatest are of course just those in which men with leisure are conspicuous by their absence; and in these districts the work of the Council is carried on under the gravest disadvantages.

They do these things better in the provinces, where there is far more public spirit than in the metropolis. In Manchester and Salford every district but one within the area of the local sanitary association has its own lady superintendent, gentleman visitor, and salaried mission-woman. The mission-women are instructed in the elements of sanitary science; and the gentleman visitor is always a medical man of eminence. The sanitary defects observed by the mission-women are verified by the personal inspection of the visitors, whose position and influence secure for their complaints the utmost deference on the part of the local authorities.

The last branch of our subject is the provision of homes for the poor in dwellings better adapted to the requirements of health

than the tenement houses occupied by the bulk of this population. To deal at all adequately with the subject of model dwellings is of course impossible within the limits of these pages; and a few salient points only can be mentioned. Few persons probably have a just conception either of the amount of accommodation which has already been provided by the erection of these dwellings, or of the success, from a purely commercial point of view, which has attended enterprises of this character.

In 1875 Mr. Gatliff, the Secretary of the Metropolitan Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrial Classes, in an admirable pamphlet on the subject of improved dwellings gave a list of twenty-eight different bodies and individuals who had provided accommodation in model dwellings in the metropolis for 32,435 persons at a cost of £1,209,359.

In the ten years which have elapsed since the compilation of these figures, the number of persons for whom accommodation in model dwellings has been supplied in London has been very largely augmented; as will be judged from the facts stated to the Commission that the dwellings of the Peabody Trust at the present moment house more than 18,000, and those of Sir S. H. Waterlow's Company more than 22,000 persons; while the total amount expended in buildings of this class in the metropolis is now not less than £12,000,000.

A careful investigation of the Evidence will show that, apart from any question of philanthropy, money invested in the construction of model dwellings can be made to yield a net profit of from 4 to 5 per cent.*

It is indisputable that the provision of healthier homes for the poor is an enterprise which can be carried out with success on a purely commercial basis. It is therefore to the energies of the business man at least as much as to the enthusiasm of the philanthropist that we must look for a solution of the question of improved accommodation. And it is well that we have not to depend upon benevolence alone. In the words of Sir E. Watkin (Evidence, p. 354): "Of course it must be obvious, that the more you can make anything that you do" for the housing of the poor "a question of business, and the less you make it a matter of benevolence, the better it is; because in the one case you have a self-acting principle always working in a right direction, and in the other case you have to rely upon enlightenment, and kindness of heart, and all sorts of things."

* That there is no exaggeration in this statement the reader can satisfy himself, if he will turn to the answers of Lord Shaftesbury (28 and 43), Lord W. Compton (1667), Mr. F. W. Goddard (9864), the Hon. A. H. Grosvenor (11,037, 11,082, 11,097 and 11,112), Mr. E. R. Spearman (11,241, 11,243, 11,244, 11,311), Sir C. M. Lampson (11,721 and 11,723), Sir S. H. Waterlow (11,908, etc.), Mr. R. E. Farrant (12,079 and 12,145), Mr. W. H. Lascelles (12,260), Mr. W. S. Horner (12,317, 12,335—12,338), Dr. W. A. Greenhill (12,343, etc.), Mr. A. B. Forwood (13,423), Mr. C. Dunscombe (13,601), Mr. B. Jones (13,774), Mr. E. Sowerbutts (13,877 and 13,878). See also Appendix, p. 698.

Not that in the army of workers no post can be found for men of benevolence and public spirit. The place of these men is in the board-room of the local authority. By all means let new companies for the erection of industrial dwellings be formed, and that on the largest scale. But let it be remembered that in addition to the vast number of persons who are now housed in insanitary dwellings "every year in London house accommodation of some sort has to be provided for a growth of population of thirty thousand of the labouring class" (Evidence, p. 213). The erection of new buildings cannot alone solve the problem. The existing tenements must be put into, and maintained in, efficient repair; and this object can only be attained by the vigilance of the local sanitary authorities. It is therefore—as pointed out by Miss Hill (Evidence, 8855)—of the first importance that the constitution of the vestries and other public authorities in the metropolis shall be improved by the election of zealous and independent members. No satisfactory action can be expected on the part of the London vestries until new blood has been infused into these bodies, in which the reluctance of the most capable citizens to undertake the onerous duties of public life has in too many cases produced corruption and paralysis.

DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

BY FREDERIC DALY.

THE effect of Mr. Littimer's presence on David Copperfield was to make him feel uncomfortably young. A whole multitude of Littimers would not present this idea to an American ; yet to the traveller in America the youth of the country is its most conspicuous feature. There is much sowing of wild oats in all directions. Manners in Congress, enterprise in journalism, promiscuous shooting in Texas—all have a touch of youthful indiscretion. The foreigner, who is asked the inevitable question, "What do you think of America?" magnanimously declines to recall certain incidents of travel which have offended his susceptibilities. He simply says, "You are a great people, and you will grow older." This is a useful formula, which expresses a mild scepticism as to the perfection of existing institutions in the least offensive manner. To descend to particulars, I venture to say that the American stage is young—very young. I can hear the patriotic American—luckily there is a good broad ocean between us (to adapt a famous phrase of Mr. Disraeli's about Mr. Gladstone)—I say I can hear the patriotic American declaiming, "Sir, have you ever heard of Junius Brutus Booth, and Edwin Forest, and Edwin Booth, and the elder Wallack, and Joseph Jefferson? And do you, in your insular ignorance, dare to affirm that they are not entitled to the fame of old masters of their art?" I do not affirm anything so dreadful. But without laying oneself open to the imputation of unmitigated idiocy, it may be affirmed that Mr. Edwin Booth, for instance, admirable actor as he is, or Mr. Joseph Jefferson, one of the greatest comedians ever seen, has not been able to impress his individuality on a population that doubles itself in a few years in a country which has scarcely discovered the extent of its material resources. The finest art in this case cannot leaven a huge and rather primitive lump. Let us drop parable, and put the proposition frankly. A few great actors in America have not given any permanent inspiration to the national stage. The one actor whose method has exercised very considerable influence is Edwin Forest; and a worse model could not be imagined. All the excesses which sprang naturally, too naturally, from his abnormal physique are reproduced in miniature by actors without a tithe of his magnificent force; and you will rarely see

a travelling company in America which does not contain at least one actor who splits the ears of the groundlings with sound and fury. There is a man who carries on the Forest tradition with some relish of the original spirit. This is John McCullough, now, alas! a mere erratic phantom of himself. All the rest are leather and prunella, especially leather. But the finely-balanced faculties of Edwin Booth, and the exquisite fancy of Joseph Jefferson—what have they done for the artistic perceptions of American actors? Very little, though Mr. Booth has a strong hold on the minds of American youth, and though faint reminders of his method—"lights that do mislead the morn"—flicker through the performances of many members of his craft.

The truth seems to be that in a vast and imperfectly developed country, where a large section of the population has not finished struggling with primeval forces of nature, the standard of taste in dramatic art cannot be uniformly high. Not to put too fine a point upon it, as Edith Dombey's loquacious relative was wont to remark, popular taste in such conditions is likely to be rather low. Barbaric pearl and gold, or their theatrical equivalents, will please the majority of such a community more than the embellishments of modern art. And so it is that in America one sees stage entertainments that are fearful and wonderful to anybody of average cultivation. The "variety show," which simply exhibits the mimetic faculty in its most rudimentary state, is enormously popular. I have heard people shriek with laughter in a New York theatre at the spectacle of a consumptive lodger in a boarding house, writhing under the infliction of a mustard-plaister which has been put on his chest by a somnambulist. In justice to the "variety show," I must admit that it is often much more entertaining than its counterpart in this country, and that it throws a burlesque light upon many odd phases of American life and character. The fame of Mr. M. B. Curtis has not reached England, and he may not be altogether pleased to find his plays—in one of which, at all events, there are melodramatic passages of terrible, though rather incoherent import—described in the category of "variety shows"; but the adventures of an American "drummer," or commercial traveller, which he illustrates with much comic resource, scarcely belong to the domain of art. Nor is Mr. Henry Dixey—one of the most popular performers in New York, an Edward Terry without Mr. Terry's humour and genuine power of characterisation—exactly an artist, though his imitations are funny and his dancing vigorous. The "variety show" spreads itself all over the States, using up much irregular talent which, if the real drama had a higher and more general standing, might be disciplined to far more artistic purposes.

But is there no drama in America? Certainly there is, though the supply is not equal to the demand. This deficiency

is not unknown in other countries, but in no other country is the demand on so large a scale. Even a dramatist like Mr. Bartley Campbell, whose bill-posters are pioneers of pictorial art, cannot satisfy a gaping continent. Hence it is that the country is flooded with plays of the poorest possible quality, performed by companies which are beyond the pale of politeness. America is pre-eminently the land of advertisement, and what can be done by sheer advertisement, and without the slightest dramatic ability, almost passes belief. The flimsiest twaddle in the shape of a drama is foisted by a "star" actor or actress on a large mass of playgoers, who accept it with child-like simplicity. I have sat through a play in Chicago, wondering whether a schoolboy could be found in the audience who could not produce something infinitely better. Yet this play is part of the stock-in-trade of an actress who enjoys a considerable reputation, and who goes through wretched inanities night after night, with the well-founded conviction that they are a paying property. "The star system," said an eminent American actor to me not long ago, "is one of the chief curses of our stage." So true is this, that there are numberless actors in America who, rather than serve in a subordinate position in a good theatre, will traverse the country with thoroughly bad plays, in which they can strut and fret more than anybody else. The same system is applied to the standard drama with more lamentable results. The slightest success is apt to fire a young actor with the idea that he is the Othello, Macbeth, Virginius of the age; and off he goes through the continent with a company whose artistic equipment is as ragged as Falstaff's regiment. I have seen a "distinguished tragedian" of this calibre slide about the stage in his impulsive ardour, and kill his enemy pretty much after the fashion of Mr. Punch's homicides. Yet now and then there was a gleam of capacity in the performance, which showed that if the actor had not become prematurely "distinguished," if he had allayed with some cold drops of modesty his skipping spirit, and had sought experience instead of notoriety, he might have developed solid merit. But the fatal ease with which fame can be won in America chokes real ambition, and fosters presumption. There is nothing more amazing in the country than the success of an actress who is simply the creation of shrewd and resolute advertisement. People were all agog for the appearance of a marvel who was heralded for more than a year before she was seen. On this wave of curiosity she has been riding ever since, and there is no sign of its subsidence. Yet the rudiments of her art are still unknown to her, and she plays Shakespeare's heroines like a tragic housemaid. Think of the dainty grace of the kitchen in Juliet's balcony, and the beauteous majesty of the pantry in Macbeth's hall, and you may form some idea of the gifts which have made this young woman popular.

In New York, of course, the status of the stage is a good deal higher. Downright incompetence is not tolerated, and there are, at least, two companies which can generally be seen with pleasure. At Wallack's Theatre and Daly's Theatre there is excellent entertainment. Mr. Wallack is not yet a veteran who lags superfluous on the stage, though he finds it necessary to promote Captain Crichton in *Impulse* by seniority to a colonelcy, and to add a considerable number of years to that officer's account with time. Mr. Osmond Tearle is not an ideal *jeune premier*, but he plays with a fervour which, if it be a little rough, has a ring of sincerity which sometimes atones for indifferent art. Miss Rose Coghlan is occasionally impressive; in Mr. Guy Carleton's *Victor Durand* she was really admirable; but a lack of delicate perception, and a tendency to talk light comedy in a baritone voice, have weakened her resources. The greatest acquisition to this theatre was Miss Annie Robe, who, in England, had few opportunities of distinction, but by her performance of Dora in Mr. Wallack's revival of *Diplomacy* proved herself an actress of rare sympathy and refinement. Miss Robe is English, so is Miss Coghlan, so is Mr. Tearle, so I believe was every member of the company lately except Mr. Wallack himself, who is American by virtue of one generation. At Madison Square Theatre Mr. Thornton, whose amusing antics did so much for the success of the ubiquitous *Private Secretary* in New York, was an English import; and Mr. Robert Mantell, who is so highly favoured that managers nearly fight for him, has spent boyhood's happy hour in some part of the United Kingdom. Indeed, the American stage, so far as the nationality of many of its best-known representatives is concerned, is a vivid illustration of the lyrical satire which Mr. Dixey warbled for some months, with the refrain —

"It's English, you know,
Quite English, you know."

Daly's Theatre enjoys the unique advantage of being managed by a gentleman who is his own playwright. In England we have an abundance of managers who are also actors, but a manager-dramatist is almost unknown. Complaint is often made that a manager who acts is apt to choose plays in which he is the principal figure. Mr. Augustin Daly escapes this temptation; moreover, his plays are admirably balanced, so as to give full scope to every individuality in his company. There is no manipulation of the smaller parts to throw the leading personages into strong relief; indeed, there seem to be no minor characters, for everybody has as much as he or she can do, and does it admirably well. "What an ideal state of things!" I can hear young actors exclaim. Here the dramatic passions, cramped no longer, have room and breathing space. There is a fine coherent whole, and yet every part has unrestricted range.

The dramatist takes care that every creature of his fancy has fair play. If Mr. Augustin Daly wrote great dramas, what splendid benefits this system would confer upon the stage! Unfortunately, his plays are not great; they are only farces adapted from the German; yet for ingenuity, variety, and unflagging fun, they are such farces as were never written before. A man who can keep you laughing through four acts is a public benefactor, and as German humour is not famous for this infinite diversion, I suspect that Mr. Daly owes much more to his native wit than to his Teuton originals. To be sure, his materials are always the same; the troubles of a hen-pecked husband who likes a scamper out of bounds, the manoeuvres of a daughter who, under a very *naïve* deportment, hides a vast capacity for frolic, the perplexities of a son-in-law whose wife inherits her mother's jealous disposition, the stratagems of a lover who is delighted to find that he is not half so clever as the *naïve* young woman—these affairs are dexterously combined, and served up like whipped cream by Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew and Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. Skinner and Miss Dreher. Mr. Daly does not rely solely on his interminable adaptations. He has produced old English comedies like *The Recruiting Sergeant* and *The Country Girl*. Farquhar, Wycherley, and Congreve have been turned to account, while Mr. Daly has been engaged in compounding another farce with the aid of his dramatic Liebig. Of the merits of these performances of old English plays I cannot speak, but it was my ill-fortune to see this company in Mr. Pinero's *Lords and Commons*—not one of the best of comedies, but demanding from its interpreters a dramatic fibre of no common quality. The entire representation was a struggle between the actors and elements wholly beyond their ken. Of the motive of the play—the caste distinction between patricians and plebeian—they had no conception. They were like children playing with a box of paints, and putting impossible colours into a landscape drawing. It may be that an American audience has slight comprehension of, and no sympathy with, the sufferings of a nobleman's family, obliged to yield their ancestral home to a middle-class alien; but, at all events, the utterly nerveless portrayal of this sentiment was as doleful an exhibition as ever tried the patience of a playgoer. It proved that a company, trained on farces, has little real capacity for strong, impassioned work. And, generally speaking, a lack of depth, penetration, and moral grasp is too often distinctive of American acting.

Of Mr. Steele Mackaye's enterprise at the New Lyceum Theatre it is too soon to speak. The theatre is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity; and here it may be said that if the invention displayed in contrivances for increasing the comfort of audiences and facilitating the movement of scenery were equally fertile in the composition of plays, the American stage would hold an enviable position. It is pleasant to have a seat

which does not implacably resist all your attempts to be at your ease; it is delightful to find that you can break a row of seats by folding any three of them together, and so make your way out without dancing attendance on some unduly leisurely dowager in front of you. These little comforts are very precious, but they do not quite make up the sum of enjoyment in a theatre. Mr. Steele Mackaye is an author, manager, actor, and inventor; and, if his varied gifts should open a new era of the drama in America, the citizens of the Republic will be deeply indebted to him. It is difficult to perceive any sign of this reformation in the comic opera at the Casino, the very early melodrama at Niblo's, the freaks from the French at Union Square, the "varieties" at Harrigan and Hart's, or the Teutonic tragedy which is represented with delightful primitiveness of scenic resource at the Thalia Theatre.

The great want of the American stage is that of some central intelligence, sufficiently magnetic to attract to it the scattered atoms of industrious talent, and sufficiently commanding to enforce a thorough discipline. Who are the managers that influence the stage in America? Mr. Booth abandoned the cares of management many years ago; probably his heart was never in this indispensable department of theatrical work. Mr. Lawrence Barrett has a high artistic ideal; some day he may establish a theatre in which a few of the nomadic "stars" may be induced to form a kind of dramatic firmament, and to twinkle together on the same stage. There are some managers who, with excellent business capacity, combine a certain knowledge of the drama and its requirements. But, on the other hand, there is a woeful prominence of men who have as much conception of what the theatre ought to be as they have of the philosophy of Confucius. For them the stage has the same inspiration as a trotting match. Their investments are so many wagers on this or that actor or actress, who is backed to draw the public, as "Maud S." is backed to trot a mile in a certain time. The question with them is not whether an artist has or has not solid merits; in this respect "Maud S." has much the best of the comparison, for about her performances there can be no dispute. But the actor may have no particular reputation, except as what is called "a ladies' man," and so his manager sounds his praises to an "interviewer," who is the chosen medium of this class of advertisement. The small fry of paragraphists take up the wondrous tale, and thus the conqueror of a hundred hearts is heralded, without the smallest reference to his capacity as a player. The public curiosity about some actress, more famous for her wardrobe than her wits, is stimulated in a similar fashion, and the managers reckon upon a very fair harvest between Buffalo and New Orleans.

When misfortune comes, when commercial depression tightens the purse-strings of the playgoer, or a too-indulgent public has

a fit of irritation against these unintelligent entertainers, they put their heads together to hatch wonderful schemes for harassing skating-rinks and "ten cent shows." One manager proposed not long ago that a fund should be organised to secure the passage of a law forbidding men and women to skate together. If the sexes were thus separated, he wisely observed, they would not go the rinks, and so the most formidable rivals of the theatres would be destroyed. Fancy an association of London managers to obtain a similar enactment against the Inventions Exhibition! Another manager wanted his brethren to make a solemn league and covenant never to employ an actor who had appeared in a "ten cent show"; the argument being that such reprehensible conduct encouraged a cheap form of entertainment which robbed the proprietors of more legitimate "shows" of their well-earned profits. Do not suppose that these protective suggestions come from men of small consequences in the theatrical world. They control some of the largest theatres in America, and minister to the tastes of a great number of the people. Their projects for crushing competition are only a degree more absurd than their ignorance of the whole business of the stage. The best dramatic work in London is done in theatres where the managers are actors. Our actor-managers have, indeed, disproved the theory that the artistic temperament has no business-like aptitude. Mr. Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Messrs. Hare and Kendal, Messrs. John Clayton and Arthur Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Toole, Mr. Thomas Thorne, and Mr. Charles Wyndham, have shown how successfully actors can undertake theatrical management. Such a rule ensures a discipline, a wide knowledge of dramatic effect, and a thorough attention to detail, which are rarely found in American theatres. It may be said that London is the greatest city in the world, and therefore affords a fine field for this kind of enterprise; but New York is a great city, and ought to be able to sustain several companies of high excellence. The predominance of the betting-man over the actor in America is a principle that is not, and cannot come to good; and if at this moment there is no company which is fitted to represent the highest drama to the satisfaction of educated playgoers, the blame lies on a system which places one of the fine arts at the mercy of men who are much more anxious to make the curious gape, than to please the cultured.

Yet the best dramatic work is intensely appreciated by educated people in the States. Though rightly proud of their native actors who have won distinction, they confess the superiority of the methods which enabled Mr. Irving to present a series of plays with a harmony and completeness they had never witnessed before. They would like to see Mr. Booth at the head of a similar organization, and are distressed to think that the conditions of their stage do not present to an American actor the materials and the opportunities of the Englishman.

But they are curiously tolerant towards some of the peculiarities of their own system. I have seen an audience on the first night of a new play at Wallack's in ecstasies over the scenery, though the piece was a melancholy failure. The action was several times suspended while the scenic artist was bowing his acknowledgments, and I remember little of the entertainment except the appearance of this personage who kept the leading lady waiting for an impassioned speech till he had finished his posturing at the footlights.

But to English dramatists and actors the American stage offers a very inviting field. It does not need a play of remarkable excellence to make success in the States: and a good actor, with a fairly interesting piece, and a shrewd business manager, will carry everything before him. Even if he does not take New York by storm, he will find compensation in other cities, for New York does not set the standard of theatrical taste to Chicago, and its judgment is often flouted by Boston and Philadelphia. The time may come when American audiences will not tolerate one-part plays, or a company with one aspiring artist; but that time is not yet, and meanwhile the ambitious "star," if he knows his business, may cut a very fine crop of hay in the sunshine of popular favour.

FREDERIC DALY.

THE HIGHER HUMANISM.

BY L. CAMPBELL.

NOTHING I have now to say is to detract a hair's breadth from the supremacy of that Universal Religion, which Christ promulgated in revealing the Love of God and the brotherhood of men, so awakening a new consciousness of dependence on the Father of Spirits, and a new and indefeasible hope of immortality. That remains the one absolutely redeeming Power, coming from above, yet world-pervading, too expansive to be confined in definitions, too essentially vital to be seized in a formula.

But in pervading the world the spirit must take form and substance ; the light as it falls makes more or less of shadow and gives birth to varied hues, and we, who only know it from beneath, can but apprehend it fragmentarily through distinctions and oppositions of thought. Hence, if we would avoid mere barren mysticism, the power of intellect must be joined with that of emotion in order that we may understand our true position towards nature, mankind, and God, in such a way that our work in life may be fruitful in wholesome and beneficent result.

My present object is to define in part a general tendency, which seems to me especially rich in promise for our age and generation. To express this I want a word less hackneyed and conveying more of heartsomeness than Culture, of a fuller and more substantial content than the Enthusiasm of Humanity. The "big H" of the Comtist and the "big U" of the Agnostic are both too vague for this. They do not satisfy the requirements of my ideal. I want to describe a spirit "as broad and general as the casing air," yet as strongly based as the everlasting hills ; overflowing with emotion and tenderness, yet resolute and clear ; ready and willing to immerse itself in practical details, yet never losing hold of principles ; too aspiring to be infested with ambitious aims ; too dignified for pride ; too bent on service to waste a thought on gain or on the race for power.

Now, in selecting the word Humanism for this purpose, I have to separate the term to some extent from its historical meaning.

The new birth of time which culminated in the Reformation, was an uprising of the Spirit of Man against Ecclesiasticism and against Scholasticism ; that is to say, against a twofold bondage which resulted from the stiffening and petrifying of forms of thought

themselves once full of life. One chief agency of this uprising had been the Revival of Learning, the immense stimulus afforded by the fresh contact of the human mind with Greek and Roman Literature. And because that Revival was thus associated with the emancipation of the Human Spirit from dogmatism and blind obedience, that Ancient Literature came to be known as *Literæ Humaniores*, and the proficient in it was called Humanist, or Humanitian, to distinguish him from the old-fashioned Divine, whose special learning was more exclusively in the direction of Scholasticism or of the Canon Law. Thus Humanism, if the term had then been employed, would have signified the scholarly and literary aspect of the new movement; and in this at once it would fall short of my present purpose. For what I mean is by no means a mere literary, still less a merely learned spirit, nor could I be content with a term, which, as it was then applied, would have set Shakespeare on a lower level than Ben Jonson.

The Humanism of the sixteenth century was inadequate in another respect. It was a turbid stream that much needed cleansing and purifying. There are enthusiastic readers of Rabelais, I believe, who have found the molten ore beneath the dross and scum that mantle over the surface of his books. That blend is characteristic of the early Humanism. But the spirit of which I now speak has purged away the dross, has taken off the scum. The worship of antiquity was in the earlier phase unscientific and indiscriminate. A change has gradually supervened, which may be not inaptly compared to the alteration in people's views of ancient statuary which has taken place in less than a century. To read Winkelman, one would suppose that the *morbidezza* of the Hermaphrodite, or the exact contour of a "belly of Bacchus" were as important and as interesting as the grand pose of Apollo or Jove. Read "Childe Harold," or "Prometheus Unbound," and you find inklings of a nobler conception, yet one in which, as even in Lessing's "Laocoon," there is still too much of a rhetorical or theatrical element. Recent discoveries have made students more fastidious. What was once the top of admiration is discounted as belonging to the decadence of Greco-Roman art, and attention is concentrated on the few undoubted remains of the Great period; and thus the wisdom of Flaxman is justified, who drew his inspiration from two sources only, from the Elgin marbles and from nature.

Even so the Humanist of the earlier type found an equal interest in the vile gossip of Athenæus or of Petronius Arbiter, and in a play of Æschylus or an ode of Horace or Pindar. We have changed all that. Or, at least, only in so far as we have changed it, can we be said to have entered upon the phase which I am describing, that of the *Higher* Humanism. It is because the Classics present types of nobleness that are imperishable, images of goodness and ideals of wisdom that can never lose their value

or their charm, that we still cling to them ; and also because the ancient still interprets for us so much that lies within the modern world. But the spirit thus engendered is not hemmed in within the *penetralia* of classic lore. It should be co-extensive with knowledge and with intellectual activity. And it is of this spirit, so conceived, that I now proceed to speak.

1. The first note of the Higher Humanism is Universality. This is finely expressed in one of those great sayings of Heraclitus, which slept in the ear of his own age, but have since been reawakened by the sympathy of kindred minds :—

“The Divine word or wisdom is universal, but most men live as if their own private thought were wisdom.”

“To be awake is to live in the Universal World, or Order, but individuals slumber and sleep and turn aside into a private world of their own.”

The Humanist has escaped from the Lilliputian bonds of party, he has risen aloof from the blind contentions of parochial strife ; while others seem content to struggle in the dark, his prayer is still for light and more light. The picture in Plato may be somewhat overdrawn, but it conveys much of the true spirit of such a life :—
“The philosopher is wholly unacquainted with his next-door neighbour, for he is searching into the essence of man” ; and at all events, the contrasted picture well describes that from which he escapes, the picture of one who from being immersed in so-called public life “has become keen and shrewd, has learned to flatter his master (which is ‘public opinion’) in word and indulge him in deed ; but his soul is small and unrighteous. His slavish condition has deprived him of growth and uprightness and independence ; dangers and fears, which were too much for his truth and honesty, came upon him in his early years, and he has been driven into crooked ways ; from the first he has practised deception, and has become stunted and warped. And so he has passed from youth to manhood, having no soundness in him”—no soundness, that is to say, from the Platonic point of view.

To maintain through life as large a measure as possible of the contemplative and philosophic temper, is the grand security for fairness and candour of view. It assists our own peace of mind, and makes us independent of the passions and caprices of others ; while the independent attitude thus attained is of the greatest value to us when we are called upon to act in any way. And this independence, this peace, this platform of extended survey, is, or ought to be, the first fruits of the Higher Humanism. Our ideal Humanist—in other words, the truly educated man—is living always in the great world ; not indeed amongst the worldly great, for he is independent alike of their favours and of their gifts ; but the great of all ages, the great of history and of literature, the great in thought, in whose spirit he is steeped to the core, the

quintessence of whose best heritage has passed like iron into his blood.

Not that the imaginary being whom I am describing is by any means passionless or cold. For the note of *Universality* in him is inseparable from the note of *Reality*. His feeling is in one sense impersonal, for it is not self-regarding, but it is not on that account less deep and strong. More conscious than other men of his true position, whatever may be his special responsibilities, he realizes them completely, and meets them with a free and ready will. The absence of petty bias, of *parti-pris*, of interest in private and parochial intrigues, enables him to concentrate all his energies of heart and mind on that which with clear, unjaundiced eye he sees and feels to be his duty. If the conclusion of Wordsworth's Sonnet to the Skylark may be extended (as I think it fairly may) beyond the literal domestic application, it is not an inapt expression of what I mean,—

“ Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.”

For the highest and most universal principles are those which are most directly applicable to our immediate duties, however humble they may be. And the intermediate world of jarring claims, whether social or political, amorous or ambitious, claims of party, claims of sect, claims of gain, claims of favour or opinion, however they may distract us temporarily, are really destined to the *limbo* of nonentity.

If the work of political decentralization, of which we hear many prophecies, is to be carried out, what a blessing it will be, if there should be found in every neighbourhood men too enlightened for prejudice, too cultured for party bias, men who cannot be suspected of venality, who are at the same time ready to bring their knowledge to bear on the supply of local wants, and to serve the community to which they happen to belong, as they are called upon to do so, with honest effort and untiring persistency! How fortunate, if their neighbours are willing to call upon them! And this will come from the diffusion of the higher, the more robust, Humanism which I am advocating.

To return to the intellectual aspect of the same Spirit, the Humanist is a lover of first-hand knowledge. He is not contented, as so many are, to be the echo of an echo, as indeed those cannot fail to be, who have never cared for exactness in their education. Nothing can be further from the ideal I am trying to set forth, than the vagueness of aspiration without effort, the fluency of utterance without substance, the facile dogmatism, which may be sincere enough in its first off-going, but is sure, as life goes on, to degenerate into affectation. Very different from this is the lightness of touch which comes of true mastery, the effect of ease which comes of artistic finish, the look of carelessness which is only the concealment of art. No, the Humanist is

a hard and close worker ; he works with a degree of concentration proportioned to his sense of the profound importance of that on which he works.

And it is just this seriousness and this sense of proportion that distinguish the true Humanism from that which is its bane and counterfeit, I mean Pedantry.

Pedantry is that false learning which confuses means and ends, and takes the part for the whole ; which lives in the particular, and never rises into the universal ; or again, dwells securely in generalities which it is powerless to apply and render fruitful. The pedant is like the builder would be, who should care more for the scaffolding than for the house ; or the carpenter who should think more of polishing his tools than of acquiring skill to use them. He is a stunted scholar, whose growth has been arrested either from without or from within, and whose fault or whose misfortune it is to profess the instruction of others. If the cause of this checked development has been in external circumstances, then he is a ridiculous, indeed, but also a pathetic figure. The genius of Scott has eternalized this aspect of him in Dominie Sampson, a person whom we all laugh at and all love. But there is another species of the genus that is less amiable ; for it is produced, not by limitation of circumstances, but through poverty of mind. Having no imagination, such persons judge of opinion and character by cast-iron rules. Having no generosity, they are apt to resent a superiority which they cannot understand. It is especially unfortunate, if such a man is placed in a position in which he can assume the airs of a teacher or ruler. He is sure, unconsciously, in some way to attempt to bind the Spirit, a hopeless and ungracious endeavour. His originality consists in the misapplication of outworn methods. He knows the last thing that has been said in Germany about some monument of literature or art, to whose real beauties he is essentially blind. Or again, he has been educated beyond his powers, and strives after some achievement of which he is incapable. If he writes poetry, his verses are correct, but lifeless ; if an historian, he clothes his dry-as-dust acquirements with pomposity of style. He is nothing if not at second or third hand. As a critic he is accomplished in the terms of *technique*, while to natural or essential graces he is "high gravel blind."

But to return to our ideal Humanist. He is free from the opposite yet kindred vices of pedantry and charlatanry ; from the first, because he has risen into the upper air of universal thought ; from the latter, because he counts nothing as knowledge that is not exact and accurate both in principle and detail, and because he despises no labour. Not to *seem*, but to *be* wise and good is his desire. And thus, like the sublime figure of Contention in Homer, his head is in the sky, but his feet are on the solid ground.

He likewise combines what may seem the opposite qualities of

aspiration and sympathy. Unlimited in his desire of progress, and unremitting in his efforts for self-improvement, he will not close his heart to the righteous claim of any brother man. The feelings retain their freshness while the intellect grows. As he rises higher, like the pyramid, he broadens more and more.

This spirit also reconciles the seeming contrarieties of Order and Freedom, and of Modesty and Self-respect. The Humanist is aware that any infringement of what is due to others is so far a derogation from his own personal dignity. Breaches of order, where they do occur, come mostly from self-forgetfulness or an habitual servility, and are quite incompatible with the experience of rational liberty.

Another union of opposites which I trace in him is the combination of candour or considerateness with severity. It is apt to be thought that one who is practising a lofty ideal must necessarily be hard on the faults and deficiencies of others. It is true that he will see them plainly and that he will not dissemble about them. But it is also true that he will regard them with "larger other eyes" than the pedant or the half-educated man, that he will have infinite consideration for the weak and erring, that his aim will be to edify, not to destroy. In one direction he will be severe indeed, and that is towards himself. Not that he will wilfully exaggerate in the way of self-reproach, or in any other way; but he will not prevaricate with self, or extenuate his own shortcomings. He will correct his judgment ever and anon by comparison with his ideal. And, similarly, in his contemplation of mankind, he will be equally removed from asceticism and license; appreciating the facts of human nature at their true worth, and thinking tenderly of the inevitableness of human frailty; but seeing also clearly the unalterable conditions of nobleness and of the higher life; and not paltering with excuses, however plausible.

One other note of the higher humanism remains to be considered, and that is *Generosity*. This is so rare a grace,—at least in our day,—that the very notion of it is absent from the minds of many (so-called) educated men. More than once, when I have spoken of a man as generous, I have found myself understood to mean that he was free-handed in respect of money! True generosity is well indicated by Tennyson in the "Idylls of the King," where Guinevere in answer to the garrulous questions of the little novice of the holy house at Almesbury, says this of Launcelot and of the King:—

" Sir Launcelot, as became a noble Knight,
In open battle or the tilting field
Forbore his own advantage; . . . and the King
In open battle or the tilting field
Forebore his own advantage."

That is the test. But to how many, amongst those whom we have personally known, should we feel confidence in applying it?

And the two following lines remind me of another quality, I mean *Gentleness*:—

“For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

I might extend these remarks indefinitely, but it is time to give this sermon (for such it is) the practical application. I will, therefore, only say further, with reference to the main subject of my discourse, that the qualities which I have endeavoured to describe, and which appear to me to be the legitimate fruit of education in the true sense of the word (the Greek *παιδεία*), attain an infinitely higher value when they are enlisted in the cause of Christian self-devotion. Then only does Humanism attain its roof and crown, and only by describing such a life could I reach the height of this great argument. The man who boasted of having united the career of Aristotle to that of St. Paul came near to the conception, if the boast itself had not been evidence of the almost maniacal conceit of one whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately called “a grotesque French pedant.” Our age does not wholly want examples, but they are not to be conveyed by description, or without personal knowledge. Perhaps of those who have passed away within ten years or so, the names of Maurice and Stanley come nearest to that which I intend.

What, then, is the advice which I would append to this long diatribe? It is as follows. Let every man endeavour to obtain *exact knowledge* of some one portion of human learning. When he has attained it, there may be room, perhaps, for some natural exultation. But let him then look forth upon the extent which he has still to conquer, and on the dim vista of that which he can never hope thoroughly to know. He will find that the knowledge he has attained has given him a new measure of his ignorance, and while it affords the assurance of further progress, it is the source not of pride, but of humility. In this spirit let him go on adding what he can, keeping his mind and heart both open, but remembering also that depth is more important than extent, and then he will be sure to grow. And let him bear this in mind, that any growth which he attains either now or afterwards is not merely for his own credit or his own advancement, but for the service of God and man. Then he will be proceeding on the line which I have endeavoured to set forth as worthy of the most serious aim.

Shall I be thought to carry the sermonizing vein too far, if, in conclusion, I venture to warn my readers against an error, to which the temptations in this country have always been strong, while throughout the world just now they are daily increasing? The error I refer to is, in general terms, that of specializing too early, of making the preference of one pursuit an excuse for desisting from other lines of culture. Of course, nothing can be

done without concentration ; and much fine talent has been wasted in consequence. By the time a man has reached fifty-five (perhaps even earlier) he ought certainly (if he is to effect anything) to be specializing more and more. But in the University which produced the admirable Crichton, and where the echoes of J. S. Mill's address are not yet ended (though it has sounded to the farthest corners of the globe), it ought to be superfluous to urge men not prematurely to allow one study to overshadow all.

It may seem strange in a professed Platonist to warn his hearers in particular against the fascination of philosophical abstractions. Yet I could justify this on Platonic grounds if there was time. Plato himself often wails sadly over the youthful phase, which he also no doubt had passed through, that comes often with the first down upon the chin, when the void of experience is replenished with the fulness of thought, and the youth, ere he has seen twenty years out, "becomes, like Coleridge, a metaphysician." Then every man seems to himself his own Parmenides, and two verbs out of many hundreds are enough for him, no matter in what language,—"to think" and "to be." He is contented to forget the rest. And since he has learnt that Time is but a mode of thought, the tenses have become indifferent to him, and even the moods (though they have a far-off look of something metaphysical) are apt to be swallowed up in the general category of Relation. He cares not for the moods, but for *modality*. Such an one forgets that Kant had gone the round of all the sciences before he began to formulate his transcendentalism ; that Hegel had sailed far and wide amongst the beauties of Greek literature before he dropped his plummet into the abyss of thought,—that the *Antigone* suggested more to him than the "Organon" did ; and that Coleridge knew Greek even better than he knew German, though not so well as he knew the English of Shakespeare.

And it may seem no less inconsistent in one who has made attempts at translation, to deprecate, as I do, another fallacy that seems to be making headway, and has been industriously promoted by high authorities, amongst others by Mr. Grant Duff in his Lord Rector's address at Aberdeen. It may be thus expressed :—We do not want to neglect the wisdom of antiquity, but we can get it now without the loss of time which is involved in learning Latin and Greek. Have we not Lang's "Odyssey" ; have we not Gladstone's "Homer" ; have we not Müller's Greek Literature, Sellar's Roman Poets, etc., etc. ? May we not get our Humanism out of these and be Humanized ? These views are dangerous from their speciousness. For of course, such knowledge is better than none, and it is well that it should be widely accessible. Again, the pedantry which I have spoken of as the bane of Humanism has brought upon pure scholarship a bad name. Many accurate scholars have contributed little to the diffusion of literature. But it is needless to repeat the condemnation of second-hand know-

ledge, where knowledge at first hand is available. And the way of talking I refer to is really only the last refuge of indolent mediocrity. This would matter less, were it not apt also to overcloud even genius itself at times. It is, therefore, of some importance to observe that not in this way have our great originating minds allowed themselves to reason. I will cite two extreme instances. Ben Jonson (I am not citing him) had a very high standard of learning. And he said in the famous lines on Shakespeare, "though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek." This has given rise to a long controversy, not yet quite concluded. But after what Professor Baynes has proved, I need not observe to you that Shakespeare (though he left school at fourteen) had assimilated more of Ovid than any here have done of Horace, who is more familiar to us. And there can be little doubt, I think, that that first taste of the perennial fountains accounts in part for the eagerness with which, by the help of such translations as were then current, he afterwards extended his knowledge of the ancient world. If so, even Julius Cæsar may owe something to those school lessons for which the boy, in fear of paternal chastisement, turned reluctantly from the Avonside meadows and the Arden glades, and crept unwillingly to school.

We often hear Keats spoken of (with partial truth) as a Greek born out of due time. He was rather a posthumous birth of the Renaissance. But when Keats, on reading Chapman's Homer, looked forth with the gaze of an astonished voyager "silent upon a peak in Darien," was not his admiration mingled with regret? Did it not occur to him that what charmed him thus afar off must be still grander when viewed from near at hand? Did he not sigh with his own feet to tread the crisp snows of that summit, and to breathe its bracing sky-ward air? What would he have given for opportunities, which (as I grant) are often turned to poor account?

I have cited Shakespeare and Keats, because they are the hackneyed instances of the friends of useful knowledge, though utility was not exactly either's standard. But they are exceptions. And whatever may be our gifts we cannot exactly cope with them. On the other hand, if we run over our other great names in literature (almost all but Burns, who was also an exception), the evidence of their wish for first-hand knowledge is overwhelming. Shelley translated the "Symposium," and was drowned with a copy of Sophocles in his pocket,—not Franklin's Sophocles, which had been the delight of Mrs. Montague, but either Brunck's or possibly the Aldine text. The "Dion" and the "Laodamia" are amongst Wordsworth's finest works. And of our living bards, while Lord Tennyson's "Lucretius" and his "Ulysses" evince learning in the truest sense, Mr. Browning's classicism is almost pedantically displayed. But this is excusable, because Mr. Browning was an enthusiastic Greek scholar. So is Swinburne, so is Matthew Arnold, so is Andrew Lang. Even William Morris has translated Virgil,

and his namesake of Penbryn is nothing, if not the singer of two worlds, the ancient and the modern. These persons were not, of course, professional scholars, but their knowledge of ancient literature, their command of it, their assimilation of it, has been a main part of their intellectual furniture.

One more example, and I have done. We have been reading the "Life of George Eliot." She was certainly a rare instance of the spirit which I have been endeavouring to describe. Yet she had no direct advantages of university culture. Yet she mastered all the languages that have an important literature, Latin, French, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and lastly Hebrew. And in that wonderful year or two of mental growth which preceded the publication of "Adam Bede," amongst an infinity of other reading recorded in her Journal, there are these books particularly noted: the "Odyssey," the "Iliad"; the *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, *Electra*, *Ajax*, of Sophocles; the *Agamemnon*, *Choëphoroi*, and *Eumenides*, of Æschylus. She may have been to some extent guided in her choice, but it is very noticeable that, in describing the genesis of her own works, particularly the "Spanish Gipsy," she refers repeatedly to the types of the Greek drama.

To sum up then, I do not deny that philosophical ideas may be in advance of culture and may anticipate experience, or that originality is the very soul of literature. But no philosophy can ripen without a basis of culture, or except in a soil that is rich with the spoils of time, the leaf mould of the forest of Humanity. And neither Literature nor any other art can attain completeness or do a perfect work, without some knowledge and appreciation, at first and not at second or third hand, of the great work that has been done in past ages.

L. CAMPBELL.

ETHICAL SOCIALISM.

BY A. FABIAN.

SCIENCE is ever advancing ; political and social institutions are rapidly changing ; art, the expression of the beautiful, takes each year a new form ; every factor in our complex mental life obeys some hidden law of slow growth, and then at length of gradual decay. One only exception there is to this law of change, and that in truth but a partial, an apparent exception. Ethics, the science of right and wrong, is thought by many people to be complete. They believe that we know all that there is to know ; that the teaching of Christ and of His apostles, as revealed in the New Testament, contains a full and final exposition of all that can ever be known of right and of wrong.

In one sense this is true. The fundamental law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," was announced by Moses, and reiterated by Christ ; it was recognised by Buddha, and by all those great prophets and teachers of antiquity who have been looked upon by their disciples as inspired servants of God. We cannot supersede it now. The principle is complete, and all-embracing as regards our conduct towards each other, but the applications of it, the interpretations of it, are various. Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, the moral perceptions of a people become keener, their moral decisions clearer and stronger. But meanwhile the condition of society changes with much greater rapidity ; new factors come into the life of a nation, and the ethical aspect of them is not at once recognised. The peoples of the Middle Ages, for example, had gradually learned that it is wrong to make slaves of one another. But they did not thence infer the wickedness of enslaving the Indians or negroes, and unfortunately the teaching of the Gospels threw no direct light on the question. There was no other guide. For by an inevitable, but in some ways most unfortunate mistake, the words of Moses, of Buddha, of Christ, have been accepted and repeated by their followers as final truths, as all that is necessary for the salvation of mankind. Gradually the condition of society has changed, the methods in which our love to our neighbours must be expressed have altered ; but no new prophet has arisen to interpret afresh for each generation the one great law of ethics.

So it comes to pass that Christians in this age of industry have

none to tell them with authority how they must now love their neighbours, and they still carry out, more or less, the detailed commands of Christ, which were adapted only to the state of society in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago.

But surely a new interpretation is necessary. Every one practically admits it. Not even a General Gordon could give to every one that asked of him; no business man hesitates to turn away from him that would borrow, if his terms or his credit are not good enough. The Charity Organisation Society is, as it were, the embodiment of the fact that the economics of Christ's teachings are obsolete.

We all know it. Our recognised authority has failed us, and Christendom has gradually adopted the practical conclusion that a man cannot manage business on religious principles, and that Christ's teaching does not apply to finance. And so we are all taught by our parents that our duty is to get on in the world, to acquire as much wealth as we honestly can, in order that we may marry and settle down like other respectable Christian people. Surely the full time has come for a new gospel, a new interpretation of the old law of love. This, in very truth a gospel to the poor, is, as we shall attempt to show, the vital force of this new Socialist movement which is beginning to attract the attention of the most thoughtful and capable minds of the time.

Ours is the age of democracy, and therefore it is not a matter for surprise that the new religion is not the work of one great prophet, but has been wrought out by the combined thought of many minds. The idea of economic love, that is, economic justice, is not a new one. It is taught by Christ clearly enough, for those who have eyes to see. Even within our own time it was preached and practised by that most remarkable leader of men, Robert Owen, and again by the Christian Socialists, F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley.

But their eloquence and ardour were seemingly fruitless. They sowed their seed on a stony ground, and it bore but little fruit; five years ago Socialism in England practically did not exist at all. At last a change has come. Suddenly, silently, everywhere has arisen a new hope, and a religion, gladdening the thoughts and lives of men. Everywhere one finds those who call themselves socialists, and who, like the South Sea islanders before the coming of the Christian missionaries, talk together of a dim new faith, whose doctrines they scarcely comprehend, and seek to enlighten one another in its joyful teachings.

We spoke above of economic love as equivalent to economic justice. Let us consider that expression for a moment. For it is often thought that love is antithetic to justice. This is an old notion much dwelt on by theologians, and valuable to them for the elucidation of their curious anthropomorphic systems.

The love of parents and children, of friends, and of lovers, has

nothing to do with justice. That love is towards individuals, and depends on those complex factors which make up a personality, or else on the specific relations of one person to another. But the love of a man for his neighbour, for his fellows generally, is by hypothesis, independent of any special relation, or any particular personality. Different causes cannot produce the same effect, and it is therefore clear that love caused by particular qualities or relations cannot be the same as a love independent of qualities or relations. Let us take an example. We are taught that Christ loved all men equally and perfectly, and yet we know that there was "one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." It is indeed most unfortunate that we have but one word for two essentially different things, the love for individuals, and the love for all men, which is nothing else than the love of justice.

Much evil has arisen in the world from this confusion. For we know that our love for our friends is not the same as our love of justice, and therefore, by a common confusion of thought, it is supposed that love towards our fellows generally is a different thing from justice towards them; that whilst the latter is demanded of every man, love is the prerogative of a few,—that, in fact, the philanthropist and the just man are distinct persons.

All great moralists have taught exactly the contrary, but the world has been deaf to their words. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." What could be plainer, more emphatic? And yet the Mosaic law of justice is supposed to be superseded by Christ's law of love! Let us recognize that this love of men is neither more nor less than love of justice, and then our course will be plainer. For the one thing all thoughtful men desire is justice, and they long for it so passionately, that they persuade themselves of its existence. Without it life seems a mockery, and as it is not here, it must be hereafter. So men say, oblivious of the fact that even the gods cannot blot out the past; and therefore nothing, in heaven or on earth, can ever make just that which has once been unjust. We may believe in the real existence of justice, as we may believe in the existence of God, by intuition; but such beliefs are outside of reason, because they stand in no relation to experience.

But although perfect justice is inconceivable and unattainable in this world, yet it is right and wise ever to seek to attain to it, and ever to make it a lamp unto our path, and a guide unto our steps. What, then, is justice between man and man? The simplest answer is, Equal opportunities for happiness. Carlyle says that no one has a right to happiness; but we should like to know what else a man has a right to? We contend that happiness is just the one thing to which each has an absolute right, or, in other words, that no human being has any right to deprive another of it arbitrarily. We cannot go farther than that. We

cannot distribute health, and strength, and intellectual power equally amongst all. For the sins or misfortunes of their fathers, Fate has ordained that the children shall suffer; sickness and death are beyond human control. We must submit to the inevitable, knowing that justice can never be.

But most of the causes of happiness and misery arise from the circumstances of life which are wholly within human control; and our knowledge of this fact adds tenfold to the intensity of our feelings. Man is a social animal, and our relations with other men cause by far the largest part of the happiness or misery of our lives. We can conform these relations to our standard of justice, and to this goal the development of society is ever tending.

In its early stages it was supposed that the strong man had a right to rule others by reason of his superior muscles. When that idea was seen to be absurd, superior skill in the use of weapons was still regarded as a proof of moral rectitude, and it is so regarded yet in countries where duelling is practised. Both these fictitious claims to power over others are now recognised as absurd; but the right to possess superior wealth, and thereby to rule the lives of others, is the fundamental law of our social system. A man who inherits half a million of money, or an estate covering half a county, obtains, by no virtue of his own, an immense power over his fellows. He and his class monopolise things absolutely necessary for the life of others. Food and clothing can only be produced by means of land and capital; and all who do not possess one of these two essentials can only live by permission of the landlords and capitalists. This is obvious. Any man without money or land must go to the workhouse in England, or in any other country must starve, unless he can obtain work or charity; and he can only obtain these by the consent of some one else who is a capitalist. On the other hand, any one who owns land, in the last resort, however he may be boycotted by his neighbours, can grow food and clothes for himself; he has to ask the leave of no one; he is his own master, and a free man.

This is no *reductio ad absurdum*, it is the reality on which all our society is built. Some of us are owners of the land and capital; according to the laws of our country we have the power, if we combine together, to drive all the rest of the people into the workhouse, on pain of starvation. And the rest of the people would have no remedy against us, except revolt. This state of the law, we repeat, is not an accidental survival, a mere dead letter, which exercises no influence on every-day affairs. It is the active cause of the poverty and wretchedness which we all are weary of deploring.

The labourer must work or starve. He prefers to work, and the wages he can get for his work ultimately depend, not on the value of his work, but on the proximity of starvation. There are hundreds of dock labourers nearly starving, eager for permission

to work, and therefore the owners of docks pay miserable wages to dock hands. It is not because the work done is unimportant, but because the workers are near to starvation. Whilst the present system exists this wrong must exist too, that those who possess capital hold in their power all those who possess it not. Capitalism is pure despotism, tempered only by the Poor Law and by revolt.

If a single man held such power over his fellows, every one, without hesitation, would pronounce it a monstrous injustice. But is it less unjust if ten millions of men together are thus rulers over another twenty-five millions? The wrong is not so patent, but it is quite as real; and those who have felt the bitterness of poverty know its reality only too well. We who are rich may worship the abstract beauty of justice; we may demand a future life to compensate us for the sorrows of this world. The poor demand a more tangible and certain justice now. They are oppressed and enslaved by other men, and they demand freedom. It is not a gift, but a right that they ask for; it is not charity, but simple justice.

The one thing needful for the well-being of society is that all workers should possess their own tools and materials. If this were so, the great social trouble of the time, want of work, would of necessity absolutely cease. Let us consider this want of work for a moment, taking as an example a tailor who is out of work, because he cannot find any person who will employ him to make clothes. Any one unaccustomed to our social condition would infer that all the people in the town had as many coats as they wanted, and therefore the tailor could find no employment. We know, on the other hand, that plenty of people want coats, but cannot afford to buy them. One might easily collect a group of twenty men, all wanting work, one a tailor, another a mason, another a carpenter, another a baker, another a farm labourer, and so on. Each one of these men can do work which the others require; instead of working for each other, some making clothes, others preparing food, others building houses, they are compelled all to stand idle because they do not possess their own tools and materials. They have to borrow them from a capitalist or a landlord before they can do a stroke of work. And somehow the capitalists and landlords manage affairs so badly that our workhouses are full of paupers, and our streets crowded with strong men slowly starving for want of work, whilst these same capitalists cannot find buyers for their corn and their cloth, or tenants for their houses. This state of things would be ridiculous, were it not so pitiable. Corn is so abundant that farms are going out of cultivation; the markets are so glutted with cotton, and woollen, and iron goods, that factories are being stopped, and wages reduced. And all the while there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot get enough dry bread to eat, or rags to keep them warm. If the land, the factories, the raw

cotton and wool, were owned by the workers, they would work for one another, and no man could want work, whilst other men, also willing to work, wanted food and raiment.

All socialists agree on this fundamental principle, that the evils of society are mainly due to the concentration in the hands of a few of land and capital—that is, of the tools and materials for work. All of us are agreed that so long as this concentration continues society must remain in a state of chaos. All of us are endeavouring to effect the amendment of society, by making the workers masters of their own work.

It may be said that depression of trade is only temporary; that commercial crises are growing less acute, and will presently disappear; that drink, and crime, and laziness are, in reality, the most frequent reasons for want of employment; in a word, that although the present system is working badly just now it is not radically wrong, is getting better, and should not be so hastily condemned; there is every probability that trade will revive, and then there will really be nothing wrong which is not attributable to drink, and crime, and social inefficiency.

This is a fair answer to those socialists, and they are many, who rant and rave over the poverty in the East End of London, who fancy it is something very new and very terrible, and that a revolution will take place if it be not remedied at once. They think it is new, because they have been ignorant of it hitherto; they expect a bloody revolution, because their eager spirits long for the fray, and they are impatient to be leaders of something more imposing than demonstrations in the park, and deputations to the Board of Works.

This is not our position. We maintain that the present competitive system is entirely wrong, and would remain wrong, even if every able-bodied man in the country were earning a regular 15s. a week. If this state of things existed, some form of Socialism would be well within the range of practical politics, because the workers would have the intelligence to perceive its justice and the power to demand it, and there would be no need for us to propound our opinions thereon in these pages. "Time's Footsteps for the Month" would report all that would be necessary in the matter. Fifteen shillings a week, or even let us say £1 a week; surely any workman ought to be satisfied with that! So many a reader will think. I, the writer, think otherwise. I happen to be a bachelor, with no taste for extravagance, but I am sure that I should not wish to live on £39 or even on £52 a year, and to work nine or ten hours a day for it. Life would not be worth living on such terms. They are not good enough for me, and I do not see that they are good enough for anybody. Let us indulge in a little more sympathy, and consider how we should like the position of the average workman, or workwoman, even in the best of circumstances. It means getting to work by 6 o'clock, and

keeping at it till 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening; hard work, not interesting or varied, but the same muscular actions, repeated again and again, with the same result, on some insignificant part of a machine, the head of a pin, or the button-holes of a coat—always the same sort of article advanced one step towards completion. Very often no advance in skill, no change of occupation is possible. It is a dull routine, in an ill-ventilated shop, or at a dirty, stifling furnace, or in the black depths of a mine. Or it may be out-door work, exposed to the vagaries of the weather, dank rainy fogs, biting frosts, or baking sunshine. Men get accustomed to their work, of course; in fact, they soon forget its wearying monotony. So prisoners become used to the routine of their lives, but we do not therefore regard imprisonment as anything else than punishment. Absence of discontent does not prove the presence of happiness.

And all this drudgery is for what? To obtain a living, just enough to keep going, with no prospect of improvement; no retiring to the country in the autumn of life; no annual holiday in Scotland or Switzerland; no hope of future leisure to pursue one's pet hobby or to indulge in the calm joys of idleness.

Nothing but work, work, work, till sickness or age makes work no longer possible; then the hospital or workhouse, or at best a dismal old age in some dark court or dull street, with no luxury save a pipe, and no capacity for intellectual pursuits now that leisure has come at last, no memories even of joyful times in years long past, to think about and talk about. For the scanty joys of the workers are mostly of a sensual sort—rest when they are weary, and food when they are hungry, and, perhaps, unlimited beer when they are flush, and pleasures such as these do not linger sweetly in the memory after the lapse of years.

Of course some workers have a pleasanter life than that we have just described; but, on the other hand, the lives of many, perhaps of the majority, are far less happy. Sickness and death come to all of us, but to the workers with greater frequency, and bringing far greater suffering. Severe illness to a working man is the equivalent of illness and bankruptcy together to a man of the middle class. The death of a workman means often something very like starvation to his widow and children; at any rate, it means for his widow a life of hardship and excessive toil. And even when misfortunes do not come, the lives of all working people must be darkened, more or less, by fear of such a fate. They know that their well-being wholly depends on the health of the bread-winner. They are living ever beneath a sword of Damocles.

If this state of things were inevitable, well, we would have to make up our minds to accept it as one of the conditions of life, or else resolve to cease to live. But socialists contend that it is not necessary. We say that the present system of division of

labour, whereby perhaps nine-tenths of the necessary work is done by one-half of the people, whilst the other half live at their ease on the fruits of it, is not the result of laws of the material world,—objection to which would be futile,—but is due to arrangements of man's contriving, for which we alone are responsible.

We maintain that a large part of the work that is now done is unnecessary ; that the distribution of capital and of products may be managed without the intervention of the vast army of lawyers, brokers, merchants, dealers, agents, and shopkeepers, all of whom live on the fruits of labour, and live very comfortably too, whilst adding very little to the wealth of the world. We maintain that the hosts of servants who minister to the pleasure of the rich are a burden to society, since they are supported by the labour of the poor. The artist, or thinker, or poet, whose time and strength are precious to all of us, should no doubt have his coat brushed for him, and his dinner cooked for him, if he desire it. But the thousands of fine and idle ladies and gentlemen, who do nothing whatever for society, should be well content if they be permitted to be idle, without employing many more thousands to assist them to live at ease.

The whole matter is summed up in one word. We contend that the present system is *unjust*. If this be proved, further argument is needless. It is beside the question to discuss its mitigating circumstances, to ask who is to blame for it, to demand a detailed scheme to replace it. If capitalism is not just, it stands condemned. No apology, no excuse, can save it. The difficulty, the uncertainty, the danger of the revolution must be faced. Delay will not mend matters ; irresolution will only make things worse. If our society is based on iniquity, it is useless to patch and repair it ; the whole structure must come down, and the sooner we make up our minds, and begin the work, the better it will be for everybody.

Let us now consider the practical teachings of this Socialism, which thinking men and women are eagerly hoping for, or vaguely fearing. What is the ritual of this new religion ?

To this question each individual socialist would probably give a different answer. For we have no creed, no Bible ; our leaders are many, and, like all sectarians, we spend a large share of our energy in quarrelling amongst ourselves. It is always thus when a faith is young and ardent, and when each of its adherents has accepted it for its own sake, has thought out and fought out its puzzles for himself.

And in Socialism, the complex product of a complex civilization, the diversity of doctrine must of necessity be far greater than in the simple ethical and theological religions of the past. The teaching of Christ touches only a part of our lives. He tells us to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Buddha laid down laws for the guidance of some only of the people ;

those who accepted his teaching to the full became monks and nuns, and consequently his ethics did not include the far more difficult problems of family life.

The religion of which Socialism is the ritual includes every department of conduct and every class of citizens. It has no esoteric doctrines, no chosen people, no priesthood especially bound by its laws. No human being is outside its pale or beyond its jurisdiction, for it is founded on justice to all.

There is, therefore, but one Socialism, but the ways by which we may reach it are various. Robert Owen and his followers founded small, self-supporting communities, *imperia in imperio*, which they expected to flourish so exceedingly that the world would be converted by their example; all men would then join some one of the many small societies, owning property in common and doing work for each other, and thus the whole country would become a collection of socialist communities.

This method of socialization, notwithstanding Robert Owen's marvellous ability and enthusiasm, quickly and dismally failed, and it is now commonly regarded as inapplicable to the complex organization of an industrial state.

Next in order of time comes the half-unconscious socialistic method of the co-operators. In one remarkable particular this differs from all other schemes of socialization. It has been tried, and has succeeded. It is true that its efforts have been small, that it has no comprehensive plan for obtaining economic justice for all, that it has not abjured the root of all our evils, the legal right of each individual to acquire unlimited private property; and, moreover, it has yet to be shown that co-operation can successfully cope with the gigantic power of capital in private hands. But co-operators already show a largeness of intelligence greatly in advance of the majority, and if, as we believe, the grander ideals of avowed socialists are both practicable and necessary for the well-being of the State, we may feel confident that co-operators will be amongst the first to accept them, and embody them in their social creeds. Co-operation alone, of schemes socialistic, possesses actuality, and for that reason we look upon it as likely to be one of the important factors in the development of society.

Co-operation is, however, distinctly antagonistic to collectivism, the method of socialization most commonly advocated in England.

Collectivists consider that the State must be the sole possessor of the means of production, as trustee for the whole people; in other words, that the people collectively should possess all land and capital, as they now possess the telegraphic and postal systems, the navy, and the other instruments of national defence; that the administrators of the land and capital should be chosen by the people, directly or indirectly, as our public servants are now chosen; and that the proceeds of industry should be used for the benefit of all, as are the vast profits of the postal system.

This scheme, properly called collectivism, is by many of its advocates and opponents tacitly regarded not only as the best method of attaining socialism, but also as its final ideal. This is a most unfortunate mistake. The ideal of Socialists is something far nobler than an all-embracing bureaucracy, and it is wholly uncertain whether a method so opposed to the instincts and habits of Englishmen can be wisely followed. Englishmen are accustomed to dislike and distrust the Government; they have won political freedom by restricting its powers, and they take pride in the wealth and success which individual initiative has secured for them. Collectivism, therefore, has amongst us many prejudices to overcome; and its objectionable features will be peculiarly hateful to men of Anglo-Saxon birth.

Nevertheless, many of the arguments used against it are by no means well founded. A Government of the people for the people is a very different thing from the Government of the many by the few. There may be such a thing as the tyranny of the majority; but a majority in England never sends its opponents to the scaffold, or to Siberia, after the manner of the Czar. Free men respect the rights of their fellows. The Government of a Republic may be despised by its citizens, but is never feared by them.

Moreover, it is wrong to speak of collectivism as tending to crush out individuality. For the culture of individuality requires leisure and money; the upper and middle classes can no doubt develop their peculiar capacities, when they possess any, to their hearts' content. But, under the present *régime*, genius in a workman has a very poor chance. How many of the mediocre poets, and artists, and orators of the day, who do good and useful work in their way, would ever have painted a picture or written a line had they left school after passing the fifth standard, and worked fifty or sixty hours a week in a coal mine or cotton factory? Transcendent genius no doubt may overcome all obstacles, if it happen to be united with good health and vast energy. But the individuality of less gifted men is hopelessly crushed out, or rendered useless to the community by the weary, ceaseless toil to which the majority are condemned. The strictest system of collectivism which would give all men a good living and a good education in exchange for four or five hours' work a day, would certainly add enormously to the potential individuality of the country as a whole.

But it cannot be denied that collectivism wears a very unattractive aspect to ardent lovers of personal liberty; and many of them are unwilling to attempt the curing of the ills of society by means of so objectionable a medicine. They have formed an ideal far nobler than collectivism, and they aim at realising it directly. This ideal is called by the ill-sounding name of Anarchy. In England it is known but little, and English anarchists might be counted on the fingers. But in Italy, Spain, Germany, and

France, are hundreds of thousands of anarchists, and their startling creed has been carefully thought out by some of the ablest men of the day.

Anarchists are the radicals of Socialism. They dislike and distrust all government, for they deny that even a majority has a right to coerce a dissentient minority. They would place the means of production in the hands of the workers by abolishing altogether the right of private property. All things would be held in common; all men would work or be idle as they pleased, subject only to the authority of public opinion. There could be but little crime, because most crimes are against property, or are due to brutish ignorance, which would be quickly stamped out in a socialist state. Some form of penal law would no doubt be necessary, especially at first; but in a highly civilised community violence of any sort is very rare, and the force of public opinion is exceedingly strong. Every one would recognise the necessity for work, and, since a moderate amount of work is natural and pleasant to man, the productive activities of the community would not be interfered with; but every one would be free to do what he pleased, and as much as he pleased.

That anarchy is a perfect ideal no one can seriously deny. But the high moral and intellectual development which it necessitates, seems to us rather far away when we consider the selfishness of the middle and upper classes, and the ignorance of the proletariat.

A good many people think that the present system will be replaced by collectivism, and this will in due time be followed by anarchy. Perhaps this is the most probable path of development for society. But, on the other hand, it is wisest always to aim at the highest ideal, to accept nothing less than the best possible. And at present too many socialists act and speak as if their highest conception of society were an all-reaching, ever-present government.

One form of Socialism we have not yet referred to. It is the paternal system, patronised by Prince Bismarck, by which an oligarchic bureaucracy showers favours on an obedient people. To this we will apply a quotation much in vogue just now, *Non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa!*

There are three ways in which the socialist reformation may come to pass: viz., Revolution, Legal Force, and Moral Force.

The first is cordially expected by many ardent spirits amongst the Socialists; but it is thoroughly un-English, and is utterly contrary to the feelings and habits of the greater part of the people. As things stand at present, a revolution is absolutely impossible, and we earnestly hope that it will ever remain so. The solidarity of the nation is constantly increasing. A wide and genuine franchise gives to every section of the people a voice in public affairs. The workers are masters of the situation, and if they knew their

wrongs, and the remedy for them, they could effect the revolution by legal means at the next general election. This is the second way of which we have just spoken, and in our opinion it is by far the easiest, and that by which the change will come about. Already we have a tincture of spurious Socialism in all our legislation. The Government is interfering already in countless ways in the concerns of private people, and is attempting to obtain for all some of the advantages of the wealth hitherto enjoyed by the rich alone. But there is a matter of far more importance than these. The right of capital to exact rack-rents has been restricted in Ireland, and soon will be in Scotland; and thus the fundamental principle of Socialism has been again unconsciously admitted by our Legislature, as it had been before in the Poor Law and the Factory Acts. Englishmen are proverbially illogical in their legislation. But the logic of facts moves John Bull sooner than any other form of argument, and the benefits of the Land Act in Ireland promise soon to be very palpable facts.

The third method of reformation, the moralization of the capitalists, is recommended by the Positivists and by other ardent religionists. Let us teach the owners of capital, they say, to hold their wealth as trustees for the good of all; when they learn the sin of luxury and the selfishness of idleness, they will forsake that eager struggle for money which blinds them to the unhappiness they are causing, and to the emptiness of the objects they are seeking. There will then be no need to invoke the force of law, much less the violence of revolution, for the attainment of the well-being of the State.

We have nothing to say against this method, but we cannot look to it with much hope whilst the acknowledged exponents of morality, the bishops, and clergy, and teachers of Christianity, ignore with one consent the economic aspect of their religion; whilst Christian parents bring up their children in loving admiration for wealth; whilst religion is associated with going to church; and since the rich go to church far more regularly than the poor, whilst it is obvious to all men that Christ was mistaken when He spoke of riches as a hindrance to those who desire to enter the kingdom of heaven. So long as bishops and wealthy philanthropists continue to read placidly the burning words of Christ, "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger," so long we cannot feel hopeful that the teachers of religion will be leaders in the economic reformation of society.

It is often remarked that every one admits the evils of the present system; that the question is whether Socialism or some other scheme is the best cure for them.

We have attempted in this paper to show that Socialism is not a fantastic scheme propounded by thoughtless enthusiasts as a means of relieving existing distress, but that it is an ideal con-

dition of society, founded upon clear deductions from admitted ethical principles, and absolutely necessary for the well-being of the community.

No nation can flourish permanently if it violates the laws of justice towards its citizens. A living, growing people must struggle towards true freedom and justice, as a plant towards the sunlight. When that struggle ceases, decay and death are beginning. He who said *Fiat justitia*, need not have added the qualifying clause. A wider knowledge of men and things would have told him that such a result could never follow his action. What is just never has been and never will be inexpedient. The laws of right and wrong may be differently understood in various states of society, but in spirit they are unchanged and unchangeable. We have contended that Socialism is the best realization of them which we can at present aim at. If this be so, Socialism will come, whether we like it or not. If we prepare the way before it, and receive it gladly, it will come to us peaceably, and as a welcome friend. If, on the other hand, we harden our hearts, and close the gates of our minds against the truth, it will come upon us none the less, but as a destroying angel, with fire, and bloodshed, and confusion. On us, of the upper and middle classes, rests the burden of this choice, and of this choice only. For some day, somehow, true justice to all, true freedom for all, will surely come.

*"What we believe in waits latent for ever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and
composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time."*

A. FABIAN.

THE GARRICK OF THE NORTH.

“ Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ! ”

SOME years ago, I “picked up” at an old bookstall, in the Market Place at York, a rare and valuable etching of Mrs. Siddons, together with a rude outline proof engraving of a tall, slender, angular, remarkable-looking, dark-complexioned young man, with very pronounced features.

The man was attired exactly like Mr. Irving as Eugene Aram, in the dark-coloured coat, vest, and continuations of a hundred and thirty or forty years ago, and the resemblance was so striking, that had it not been for the faded and discoloured paper, evidently more than a century old, on which the plate was printed, I should certainly have set it down for an admirable likeness of that popular actor.

After vainly endeavouring to ascertain the original, the plate was consigned to one of my numerous portfolios, with the Siddons, and other curios.

A few months later, in overhauling my treasures for the delectation of Charles Reade, I directed his attention to my “mysterious man in black.” After carefully inspecting the plate for some time, Mr. Reade, who knew everything, turned to the adjacent bookshelves, and taking down a volume of the memoirs of my eccentric predecessor, Tate Wilkinson, published in 1790, he read as follows :—

“I am now speaking of an exuberant flower of the drama, possessed of voice with melody, and merit, to an eminent degree. He had strong feelings, and tears at will ; and had he been a few years under the correction of a London audience, and attentive to his good advisers, he would, in all probability, long before this, have been in his meridian, perhaps at this time a setting sun.

There is a coarse picture at York, in the print shops, which is not only very like his person, attitude, etc., but is what a picture of real worth should be. It is a strong conveyance, without giving elegance, which he by no means ever attained ; though his admirers claimed for him what he certainly had not. The said trifling print does not make him *outré* as to awkwardness, but it exactly conveys Frodsham's manner and mode as an actor.”

"Rely upon it," said Reade, "this was the unfortunate Frodsham, the Garrick of the North, as Hamlet."

Mr. Reade was right, for I afterwards discovered, beyond all doubt, that this rude engraving was the "counterfeit presentment" of the eccentric genius, who out of sheer obstinacy and false pride fretted his fiery life out on the boards of the Yorkshire theatres when, according to the general testimony of his contemporaries, had he consented to put his "Pegasus in harness," and to serve under the banner of Garrick (undoubtedly the greatest genius of that or any other age, not only as actor and manager, but as tutor), the pupil would have run his master hard in the fight for fame.

Prior to his *debut* in York, little is known of the subject of this sketch, save that he was supposed to have had a university education, that he was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and that he was reputed to be the scion of an ancient family of the town of Frodsham, ten miles from Chester. Whether this was his real patronymic, or whether, like many actors of the present day, he assumed a stage name, it is now difficult to say. The coincidence of names, though remarkable, is by no means impossible, since the late Mr. Gomersal (the Napoleon of Astley's, so humorously embalmed in the Bon Gaultier ballads) informed me that he was born at the village of Gomersal, near Leeds.

Although but a youth of one-and-twenty when he joined the company of players on the great Northern Circuit in 1758, Frodsham must have either had considerable previous experience, or great natural aptitude, or both, inasmuch as a year after his arrival he had acquired possession of nearly all the principal parts in tragedy and comedy. To be sure, it took some time before an antediluvian actor named Crisp, who had played Hamlet over half a century, could be induced to cede the Prince of Denmark to the youthful tragedian; and for a considerable period after that, this obstinate old gentleman barred the way to Richard, Lear, Sir John Brute, etc. Frodsham, however, did not, as the players say, act "a bad line of business." Besides Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, Edgar, Richmond, Jaffier, Castalio, Alexander, Lothario, Osmyn, Young Norval, in tragedy, he played Benedict, Lord Townley, Young Mirabel, and Don Felix in high comedy; and of lighter eccentric characters, Bayes, Marplot, Dick (Apprentice), Lord Hardy, Colonel Balby, Plume, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, and Captain Macheath (with the music), all of which he enacted for a rural guinea a week.

A guinea a week for "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comical, historical pastoral!" Only think of that, young gentlemen, you who step out of universities, marching regiments, or counting houses, or perhaps from behind counters, and air your pretty faces, and fine clothes, and too frequent imbecility, at two, or three, or four, or five guineas a week to begin with,

in metropolitan theatres. "Other times, other manners," with a vengeance! Although a guinea a week went much farther in those days than now, it is difficult to realize that a man could eat, drink, sleep, wear broadcloth and clean linen, on so miserable a pittance; hence, I suppose that Frodsham had some private means, as we never hear of his being in an impecunious condition. However slender may have been his emoluments, it is certain that the Northern players acquired the high reputation which afterwards distinguished them, principally through him, inasmuch as he stands first in a list of celebrities whose names will be remembered so long as the annals of the British stage endure.

Gifted, however, as were his successors, he achieved a local prestige which none of them ever reached—not even the Siddons, the Jordan, or John Kemble himself. This remarkable popularity cannot be accounted for by merely exceptional ability, however great that might have been; it arose in a great measure from exceptional circumstances, as I shall endeavour to show. From Old York to London was not infrequently a longer journey in point of time then than the voyage from New York to London is now. It was not unusual for paterfamilias to make his will before tempting the perils of the king's highway—hence the journey was seldom or ever taken, and Old Ebor remained almost as much a metropolis as when she disputed the supremacy with London herself. The nobility and gentry of the north flocked into the beautiful old city for the winter and summer seasons; and one of the most potent attractions was the theatre, which was crowded nightly by the *élite* of the great northern families. The London actors rarely or ever came to York, the good people of York rarely or ever went to London; consequently they had no opportunities for forming standards of comparison between their own popular favourites and the more distinguished players of the metropolis. No wonder, therefore, that Frodsham, with his youth, his interesting appearance, his reputation for birth and breeding, his remarkable ability, and the glamour with which the stage surrounds the great creations of the poets, leaped at once into public favour, and became the idol of the northern playgoers. The ladies were the great supporters of the drama, and of them, Tate Wilkinson, a man of the world, and an admirer of the sex, says:—

"The ladies of York, without any compliment, have a grace, a manner, a decorum, not often met with out of London (Bath excepted), for York certainly boasts a pre-eminence when the boxes are crowded that dazzles the eyes of a stranger; and no wonder—for as London and Bath cull the choicest beauties from the three kingdoms, so does antient York City allure them from Hull, Leeds, Doncaster, Wakefield, Pontefract, and every part of that noble, spacious, and rich county."

As for the men of the county families, we have only to read the comedies of the period (or "Tom Jones" may save us the trouble)

to enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of their conduct, character, and occupations at this period. No marvel that amongst a rising generation who could not open their mouths without emitting an oath, and who devoted their time principally to gambling, racing, cock-fighting, badger-drawing, bull-baiting, and drinking, the accomplished young tragedian should—

“Like a star i’ th’ darkest night stick fiery off indeed.”

Wilkinson expressly tells us that—

“The public were so infatuated (and indeed he was so superior), that he left all others at a distance, and the audience too blindly, and too partially (for his own good) approved all he did beyond comparison. When in full pride (before he wilfully sank himself) I do not think any actor but Garrick would have been liked so well; and even Garrick himself, would not have passed current without some old maids’ opinions at a secret cabal—when Frodsham would have been voted superior, and under the rose appointed the man for the ladies; nor would that decision have been from elderly ladies only, as he had often melted the youthful fair ones of the tenderest mould, whose hearts were but too susceptible whenever Frodsham was the lover.”

So much for his popularity with the fair maids of York; now for Wilkinson’s own opinion:

“He was naturally a good actor in spite of himself, for though London improves and matures, and is the most enviable theatrical situation, yet genius will be found in every rank, soil, and station, and Frodsham had a quick genius, aided by a liberal education. . . . With proper cultivation he would have been a good substitute for Barry. . . . Had he been caught at a proper time, while wild, by such a man as Garrick, and if Mr. Garrick would have taken pains with him, the York hero would have done honour to London. . . . His Edgar, in the mad scenes, was the best I have ever seen; his Hamlet and Jaffier I never saw equalled but by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Barry.”

This is the unbiassed verdict of a contemporary, and a rival, for Tate avows, with the utmost candour, that the York people, in 1754, would not stand him in any of Frodsham’s characters, *e.g.*—

“I was daily abused for attempting Mr. Frodsham’s part of Othello. When the day came, I was, after dinner, taken so dreadfully ill, that I never expected to play more. Frodsham was not to be found to supply my place, and the audience were dismissed. . . . I performed Oakley and the Apprentice, which in Dublin had pleased so much; but at York I was unfortunately much disapproved. I was shocking after Frodsham as Dick.”

A wiser head than that of this indiscreet young man might well have been turned by all this fulsome adulation, which, if it did not bear fruit in the immediate present, yielded an abundant crop of mischief in the by no means distant future.

In 1758, when he was in the very zenith of his popularity, he took advantage of a holiday to pay his first and last and only visit to London. The day of his departure was one of lamentation for his admirers, who were convinced if Garrick once saw their favourite, he would never return to the stately old city by the Ouse, and I am disposed to think that he himself was under the impression that he had only to show his face in town, to be immediately snapped up by one or other of the London managers.

On the night of his arrival he went to Drury Lane, and paid his

money like a man, to the pit, to see his great rival in Hamlet. Next morning he left his pasteboard at the "Palais Royal" (as Garrick's splendid mansion in Southampton Street was called). The card was merely inscribed "Mr. Frodsham, from York." This curt inscription doubtless piqued the great-little man's curiosity, and he desired his free-and-easy visitor to be shown into the library at once. Now it must be premised that the York actor was not only young and vain, but self-opinionated to an abundant degree; on the other hand, Roscius had a habit of "sitting upon" people; consequently the two gentlemen met with their "armour on." Garrick was very patronising, and Frodsham returned the other's condescension by being superciliously affable, expressing his opinion on plays and players, and on the plays of Shakespere more particularly, with a serene self-belief to which Garrick was quite unaccustomed. Doubtless he expected the country actor would make his approaches "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," requesting permission to be heard, etc.; finding, however, that he made no advances of this kind, the great impresario at length broke the ice thus:—

"Well, well, Mr. Frodsham, I suppose you've seen a play since your arrival in London?"

"Oh yes! I saw you play my own crack part last night, sir."

"Oh, indeed. And how did you approve? I hope I pleased you, sir?"

"Why, yes, certainly, my dear sir—vastly clever in several passages, but I can't say I was struck with your entire performance."

This took Garrick's breath away, and he afterwards avowed that he never had such "a rise" taken out of him in all his life, as by this outspoken and audacious young country actor. The great man gasped and stammered—

"Why—now, now, to be sure now—I suppose you good people in the country—pray, pray, now, Mr. Frodsham, what sort of a place do you act in at York? Is it a room, or a riding-house, occasionally fitted up with scenery? Eh? Eh?"

"Neither, sir," replied Frodsham with dignity. "A theatre—a splendid theatre, Mr. Garrick."

"Ah, to be sure, my Lord Burlington told me so. By-the-bye, come and see my Sir John Brute to-night" (and he gave him an order for the pit); "then come and breakfast with me in the morning, and we'll have a trial of skill. Mrs. Garrick shall be judge between us. Good-day, Mr.—York—Good-day. I must be off to rehearsal. Remember breakfast—breakfast at ten to-morrow."

Frodsham was punctual to the moment next day, and did justice to Mrs. Garrick's substantial repast; after which, David opened fire with—

"Well! well! Mr. Frodsham, what do you think of my Brute?"

Eh? Eh? Now, no compliments—tell Mrs. Garrick; was it all right? Would it go down at York?”

“Well, sir,” replied the young coxcomb, serenely, “I can’t undertake to say. Our audiences are so confoundedly exacting.* For my own part, I was delighted.”

“Sir, I didn’t expect it from your Hamlet. You see, I am accustomed to play Hamlet myself, sir, but tragedy is my forte, while comedy—my good sir—comedy is yours. Your Brute, sir—d—n it, Mr. Garrick—your Brute was the most brutal thing I ever saw in my life! I don’t mean from an artistic point of view. No, no! there, sir, it was perfect. But you stood on the stage in your drunken scene, flourishing your sword, you placed yourself in an attitude (I’m sure you saw me in the pit), and with your eyes fixed on me, you seemed to say, ‘D—n it, Frodsham! Did you ever see anything like that in York? Eh, sir? Eh?’”

Garrick, who was accustomed to swallow flattery by the hogs-head, did not accept the rival Hamlet’s doubtful compliments with perfect equanimity. He hemmed and hawed, pretended to laugh the matter off, and then said,—

“Well, well! now for a taste of *your* quality; now a speech from Hamlet, Mr. Frodsham, and you, Mrs. Garrick—ahem! bear a wary eye, my dear.”

Nothing loth, with the utmost *sang froid*, Frodsham recited Hamlet’s first soliloquy. When he had finished, Garrick said,—

“Well, well, hey now! There is stuff about you, but you see you want some of my forming; and really, in some passages, you have acquired tones that I do not by any means approve.”

“Tones, sir,” replied the country actor. “Tones! I flatter myself, Mr. Garrick, I *have* tones; but you are not familiar with them. Now, sir, *you* have tones, very odd ones, and Mrs. Cibber has tones, very strange ones, which I do not by any means approve, but I suppose, in time, I might get used to them, as I might to your Hamlet!”

Despite all we hear of Garrick’s vanity and jealousy, he must have had many noble qualities.

I am under the impression that if some “young man from the country” were to call on any of our London managers nowadays, and ventilate candid and uncomplimentary opinions about their acting, he would be shown to the door with as little delay as possible. Instead of which, as soon as David could recover his breath he replied,—

* I remember an experience of my own in Yorkshire, somewhat analogous to this. We had produced, in a very splendid manner, and at great expense, at my new Theatre in Leeds, Boucicault’s “After Dark,” which crowded the Princess’s for a whole season, during George Vining’s management. There was a bad house on the first night, and I was contemplating the performance from the back of the pit, very ruefully, when one of the regular *habitués*, a fair type of the intelligent Tyke, approached, and by way of consolation, accosted me with—“Ah! Musther John, you may well look ashamed o’ yoursen. This sort o’ muck may do for London, but it wunna do for Hunslet Lane!”

"Why now—now you're a d—d queer fellow, Frodsham; but, for a fair and full trial of your genius, my stage shall be open to you, and you shall act any part you please. If you succeed, we will then talk of terms."

Surely, here was a frank and generous proposal, and if this bumptious young blockhead had had the grace to have accepted it, the current of his whole life would have been changed. I suppose, however, Garrick's patronizing condescension put the other's back up, for, with characteristic modesty, the airy youth responded,—

"My dear Mr. Garrick, you are mistaken if you think I came here to cadge for an engagement. I am a Roscius myself in my own quarters, and I judged it a proper compliment to wait upon a brother genius; but I neither want nor wish for an engagement, nor would I relinquish the happiness I enjoy in my dear old York for the first terms your great City of London could afford!" And with an imposing obeisance to Garrick, and another to his beautiful wife, the insolent young puppy made his exit, leaving the rival Roscius absolutely dumbfounded at his impudence.

Of course this modest young gentleman's visit to town would have been incomplete without an interview with that rough diamond, David's rival, Rich, of Covent Garden, who was as remarkable in his way as Garrick was in his. Although a shrewd, clever man of business, Rich's education had been grossly neglected, and his language was vulgar and ungrammatical to the last degree. Either from this cause, or from habitual inattention, or perhaps from an insolent affectation, which he mistook for a rough-and-ready kind of wit, he pretended to forget people's names, and contracted a vile habit of addressing everybody as "Muster." Garrick he called "Muster Griskin"; Shuter, "Muster Shuttleworth"; Barry, "Muster Barleymore"; and Wilkinson, "Muster Williamskin." Foote he persisted in calling "Muster Footseye."

On one occasion, after being repeatedly accosted in this manner, the English Aristophanes became quite furious, and demanded to know "why the d—l he was not addressed by his proper name."

"Don't get lumpy, don't get lumpy, Muster Footseye," said Rich; "sometimes, you know, I forget my own name."

"I know," replied Foote, "that you can't write your own name, but I'm d—d if I can conceive how you can be such an ass as to forget it."

Frodsham found the renowned pantomimist (he was said to be the greatest harlequin in the world!) surrounded by his usual troupe of cats. There was one perched on each shoulder, one on each knee, and two or three others purring about his legs. In the intervals of petting his favourites, he was teaching a young lady to act. Superciliously looking at his visitor from head to foot with a large reading glass, he took snuff; next he blew his nose like a foghorn, then he dismissed his pupil, and began,—“Well, Muster Frogsmire, I suppose you've come from York for an engagement,

and you want me to larn you how to act. Did you ever act Richard, Muster Frogsmire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, then, you shall see me act," says Rich, and, strutting about like a turkey-cock, and making the most hideous grimaces and contortions, he began to spout,—

"Now is the winter of our discontent." A little of this went a very long way with Frodsham, who cut his would-be tutor short with, "Sir, my name is *not* Frogsmire; I don't want an engagement; and I don't want to be taught to act; but I do want to wish you and your cats a very good morning."

So saying, he stalked out of the room, leaving the despot of Covent Garden purple with rage.

Whatever may have been Frodsham's aspirations, it is quite clear that his arrogance and presumption had effectually closed the doors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden against him. 'Tis an ill wind, however, that blows no one any good, so there were great rejoicings in the North Countrie when he returned, especially when it was found that neither Garrick nor Rich had chained and secured the York Roscius.

When he afterwards discussed his visit to the London managers with his friend Tate Wilkinson, he could not be persuaded that he had requited Garrick's courtesy with impertinence, or that he had been impatient and insolent to Rich. On the contrary, he always maintained that "David knew he was speaking to as good a gentleman as himself, and an actor of equal ability. While as for Spangleback" (so he called Rich)—"Sir," said he, "he's a boor, and isn't fit to carry guts to a bear. He's an ignoramus, who not only knows nothing of Greek or Latin, but who knows nothing of his own language; in fact, he knows nothing of anything except his infernal cats, and his beastly pantomimes!"

Whether the manager (Baker), in honour of his return, increased Frodsham's salary, there are now no means of ascertaining, though surely in the fulness of time he must have got beyond that munificent stipend of a guinea a week. In each town he certainly had a benefit, which was, at that time, a delightful and dignified institution. It is bad enough now, but then it involved eating innumerable and periodical pecks of dirt, and enduring an amount of personal degradation which appears absolutely incredible. In York, Norwich, Hull and other important cities, "it was at that time the custom" (and a beastly custom it certainly was!), says Wilkinson, "for the performer, whether man or woman, to attend the play-bill man round the town, knock humbly at every door, honoured with or without a rapper, and supinely and obediently leave a play-bill at every shop and stall, and request the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Griskin's company at the benefit."

"Good God!" exclaims Tate, in a burst of honest indignation. "What a sight to actually behold Mr. Frodsham, a gentleman,

with fine natural talents, and esteemed in York as a Garrick, *the Hamlet of the age*, running after or stopping a gentleman on horseback, to deliver his benefit bill, and beg half-a-crown (then the price of the boxes.)”

Nor was this the climax of degradation. After the play, on the benefit night, the beneficiare had to “return thanks,” and if married; both husband and wife had to appear.

It is alleged by Wilkinson, that upon the occasion of one of Frodsham’s benefits (doubtless towards the end of his career, when he was entering on the downward path) he spoke a comic epilogue, and actually carried his wife on and off the stage *on his back*.

A pleasant situation this, for the wretched wife; a refined exhibition for an intelligent audience; above all, what a proud position for the “Hamlet of the age” to occupy!

Of course we know but too well that despite the great social distinction of Quin, Garrick, Sheridan, Foote, Mossop, etc., they were not infrequently exposed to indignities from the fashionable ruffians, and rakehelly Dundrearys of the period; but these players, as Garrick once said boldly, in the teeth of a howling mob, who sought to intimidate him, were “above want, and superior to insult.” Besides, they did not wear their swords for nothing; they not only knew how to use them, but were quick to resent outrage, and to punish impertinence. Yet here was a man of their own order, young, ardent, and ambitious, who by his own act and deed brought this shameful discredit on the whole fraternity. One is tempted to ask, Was the wife a cripple? Were the audience demented? Or was the man himself mad or drunk? It is only charitable to assume that he was both! Amongst other charming customs of the period, we are told “admittance behind the scenes was allowed, not only at benefits, but in general to the gentlemen (?) who frequented the boxes”—hence I shrewdly suspect that this disreputable exploit arose from a scandalous wager, or something of the kind, between the mad actor and his drunken friends behind the scenes.

The “too susceptible fair ones” must surely have felt deeply mortified and insulted by this escapade. If they were so, they were generous, for they soon forgave their favourite, and remained faithful to their Frodsham to the last.

It redounds to the credit of honest Tate Wilkinson, that the very moment he became manager of the great Northern Circuit in 1763 he abolished all these degrading customs. They died hard enough though, elsewhere, for seventeen years later we find no less a person than Mrs. Siddons, on the occasion of her farewell to Bath (to which fashionable city she had retired after her failure in London), producing “five reasons” for again tempting Fortune in town, in the shape of five bouncing bairns, whose “shining morning faces” appear to have proved a potent attraction on the occasion.

Frodsham's conduct to Garrick shows that he could be as arrogant as he was eccentric and egotistical. "There can be no doubt that the applause he commanded and received intoxicated his brain, as much as the plentiful potations of Burgundy with which, and with other pleasant spirited draughts, he too soon finished his early days of life and fame."

It was the fashion of the day for men of the first quality to drop down dead drunk under the table after their fourth or fifth bottle. We have it on record that even "the heaven-born minister," that model of continence, William Pitt, before he commenced to demolish a political opponent, was not infrequently accustomed to retire behind the Speaker's chair to "clear himself" of his superfluous port, after the "high old Roman fashion." What marvel that this ill-advised and weak-minded young actor went headlong to the devil, in such goodly company? When once he commenced his downward career he went at a galloping pace, and, alas! he soon reached the end of his journey.

Exactly ten years after his return from London he made his last appearance in his beloved York.

On the evening of October 19th, 1768, he played "Lord Townley" in Vanburgh's comedy of "The Provoked Husband."

It is said that he appeared in high spirits, and it was remarked that he had never acted better.

At that time it was the duty of the principal actor to "give out," at the end of the first piece, the performance for the following night. On this occasion Frodsham came forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, on Monday evening will be presented the tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' to which will be added" (looking seriously around, and placing his hand upon his heart) "'What we must all come to.'"

Those were the last words he ever spoke upon the stage.

Three days afterwards he was dead!

Twenty years later, Tate Wilkinson, who survived his unfortunate friend exactly thirty-five years, chronicles his premature death in these quaint, yet touching terms: "His mind, his superabundant good qualities, were all warped and undermined by nocturnal habits. In the morning he had to take to the brandy bottle, to patch himself up for the day. In the afternoon he had recourse to the same stimulant to pull himself together for the night, and the end was that he died enfeebled, disordered, dropsical, and mad at the age of thirty-five."

Verily, "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us."

Here was a youth of brilliant parts, of exceptional and extraordinary endowments, a scholar, a gentleman, the idol of the hour, admired by the men, adored by the women, an actor capable of holding his own beside "the choice and master spirits of the age," lost, utterly lost by his own folly.

Garrick, who also survived Frodsham eleven years, frequently stated to his friends that he had "never met so strange a mixture of eccentricity and genius as in that mad actor from York."

The whole history of the English stage presents no more remarkable illustration of the ephemeral and evanescent character of an actor's fame than the shadowy outline I have here attempted to limn of the wasted and inglorious life of this unfortunate young man.

One is almost tempted to imagine that Roscius had his provincial rival in his eye when he penned these touching lines :

"For he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
The art, and artist, share one common grave !"

Had it not been for his brief accidental acquaintance with Garrick and Tate Wilkinson, the very existence of poor Frodsham would by this time have been forgotten.

In the "Thespian Dictionary," published two years after the death of the famous northern manager, the name of the York Roscius is conspicuous by its absence ; and in the very city where once it was "familiar in men's mouths as household words," it was only through the casual recognition of Charles Reade that I discovered that my "mysterious man in black" was the once famous

"GARRICK OF THE NORTH."

JOHN COLEMAN.

STYLE IN LITERATURE.

BY J. DENNIS.

LITERATURE depends for its success upon a variety of intellectual forces—breadth and accuracy of knowledge, largeness of view, the sense of proportion, the imagination which elevates, the fancy which charms, the emotion which creates sympathy, the logic that appeals to and satisfies the reason. Literature of the highest order is not the work of a carefully-constructed machine, but the utterance of a life. And this is why we are able to draw inspiration from it, and by its help to rise, as it were, above ourselves, conscious of added power and of fuller joy. This is no illusion. Susceptible and cultivated minds draw their daily sustenance from books, as naturally as the infant turns for food to its mother's breast. The man who has once learnt the secret of literature, the delights it has to offer, the spiritual rest it can supply, would find the loss of it irreparable. The gifts it brings to him resemble those of Nature herself, and are not to be weighed in any scale. It is not always possible to say what books have done for us, but the man who finds in them his best companions knows that their influence over thought and character is immeasurable. And this influence is largely dependent upon style. Men are apt to regard style as though it were a science, or a language which can be acquired by the exercise of intelligence and painstaking. Dr. Johnson falls into this error when he recommends whoever wishes to attain a familiar and elegant English style to give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. Such advice is superficial and impracticable. Man no doubt is an imitative animal, and it would be folly to deny that he can to some extent copy an author's style, just as he can copy the painting of a great master. In each case, however, a semblance is produced instead of a reality, the work is done by a dead hand, and the result is comparatively of little value.

Style must not be confounded with composition. It is possible to write faultless English without having a style, and possible, too, for a great author to play daring and even unjustifiable tricks with language, without wholly losing his claim to the possession of this great literary gift. No doubt he cannot play such tricks with impunity. They injure his fame and his position, but they do not always and necessarily degrade him to the rank of a second-class writer.

What then do we understand by this gift of style, upon which it may be safely asserted the permanence of literature depends. What is it that impels a man so to write that the thoughts which he utters are "like to live"? It is evident that the power must be something more distinctive and vital than the pleasing arrangement of words. A perfect command of language is indeed essential to literature of the finest order, for the master's instrument should have no jarring notes; but whence is the source of this command? It is to be found, we think, in the faculty of imagination, which gives energy and harmony to thought. If this be true, style is simply the expression of this harmony; it is not merely an outward accomplishment, but the fruit of an inward grace, a living growth, instead of being, as is so commonly supposed, a superficial acquirement. And this is the reason why the greatest masters of style are the poets. Above all other writers they are indebted to imagination, and poetry is the utterance of the most beautiful thoughts in the choicest words. No academy can do for literature what the poets have done. They show us, as none but imaginative writers can, of what a language is capable, and it is to them we turn for illustrations of all that is strong and sweet in our English tongue. No one disputes the pre-eminent command of language, with all that is implied in it of intellectual strength and imaginative fervour, displayed by Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Next in rank to the sublime Puritan, "the mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies," Mr. Matthew Arnold would place Wordsworth, but he has startled that poet's disciples by saying he has no style. We think, on the contrary, that not in his finest poems alone, but throughout the large body of his works, Wordsworth's style is as distinct as that of any modern poet. He has his manner like Milton, but not to Milton's excess. Manner, be it remarked here, is not mannerism. The one is powerfully exhibited by Dryden; you will find the latter uttered with some weakness and affectation by Leigh Hunt.

With an abundant measure of imagination a poet, whatever his faults may be, is not likely to lack distinctness of expression. Neither Marlowe nor Byron rank with the carefully-accurate poets. As they lived, so do they write, with a measure of license and daring that surprises or perhaps disgusts more orderly spirits, but the method of these poets is at least as conspicuous as their madness. And we see the rich growth of style in Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, poets who perhaps have least to do with earth of any recent singers. How unlike are these royal poets to one another, how unlike their predecessors in the line of kings! There are :—

Happy souls that all the way
To Heaven, have a summer's day.

And there are poets who seem to sing without effort, and by

the happiest inspiration. We do not see the workman, we see nothing but his perfect work, and our hearts are filled with measureless content. Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," his "Christabel," his "Love," gives to the reader this satisfying delight; so does Shelley in his lovely lyrics, so does Keats in the "Eve of St. Agnes," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and the "Ode to Autumn." And who but a master of style could have written that often quoted stanza in the "Ode addressed to a Nightingale"—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !

So characteristic is it of Keats in his highest mood, that we say at once no other man could have conceived it.

In the large edition of this poet, brought out with careful labour by Mr. Buxton Forman, much posthumous verse will be found which has no style. It belongs to the writer as a port-manteau belongs to a traveller; indeed in a less degree, for the traveller might find the loss of his trunk a serious matter, whereas the baggage left behind by Keats is an impediment to his fame. The student feels bound for the author's sake to read it, and in reading to forget it.

The prose writers have their manner as clearly indicated as the poets, by some of whom, we may add, the noblest English prose has been written. Bacon's notes are as rich in tone as Jeremy Taylor's, but in character utterly distinct, and in what is called the low style a similar distinction may be observed between the homeliness of Defoe and that of Swift. Sir Thomas Browne, splendid in diction, and gorgeous in imagery, was perhaps Charles Lamb's most dearly-loved writer. He dwells on his language and on his thought with the love of a son to his spiritual father, and yet the style of "Elia," like that of all original writers, belongs wholly to himself. Dryden's great name in poetry has probably obscured his merit as a writer of prose. Nervous, sinewy, direct, free from all verbiage, free from the parentheses which break the continuity of thought, his Prefaces and Essays are models of pure English, models for study and comparison, but far too much a part of the man to admit of imitation. Contrast the manly prose of Dryden with the elaborate composition of Pope in his letters, and you will be struck with the difference between art and artifice. Dryden wrote easily and idiomatically, because his first object in writing was to express with the utmost clearness what he had to utter. Pope wrote laboriously because he had little to say, and wished to say it so as to attract attention. The tricks he played when publishing his correspondence are known to every one, but the tricks of style in the letters themselves, will not be obvious to the superficial reader. Addison, on the contrary, was entirely free from any vice of this kind. Graceful as an essayist, delightful as a humourist, sympathetic and refined in feeling, superficial in

thought, his style proclaims the man. Of its kind it is perfect, but it resembles a mountain river in summer time, limpid in purity and shallow in depth. This style is as appropriate to Addison as Dr. Johnson's rotund method of expression was to him. Johnson's language has called forth much laughter and caricature, and not wholly without cause. He does sometimes, to use Goldsmith's illustration, "make little fishes talk like whales." His ponderous words are sometimes heavy as lead. But when his intellect is roused, when his heart is strongly moved, Johnson's style rises as its master rose to a noble height. His strength finds utterance in it and also his tenderness. One sees that the method of expression, cumbersome though it may often be, belongs to its owner's life, instead of being a cloak to conceal his nakedness. Goldsmith's nature differed wholly from that of his friend the great "Cham of letters," and so also does his style of which the chief characteristic is sweetness. Like his brilliant countryman Steele, the man is brought before us in every line he writes. In the famous "Chinese Letters," in the more famous "Vicar," in the essays which he composed for daily bread, we listen to the same voice. There may be art in his simplicity, undoubtedly there is a vivid sense of literary fitness, but Nature guides his pen throughout, and all that we know to have been winning and lovable in this far from faultless man is mirrored in his language.

Any one who is daring enough to read through the six volumes of "Richardson's Correspondence" will be apt to marvel that the slipshod writer of such feeble letters, which are only removed from commonplace by their egregious egotism, should have won so great a fame as a novelist. Richardson is an exception to an almost universal rule. He is a great writer with a slovenly provincial style. One might say, judging from his language, apart from the story, that he is wholly destitute of the literary instinct. There is not, in all his writings, a passage which, for beauty of thought or charm of expression, a reader would be tempted to read twice, and it says not a little for Richardson's power as a novelist that his loose method of composition has not perceptibly marred his fame. In the steady progress of the plot, a progress as certain as it is slow, we forget or cease to criticize the poverty of the author's diction. And yet, notwithstanding our admiration of the prolonged pathos of "Clarissa Harlowe," we feel somehow more disposed to call the story a great novel than to call the novelist a great man. It has been well said that there are old women of both sexes, and Richardson was the most illustrious old woman of his age.

What a contrast in this respect, as in all others, does his great rival Fielding present. His manliness is to be seen in his biography, and so also is the taint of vulgarity and coarseness. "He was," says Richardson, "a very indelicate, a very impetuous,

an unyielding-spirited man," and the judgment, though far from impartial, does not, in this instance, go beyond the truth. Fielding's nature had no affinity to the spiritual type. It was, one must reluctantly confess, of the earth earthy, but it had in it nothing contemptible or base. Jealousy, envy, meanness of any kind were to this man unknown. He was open as the day, and just as the sunshine discovers dusty corners, so did the frankness of Fielding reveal the frailties he had no desire to conceal. He wore his heart upon his sleeve for the Blifils of the age to peck at. And what this wonderful novelist was in life he is in literature. His style is as fresh as the crisp air on a frosty morning; it is natural, vigorous, idiomatic, and as English in its faults and virtues as the characters he represents. Like its master, the style is sometimes more homely than refined, but it is devoid of weakness or affectation, and we recognize in it the invaluable quality of truthfulness.

This high quality is to be seen in a yet greater writer of fiction. There are novelists who may have respectively produced one or two works superior to any written by Sir Walter Scott. "Esmond" is beyond his range, and so also are "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner." There are readers, too, who would give the palm to Jane Austen's "Emma," or to Charlotte Brontë's "Villette." But when we look at Scott's variety of incident, at his picturesqueness, at the number of living men and women he has produced, at his power of giving life to the past, at his homely humour, his unaffected pathos, his vigour of representation, his unfaltering appreciation of purity and goodness, and when we remember, too, how his greatest novels, are flooded with the light of poetry, we are inclined to say that if Sir Walter be less of a verbal artist than Thackeray, and by no means so subtle a thinker as George Eliot, he is not only one of the most delightful writers in the language, but also our greatest novelist. Of Scott we know as much as of any author, for he lives in the pages of Lockhart, and almost all we read of him or hear about him, adds to our respect and love. He is emphatically the "good Sir Walter," kindly, generous, considerate, free from the faults which are supposed to cling to the literary temperament, and blessed with the wholesome virtues which make a man loved and honoured in his own home. "Sir Walter speaks to us," said a poor dependent, "as if we were blood relations." The remark is characteristic. With the exception of Shakespeare, there is, perhaps, no author whose writings display so much genuine and healthful humanity. The fine nature of Scott is expressed in every page he wrote. He was not one of those literary epicures who expend elaborate toil upon words, and his composition is by no means a model of correctness; but Scott's style, like the man, is always pleasing, always fresh, picturesque, and vivacious. The attention is not drawn to it by any mannerism or pretension, herein again resem-

bling its owner, whose modesty and freedom from self-consciousness were as conspicuous as his genius. As a verseman Sir Walter is not in vogue in our day. He is too simple, too much of the balladist, we had almost said too intelligible for the taste of the age. Note, however, the manliness of his poetry, its sincerity and clear-sightedness, qualities which stand out with great prominence in "Marmion," and observe how his life bears testimony to similar traits. No writer, probably, of the highest order ever studied style less, but it seems, nevertheless, to work for him unbidden.

And now turn for a moment to another author of extraordinary popularity. There is a period of life in which most readers are attracted by Lord Macaulay's confident and highly-coloured language. It is so smooth, so forcible, so sustained, that the half-trained ear is apt to be won by it, the half-trained pen to attempt its imitation. It is always pleasant to be in the company of a writer who shows no signs of hesitancy or feebleness, of one who travels on broad roads in a coach and four, and is never doomed in awful questioning of spirit to stumble upon dark mountains. Macaulay has no doubts, and, to use a vulgar but expressive term, is always "cock-sure." His belief in himself never falters for a moment, and from his own standpoint this is reasonable enough. Few men of letters have been so well furnished as he; still fewer have known, with such unerring accuracy, how best to use their knowledge. He is a splendid rhetorician, an accomplished scene painter, an encyclopædic purveyor of facts, an enthusiastic eulogist of letters. The sun of his genius, however, has brightness without warmth; there is in it no life-giving power; his history, apart from its fine vein of patriotism, rouses no passion. In reading his famous "Essays," or even the "History," we are often ready to exclaim, "How admirably clever!" never "How beautiful!" or "How true!" "What a brilliant picture!" never "What a suggestive thought!" There is a characteristic passage in Mr. Trevelyan's admirable life of his uncle, which may be quoted here:—

"Whenever one of his books was passing through the press Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry and his scrupulous precision to the minutest mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. There was no end to the trouble that he devoted to matters which most authors are only too glad to leave to the care and experience of their publisher. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water."

The reader may be sure that there is no exaggeration in this eulogy. Lord Macaulay never knew what it was to spare pains in writing his history. We have proofs innumerable of the labour he expended upon it. It occupied his first thoughts every morning, and his latest every night, it was his daily burden and his daily joy, and the glory which he reaped from it was but a fitting recompense for his splendid acquirements and toil. It

has been rightly said of his style that it is the style of great literary knowledge, and in this respect Macaulay can have few competitors. The history of this style may be read in the final words of the passage just quoted : "He could not rest until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water." Apparently in this remark the biographer thinks he is pointing out a literary virtue ; it is in reality a conspicuous vice. A telling sentence at the end of every paragraph is a rhetorical artifice unworthy of a great writer ; this constant aim at brilliancy fills Macaulay's pages with a painful glare. At first the eye may be attracted by the light, but before long it turns away wearied. Like a traveller under the hot sun of an African desert, the reader is prone to cry out for some green pasture in which to rest, some shade to subdue the heat. Macaulay disliked Southey—perhaps a stronger term might be used—and rarely does him justice ; but had he studied Southey's prose style, he might have discovered his own defect. Verse that is all epigram lacks the charm of poetry, and prose in which every paragraph has a point, however rich in knowledge, is defective in art. "Style," said Lord Chesterfield, "is the dress of thought." "No," replied Wordsworth profoundly, "It is not the dress, but the incarnation of thought," a saying which Chesterfield would have sneered at, and Macaulay did not understand. What a weighty saying it is ! Admit its truth, and it will be evident that style is associated with an author's interior life, and so far from being a mere accomplishment, is of vital force in literature.

It will be obvious that the subject of this paper admits of exhaustless illustrations. Without going beyond this island, and without any extensive knowledge of English literature, the student will readily discover that style, so far from being a convenient covering for thought, is the breath of an author's life. It was characteristic of Chesterfield's shallowness, to say that manner was on the whole of more importance than matter ; as if, when the matter is feeble, expression can be pure and strong ; as if, when a man's mind contains neither beautiful imagery nor freshness of thought, he can write in language that will attract and charm !

To avoid the slough of obscurity on the one hand, and the pit of affectation on the other, to use the simplest language in which the meaning can be expressed, to shun eloquence, or rather to let it alone until some powerful emotion creates winged words, to think more of what has to be said than of how it is said ; these are some of the marks which indicate the masters of style.

JOHN DENNIS.

CHINESE DOMESTICS.

BY H. A. ACRAMAN COATE.

OF late we have once more been hearing a great deal of China, and persons and things Chinese, in connection with a war between the Celestials and an European power. It is generally, however, in association with the "wars of peace" that the mention of John Chinaman comes home to the "business and bosoms of Englishmen." When a strike of labourers is "on," or the great domestic servant grievance is specially trotted out, we hear, among other talk, proposals to invite invasion from an army of Chinese labour. The suggestion is made with a light heart, but generally by those who have had no experience of Chinese servants. Speaking as one who has had experience of them, the present writer is very strongly of opinion that the substitution of Chinese for English labour—even under the circumstances here in view, of English labour being more or less "rampageous"—would prove a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire. A good Chinese servant might be better than a bad English one, but taking things broadly, good servants in China are as scarce, bad as plentiful, as in England. At least, that was my experience when, a few years back, it fell to my lot to have to make my home in Shanghai. There it was not, with me, a matter of choice between English and Chinese domestics, natives only were to be had. True, numbers of them professed to be able to speak English, but it was "the English not spoken in England," and very hard to be understood of English people. It was not even good pigeon English, such pigeon English, for instance, as one may hear spoken by Chinamen who have become resident in England, or those who serve aboard vessels trading to English or American ports. The inability of the Chinese servants to speak or understand the English tongue is, however, but a small matter compared with their inability to realize that cleanliness is a cardinal virtue in domestic management. As to the docility which is popularly supposed to characterize the Chinese servant class, I found it conspicuous by its absence. The Chinese, when they like, can be quite as independent as the English domestic.

When forming my household I managed, after repeated enquiries and innumerable interviews, to obtain a cook, an amah

who performed the duties of nurse, a boy, who acted as butler, and two coolies for general work. It may be here remarked that in China the servants' quarters are situated at some little distance from the ordinary dwelling house. A small block of buildings is erected about twenty yards away, in which the servants reside; there are so many bedrooms, a general sitting room, in which they all take their chow-chow, and a place reserved for cooking arrangements. You dispose of your servants after each meal, and seldom see them until it is time to prepare for the one following, excepting the amah, who attends on children. In this interval the others do as they please—go into the house, or amuse themselves in any other manner. Each day, after breakfast, a native barber attends, who shaves each man's head, cleanses the ears, and performs the duties of a chiropodist. It is considered a great breach of domestic etiquette for a servant to present himself at table with the crown of his head unshaven.

The servants I had engaged soon settled down into their respective positions, and things went on very pleasantly for a short while, until the hot season set in, and I determined to take my family and domestics up country in our house-boat. I called the cook, informed him of my intentions, and told him to make arrangements for the trip. He, however, shook his head, and replied, "No can," intimating that he had no love for the water, and preferred remaining on shore. He was a good, clean, and useful fellow, and I did not wish to leave him behind, but he was inexorable, and even extra dollars would not tempt him to leave *terra firma*. Being thoroughly annoyed, I told him he could leave, but must "first catchee other cook." The following day he returned, with a vile-looking specimen of humanity, whom he introduced as his successor. It is a general practice in China that a servant cannot leave without first procuring a substitute, providing you so wish, and this rule is seldom, if ever, violated. A remarkable thing, however, is that when you once get rid of a servant, you seldom if ever again behold or even hear of him; he disappears as if from off the face of the earth.

My new cook, Boosung by name, was a man forty or forty-five years of age, very tall, hollow-eyed, horribly pox-marked, and with a crafty and cunning leer always lurking around the corner of his eyes. Upon his first appearance he was attired in a thin pair of white pajamas and loose shirt, the tails of which hung down outside his pajamas, his stockingless feet being encased in a pair of slippers, without any support to keep them on at the heel. I was not very favourably impressed with this new acquisition to our household, but as I was pressed for time and it was impossible to go up country without a cook, I was obliged to take him. For the first few weeks he was, for a Chinaman, a pattern of neatness and cleanliness, so, upon returning from our trip to Shanghai, I still retained him; and as my former aversion

had to a great extent disappeared, I began to think I had been fortunate in obtaining such a treasure. My duties often called me from home, and upon these occasions my wife and little ones were left alone in the house. One Sunday I happened to be out. My wife and family attended church in the morning, and upon their return found, to their surprise, no tiffin prepared. In the absence of the boy Boosung was called upon for an explanation. My wife asked, "What for no tiffin?" Cook leered and replied, "Missee joss day, missee very good, go to church, no wantee Chinaman to cook pigeon." Inferring that as his mistress attended church and performed no ordinary duties on Sunday, he could hardly be expected to do so, that in short John Chinaman was as good as his master (or mistress). Remonstrances were of no avail, so my wife sat down to write a chit (note) to me. Boosung thereupon became suddenly alarmed, for he had a healthy dread of master; he enquired in an insinuating manner "what missee talkee?" My wife rejoined, "Talkee master—you one very bad man, no cook tiffin." Cook instantly replied, "No can take then," and neither threats nor entreaties would cause him to convey the note to me, and so my family went minus luncheon. Upon my return home I was informed of the state of affairs, and instantly called in the disobedient one. He entered, so smiling and servile in his extreme civility that he really looked incapable of disobeying an order. I addressed a few sharp words to him; he fawned, but made no reply, and at once entered upon his duties with wonderful alacrity.

After this, frequent skirmishes took place between members of my family and Boosung. When I was at home he was all obedience and civility, but directly my back was turned it was only with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to prepare a meal. His former habits of cleanliness disappeared, and upon things assuming a really serious aspect a visit of inspection was paid to his quarters—a rather unusual thing, by-the-bye, for Europeans to do, as great confidence is placed in cook's culinary arrangements, and for more reasons than one it is deemed prudent not to dive too deeply into his mode of procedure. Upon gaining the kitchen it was found that articles were being used for various other purposes than those for which they were intended, and altogether the revelations of the kitchen pointed rather to my servant's fitness for a scavenger than a cook. I will not distress my readers with any detailed account of cook's misdeeds, but putting it generally, they were on the professional lines of a certain Hindoo cook, who was in the habit of straining his master's coffee through a dirty sock. After my visit to cook's quarters, my newly-found faith in his abilities quickly vanished, and we parted company at an early date.

Apropos of cooks. An amusing story is told of an incident that happened at the dinner table of a representative of an Euro-

pean power, when a magnificent dish of snipes was brought in. But what a disappointment ! The Chinese Vatel had taken out the entrails of this incomparable bird. He knew not what a perfume and savoury treasure the snipe holds in the stomach. The cook was forced to appear, and the delinquent was struck with consternation on hearing that he had committed a culinary crime, too heavy to be a second time pardoned. Hoping to make amends, the unfortunate cook a few days afterwards took care to serve up, in all their integrity, some birds that were not snipes, and thereupon a new storm of wrath fell on the devoted head of the poor Chinese, and was followed by his dismissal, in a state of utter despair, that he should never be able to exercise his art in a manner conformable to the astoundingly capricious tastes of Europeans.

One of the coolies in my service had been previously a "washing man," and I must confess that while with me he showed great aptitude for this particular kind of work. Therefore, instead of sending the household linen out to the ordinary contractor, I gave him the privilege of attending to it. His mode of procedure was thus : he would take the clothes to the river bank, there lay the various articles on the stones, and then beat them with sticks until they became clean. This was, of course, detrimental to one's linen, but the result was perfection as far as concerned cleanliness. Next came the ironing process. Master Coolie would procure a large pan of lighted charcoal, on which he heated his flats, in the meanwhile carefully spreading the garments out on a board. At his side would be a basin of rice-water, and into this he dipped his face, and drew in the fluid until his cheeks became well distended ; this he puffed out over the surface of the linen before him as he proceeded with his ironing, not stopping until the supply in his mouth was exhausted, the linen being eventually turned out spotlessly clean, and with a surface so smooth and glossy as I have seldom seen equalled.

The amah, or nurse, whom I had acquired was a woman some forty years of age, sufficiently cleanly in her own person, and having a strong regard for her young charges. She always looked, though, the personification of misery and despair, and was by no means a cheering kind of mortal to have about the house. Her sorrow was brought about by the fact that she was the mother of five or six children, but unluckily for her they were *all girls*, and on this account her husband had discarded her. Girls are looked upon by the natives as a drug in the market, whereas boys are treated with much consideration and kindness while young, and regarded as so much property to be realized at a future date. Sons are bound to support their parents ; they also receive a sum of money with the woman they marry, while girls earn nothing, and their parents have, moreover, to pay a considerable amount to the man who offers to take one as his wife. With the

lower classes, when a woman during her married life presents her lord and master with members of the feminine gender only, he becomes disgusted, and seeks a fresh partner to share his joys and sorrows. In many cases husband and wife both take to domestic service and live apart, the children being cared for by friends in the meantime. Still, with all our amah's matrimonial trials and tribulations, she knew how to protect her own interests, and she was always very careful not to exceed her duties in the household in the slightest degree. She "knew her place," but from the servant's point of view. Once upon being told to dust a room she replied, "No proper amah dust; missee wantee No. 3 or No. 4 coolie for that."

The Celestials are beyond argument; no matter how you try to explain to them it is desirable they should do certain work, if they are of opinion it does not come within their province, your words are but wasted, and coaxing and threatening are alike powerless to make them yield. Yet some servants, with all their eccentricities, show great affection towards their present or late masters. In one instance I knew a "boy" who regularly took flowers to lay on the grave of a previous master as a token of regard to his memory, and in my own case, when my family were returning to England, our late amah came from a long distance to bring her former mistress "one piecee crumpsha before going England side," the "crumpsha" or present consisting of a Ningpo carved glove box, some white China handkerchiefs, a basket of oranges, and a cake, decorated with flowers and papers comprising all the colours of the rainbow.

In the event of the supply of our present domestic treasures ever becoming limited, which at this time seems not altogether improbable, and circumstance forcing us to fill their places with the sons of the Flowery Land, I am afraid, if I might judge from my own experience, extending over some years with all classes and kinds of Chinese domestics, that the result would not be altogether a success. That John is at times willing to work hard is not to be denied, but there are occasions when any amount of coaxing and moral suasion will not cause him to exert himself. Moreover, his ideas generally with regard to the manners and customs of civilization are, as I have attempted to show, strange and primitive, and hardly such as to bear the scrutiny of the ordinary British housewife.

H. A. ACRAMAN COATE

CRADLE AND SPADE.

BY WILLIAM SIME, AUTHOR OF "KING CAPITAL,"
"THE RED ROUTE."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE WINDOW.

THE Flesh Market Close is not an aristocratic place to dine at, but at this date it was the best in Edinburgh; and people who had or affected old-fashioned habits, ignored its proximity to a great meat market, and wandered into it at mid-day when they were hungry. Usher went because the sheriff went, and he did not choose to overlook a single opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance. It was a dingy region, with all the whistling of the engines of the North British Railway coming up to it, undeafened, and all the banging and smashing of goods trains which were being shunted for the travellers' goods. He met Porteous there one day by appointment, and that safe broker, sitting down at the table with him, broached a large sanguinary steak and a tankard, and began to talk about Ruddersdale.

"I have a letter from Leslie every post," he said.

"Have you? What has he got to say?"

"He says something different every mail."

"Yes, I shouldn't suppose his gold to be a permanent quantity. Can't you change the company, Porteous, and make it peats, herrings, or birds' eggs?"

"Can't be done, sir. It's gold or nothing."

"Yes, I think it is the latter. Waiter, I've told you half-a-dozen times that I don't like vinegar in my mustard. I can stand a little vinegar in a salad, but I like my mustard unadulterated as it comes from the fields, and I prefer a spoon which has not done duty as a toddy-ladle last night nor as an egg-spoon this morning—a spoon for the mustard, you understand; and we will ring for you, waiter, when we want to tell you about last week's weather and the prospects of the crops."

"You use great liberties with him. See if your steak comes up to-morrow as good as it is to-day."

"He annoys me, rather, on occasions like this, Porteous. We require the room for ourselves, and for that object he must have his feelings wounded. It will keep him away for at least half-

an-hour, even if we ring the bell for him half-a-dozen times in the interval."

"Artful advocate!"

"Yes."

"Well, the gold stands like this: I have printed your prospectus; I have circulated it; and what's the result? Ridicule. Ridicule everywhere. All the financial journals have been passing jokes over it."

"What! a joke in a financial journal! A jape in a city organ! Something really humorous among the men with the purses?"

"They are the only men who laugh."

"Yes, horse-laughter on Hobbe's definition of it—laughter at the fall of a neighbour, giving themselves a sense of power. Nothing better than that. Who did you take it to in the West of Scotland?"

"Kolms and Herr."

"Germans?"

"Mongrels."

"And what did they say?"

"Laughed at it too."

"Are they anybody?"

"Not yet, but they are going up. They send away three hundred telegrams a day from the Stock Exchange. A very good indication of what they do. They are backed by three millions from London. Herr, brother to Kolm's Herr, the great Q.C., who refused a Mastership of Rolls the week before last, has only to lift his little finger, and a million more or a million less, it is of no consequence, will go to Kolms and Herr. I hope he won't cut his fingers. Finance is two-edged and has no handle."

"Still, Herr, the Q.C., can draw upon the Bank of Verbosity to any extent. To borrow a phrase from another profession, he is the most borburogmal of speakers and writers. That is his pain and his power. Sir Pete Mason was talking to me about him. Sir Pete is a very well-meaning nonentity, who goes on endeavouring to convince himself and other people that he is a public man; he knows the Q.C., however, and his opinion is that he will not accept one of the numerous judgeships thrown at his head by the representations of a bar dying to see him shelved, until he has lived to abolish the distinctions between English and Scotch law. In order to enable him to abolish these distinctions he will stand as a crofters' candidate on the estate of Mr. Kircaldy at the next election. He is violently socialistic; but then a man who commands millions may be anything he likes."

"I suppose he may; but I wish he would put this gold mine business into the hands of Kolms and Herr. I suppose Sir Pete Mason hasn't enough of influence to induce the great Q.C. to advise in that sense."

"No. Sir Pete is ornamental—nothing more. He will die of considering himself a frustrated public man. Besides, he understands gold-digging on its own ground and laughs at our geology."

"That's just it. Let me ring for some more of this foaming ale."

"Ring away. He won't come for half-an-hour. Now, it strikes me, in connection with the prospectus, that I will run along to Ruddersdale and see Leslie for a night and hear what he thinks of one or two things. For the coming week I have nothing to do of the least importance, and a peep at the locality with my own eyes might be serviceable in different ways."

"It might.—Some more ale, Charles.—There have been several men down examining the place, all more or less skilful mining engineers; but they only come back shaking their heads."

"Less than more skilful," said Usher rising and going out.

Two nights later, however, with a travelling cap on his head, he was looking out of the stage-coach as it rolled along the Marnock Firth towards Ruddersdale. He was going to the seat of the gold-fever less to satisfy himself about the ore than to find out what he might about Mina Durie, from observers on the spot. He felt that Nixon had a great advantage over him in having made it his mission to spend time at Ruddersdale in asking questions.

It was an advantage that he intended to minimize. He was afraid that he must see Joseph in his journey; but he would avoid him if he could. He would not look for him. If he could turn his back on him, without observing, he would do it. It was not Joseph, it was Leslie he wanted to speak to. He had not been five minutes arrived before he crossed from the Duke's Arms to the bank and was shown up to Leslie's room. His teeth watered at the sight of so much "business," lying in blue paper and parchment, and heaped piles of letters upon the table. Leslie came in presently with a large air of cordiality about him, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes."

"My name is Usher. I am the advocate who has been doing something for your agent in the south, Mr. Porteous."

"Oh, Porteous—of course—yes, to be sure. Did you come with the coach?"

"Yes."

"Just now?"

"Yes."

"You haven't let the grass grow under your heels. You must have stepped down and come over at once."

"Yes, I haven't much time to lose."

"Are your things at the Arms?"

"Yes."

"That'll never do. You must bring them in here and let me entertain you. We have a good deal to talk about in a little time."

Mr. Leslie was standing in his window at the gloaming. It commanded a half-view of the town bridge. On the bridge there were two figures, a young man and a young woman.

"My dear sir," said Usher, looking at him as he put his hand to his head, and with several ineffectual gasps attempted to get out speech; "you are ill—seriously ill. Sit down. Calm yourself. What can I do for you?"

Leslie waved his arm in the direction of the bridge, as if he had seen the hearse which was to carry him to his grave, coming along.

Usher looked. He saw Joseph Nixon and with him a little figure in a homely cloak, with her hair lying free and shining upon her head; certainly she was attractive to the eye. Usher admired Joseph's taste; he could have spent a good hour talking to such as that girl with infinite delight to himself.

Leslie rose from the chair to which he had momentarily betaken himself, and looking, groaned. The pair on the bridge were enjoying their conversation.

"That man will be my ruin," groaned the factor.

"How so?"

"I never look on his face but I feel myself a condemned man."

"It's that poor simpleton, Joseph Nixon."

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"Nixon the miner."

"The broken advocate. The softest-hearted fellow in Parliament House. I should go at once and speak to him, if I were not certain he would keep me from more important business. The country air seems to agree with him. He is bronzed and herculean within a few weeks. Lack of gold don't seem to weigh with him. And no wonder—what an exquisite girl! What a pose of the body! Who is she, sir?"

"Come back from the window, friend. That girl——" But Mr. Leslie withdrew to his chair again without speaking.

"You are ill again?"

"I am often ill now. I believe sometimes I am a dying man. It's here, on the left side—here, where the breathing fails me and I lose my eyesight and think the end has come, and waken up again to find that I am still spared. Come out of the window sir, sit down—they will pass—they will pass, for what have you or I to do with them?"

"You may not, Mr. Leslie, but it is important for me, who represent the interests of the true heir to Ruddersdale, to know that Nixon, who is supposed to be engaged to her, is not a faithful man."

CHAPTER XXX.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

NIXON and Elspeth turned from the bridge and walked through the square. Usher withdrew a step that he might not be recognised at the window. His sense of friendship nearly betrayed him. He almost opened the window and put his head out and cried. "Nixon, old fellow! How are you? Wait a minute, and I'll come down. I'm glad to see you looking so brown and well." But he looked at Leslie, and restrained himself, and the pair passed out of the square, Usher reflecting, "After all it's no use my thinking I am friendly to him. He is only a simple, straightforward goose, that nobody can dislike. I don't. I rather like him, and would gladly shake hands with him now, yet he is my greatest enemy. I've got to cut him out, and I needn't be sentimental."

Nixon parted with Elspeth at Nancy's door, and as that grey dame was not in at the moment, the girl adjourned to her private room. There was nobody in the room but a little boy, who was half in and half out of an open chest. Elspeth saw only the nether half of him; he was intent upon the contents of the chest, and did not turn or move, but went on diligently rummaging, tearing the edges, from time to time, of envelopes, and putting the torn corners first into a jacket pocket, then into his trousers pocket, then into his vest, and, indeed, into all the open receptacles which were ready to his hand in any of his garments. Elspeth thought she saw a little boy thieving, and standing in the doorway she observed, "Ay, my bonny boy, ay; if Nancy was in, you wouldn't be tearing up her letters, I know."

"You're not Nancy," he said, neither coming out of the chest nor stopping to look. "I know Nancy wouldn't mind. She gave me leave."

"What's this?" said Elspeth, seeing the end of a strip of sheepskin wagging at his pocket, advancing to it, and drawing it out.

"Stop that, will you?" said the boy, putting his hands on the edge of the chest and vaulting backwards. "She would let me have that, if I liked. Who are you?"

"Me?" I'm Elspeth Gun."

The boy paused and opened his mouth, and looked so reverential and checked, that Elspeth smiled, and held out the strip as if it were a toy serpent, moving from side to side of its own initiative.

"You can have it," he said.

"Is it yours to give?"

"I took it out of a corner of the trunk. I know Nancy would give it to me if I asked for it. What is it?"

"That's more than I know."

"It's a bit of something else."

"I think it is."

"What else do you think?"

"I couldn't say."

"It's like sticking-plaster without the stick on it."

"It has words on it—'hereby'—e—p—h—N—i—words and letters. I'll put it in my pocket till Nancy comes, and give it her. It's not yours nor mine."

"I don't care about it. I have all the stamps. Nancy said I could have them. Here's a couple of awful rare ones—black ones from Brazil. Here's a lot from Australia. Here's triangles—red ones—from the Cape of Good Hope. Here's Baltic stamps, too—yellow ones—from Norway and Germany and Denmark. Everybody writes to Nancy. All the skippers that come into Ruddersdale write her when they go away. She's awfully jolly. Do you like her?"

"Yes, I like her."

"What did you come for?"

"To see her. You're from the manse?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Tim Johnson."

"Tim?"

"Yes."

"Were you born Tim?"

"No, I was born Timothy. Geordie, my big brother, calls me Timothy Tight Breeks, but that's not my right name. I'm Tim Johnson."

"You'll not like to be called Timothy Tight Breeks."

"What do I care? I can always call him Uncle Geordie, and he hates it; and when he's going out at the gate with his swell hat on I can throw mud balls at him. He doesn't like that either. I threw three mud balls one Sunday afternoon—but you don't care to hear about it?"

"No, I don't like bad boys."

"Here's Nancy."

"Elspeth Gun, then, if I'm not blind!"

"Yes, Nancy, it's me, all the way from Cnoc Dhu, and very glad to see you."

Elspeth had put the parchment into her pocket and forgotten it. But the trunk was open, and Nancy saw her letters had been tampered with.

"Turn out your pockets," she said with some severity to Tim. "Turn them out. You had no business to be rummaging there. Who knows what you may have been reading?"

"I haven't had no time to read nothing. I was only taking the stamps off. Ask her."

"Show me what's in your pockets, boy."

"There, then; but you're getting mean, Nancy."

"Ay; but you had no business to be searching in my chest. There's thirty or forty years o' things there, and some things that some people would be sorry to have blown upon, perhaps."

"I don't want—— No, I won't show you this packet; there's an awful rare stamp on it. Awful. I couldn't buy it for money—not for pounds. Castor-oil Cowan hasn't a stamp in his book like it."

"You're a bad boy."

"I don't care. I'm off. I'll see your picture next time."

"Now Elspeth, you'll be tired and done out and hungry, for I believe you've walked every inch of the road. Ah! Am I right, lassie?"

She was right; Elspeth had walked all the way, and now she found Mrs. Harper's inn was full, and only by Nancy moving out of her own bedroom to occupy an old sofa, could she have accommodation. Mrs. Harper did not say so, but that was the case, and Elspeth was shown into Nancy's room as if she were a princess, and the blind was drawn for her, and the looking-glass adjusted, and the curtains tied, and the fire poked, and the cat chased from beneath the bed, and the terrier sent after the cat.

"Now, Nancy, am I not inconveniencing you?"

"You inconvenience me, lassie! You, Elspeth Gun! Never! Never in this world, I'll away and prepare a meal for you."

Nancy went out with a profound sigh, and left Elspeth to herself. The girl was tired, but excitement kept her up. She had never come into town alone. She had always been accompanied by her father. On this occasion she had taken the coble from Dirlot, and floated down the Rudder ten miles, and padlocked it at a place where her father would recover it the day after, and row home in it. Her excitement, however, was not wholly due to the walk of ten miles after she got out of the coble, nor to the unwonted circumstance of coming into town alone and seeing the large life of the Ruddersdale world open out before her. She sat bathing her feet in Nancy's room, and wondering how she should execute her mission. Her father and mother had allowed her to come to Ruddersdale because she was tired of Cnoc Dhu, because she was beginning to look weary and wakeful and ill; and though the latter did not like her resolution to go, she did not interfere. All she advised her was, "Keep out of Mr. Leslie's way. Don't let him see you; and if Nancy makes no fuss about your staying with her, father will come for you in a short time." Now that she had come to Nancy's she was puzzled. What could she do? She had met the man on the bridge whom she thought she would be able to assist. He had talked to her, and, as he had said, would talk to her again in the evening, if she were not too fatigued by her journey. It was all very difficult

to her. To have come down to Ruddersdale to help him to find his sweetheart, to be met by him at the bridge, and not to know whether Nancy could really give her any assistance in her voluntary search—all difficult. Besides, what had she to do with this sweetheart of his? She did not put it so broadly to herself as that, but at the bottom of her heart the thought was present that Nixon's sweetheart had no right to send him out to search for clues to her origin. Had she loved him, Elspeth thought, deeply and sincerely, she would have married him without caring about who she was and where she came from.

She rose wearily and arranged her hair; or rather she slightly altered its golden disarrangement; she took out the medal of gold and wore it openly on her bosom; she looked close into her eyes at the glass, and saw that there was no fatigue in them; they were bright and clear and fit to look anybody in the face. But her mission? She could not confront it without drawing back and sighing. To help him to his sweetheart? Yes, that was what she had travelled down for. To bring an unknown girl in the south to him and to marry them. It was nothing short of that. After it was all over she would go back to Cnoc Dhu, back to his precipices, and his purple nooks, and his crying of the wild-fowl, and abide there till she died. Well, was it not a common lot among shepherd-girls? Were there not others besides herself here, there, and everywhere, at intervals of many miles, among the shielings, who looked forward to nothing but shifting from one to another abode of the same kind? Why should she, Elspeth Gun, be different? She could not tell why, but she did not regard with a thrill of anticipation the dream of a young shepherd, plaid on shoulder, coming over their braes and carrying her off to his lonely shieling deeper among the mountains. It seemed to her that she had almost seen enough of the sheep and the rams, and the running waters, and the walks, and the birds. She could not tell why, but, now she was in town, she thought so. Now that she was about to meet Nixon again she was sure she could never marry a shepherd, never go deeper into the mountains, and rear chickens and children far from the madding crowd. When Nancy came for her to eat something, she really did not know what she had come to Ruddersdale for. She rose, and Nancy, looking at her, said—

“Lassie, lassie! you grow bonnier every time I see you—your een clearer, your figure tighter, your hair shinier. You're thrown away among the mountains.”

“Nancy, I'm tired of the mountains. I wish you would take me in and let me help you at your work. Maybe a fine skipper-chap from the Baltic would want to marry me some afternoon.”

“Maybe he would, lassie. And maybe I would set my face against him. And maybe Oliver would come down with his crook and say, If you have the audacity to suppose my daughter

would marry you, you must have a good conceit o' yoursel'. And maybe there would be a noise in the house o' Gun."

"Well, Nancy, it's in the way o' Guns to make noises. There would be nothing strange about that."

"I'll let you see a finer man than any o' the Baltic skippers, a great lawyer-man out o' the south, come up here about the gold, he says. Mr. Nixon I'll introduce to you. Whisht! that's him upon the stairs."

"But I know him already, Nancy."

"Ay?"

"Yes; I've met him at Loch Dirlot and on the bridge to-night; I shook hands with him, and, Nancy, are you sure he only came here about the gold?"

"There's gold and gold, lassie," said Nancy, glancing at the girl's hair and smiling, and going to the door to say, "Mr. Nixon, I have a visitor here, and she'll dine with you at the same table in Mr. Laggan's room, if you have no objection. It's Miss Gun from the mountains."

"Yes, I have met her already," said Nixon, descending to the foot of the stairs, and standing aside till Nancy and Elspeth passed to Laggan's room.

They all dined together, and Nancy said that if Elspeth were not too tired, she ought to go out and see the town—it would do her good, and Mr. Nixon knew it better than anybody.

"Town," said Nixon, when Elspeth, with her cloak on, came to him, standing, pipe in mouth, at the door of the inn. "Town! Why it consists of a pier, of a church, of a hotel, an inn, one street, a couple of thatched rows; and that's an end of it. I don't include the beach and the churchyard, because they are there at any rate. They would be there, town or no town. I think all I have to show you is the sea, and you could get that at the edge of any moor twenty miles up, twenty miles down, though, to be sure, not inland."

"It's always a great excitement to me to hear it and to see it."

"To-night there isn't much to see, for the moon is gone and the stars are sparse, and it's dark and slippery all the way down. I know every foot of it, however, if you would care to go. I know a seat in a corner where we could sit and converse, and when you are tired you will tell me, and then we will return."

Elspeth sighed, and wound her cloak about her, and went upstairs.

Nixon was standing at the door when she came down.

There was no reason why he should have looked surprised. He expected her. She had said she would come.

But Nancy was not there, and as he looked at the girl he felt that he was being honoured.

"Down," he said, "right down to the end of the square, and there is the sea and the pier to sit on and look out at."

"Yes, yes."

Down they went, and on the outermost edge of it, past the rocking and creaking of the crowded smacks and boats in the harbour, they went to the pier-end and sat down—Elspeth a little way off, Nixon not anxious to come any closer to her.

"It's a change from the burn and the mountains," said Elspeth, shivering a little, and gathering her cloak about her as tight as it would fold.

"You mean the chill air?"

"No; the heaving and rising, and coming in and departing, without anything happening but splash and moan, splash, break, and moan."

"You mean the sea?"

"Yes; it's a perpetual wonder to me. I never see it but I wonder at it."

Nixon drew nearer to her. She did not retire from him. She sat and, dark as it was, he thought he saw her clasp her hands.

"Dear, dear!" she ejaculated.

"What is it?"

"How can I tell? But sitting here and looking out on it, it almost makes me cry."

"You shouldn't. That's weakness. When you showed me your big Cnoc Dhu you didn't find me cry, did you?"

"No, no; but this wail, wail and wash, and tumble and come back again, and break and splash and go and come, and waves high and waves low, and the three or four stars up above and you and me here—oh, Mr. Nixon! I don't know what you feel, but to me it's past bearing. Yes, past bearing."

Nixon said nothing, but at the end of the next movement to right and left they were elbow to elbow.

"It's the mystery and the something beyond all perpetually hinting that there is a going on, a flying away, a being, a doing, a knowing, a remembering, a never stopping of this as we are."

Elspeth sat closer to him.

"It's immortality," he said.

Elspeth leaned right up against him.

"I think you must be cold," he said.

"No, no; not at all."

"Then, we can look out together."

"Yes."

"And you will tell me this long tale—— Oh, my!"

A considerable wave broke over the end of the pier and sent its spray across their knees. They rose and left, Elspeth shaking her gown, and complaining that Cnoc Dhu would not have treated her so.

"Yes," said Nixon, "I am convinced of it. My poor Mina was lost here and found here; and who is she? Do I very much care? No; not for the mere discovery of who she is and whom she belongs to."

Elsbeth said she thought he ought to care; she would help him to care; she would, as an old inhabitant, give him all the advice that she could discover from others or originate from her own mind.

"That's almost love," said Nixon, lending her his arm. And Elspeth took it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

"MINA," said the sheriff after the post had arrived from Ruddersdale one day, "you are building a house on quicksand. I always warned you against Mrs. Gibson. I told you she was not a woman to cultivate. I hinted that she would be a false friend. I have heard from Ruddersdale."

"Yes, papa, dear?" said Mina, hoping the sheriff had heard from Joseph.

"Yes, Mina," said the sheriff, laughing, "you want to hear the latest?"

"The most authentic news from the field?"

"Well the latest?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Joseph Nixon is Sir Thomas Dunbeath."

"Papa, dear!"

"You are disinherited, my dear."

"Joseph Nixon is——"

"Yes."

"Has Frank been investigating?"

"Not he. Oh, no. Frank is a very good fellow, but he doesn't carry a brief for Joseph."

"What am I to think?"

"What you please, my dear, but there is an unknown hand sending me a portion of a strip—an important portion, an essential part of two or or three other parts, which throws a world of light upon the rest, and it bears upon its surface—not wholly, but almost—Joseph Nixon."

"Poor Joe!" said Mina.

"All alone," said the sheriff.

"He is the heir, you mean?"

"I make no statements; but he is more so than any other body, if it isn't a case of Bill Stumps, his mark. This bit of a deed has been sent on, evidently by a female hand unaccustomed to addressing envelopes. Here it is, however. And if there is an heir to claim, it is Joseph now. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are very merry, papa, dear!"

"Not merry, Mina; only cynical."

"There is no reason why you should laugh."

"Are you disappointed?"

"No."

"I am laughing for the pleasure of having my own Mina to myself."

"Strips of deeds could have made no difference—none whatever."

"Oh, couldn't they? Wait till you are my age, and you will find that strips of deeds are of more importance than Grecian beauty or Norman blood."

"It seems as if you were happy that I were sent back to the infinite, and that instead of beaching my skiff and walking ashore on familiar ground, I go among the breakers."

"The infinite! You have been talking metaphysics with Usher. He is great upon the wrong end of the telescope and what we do not see at it."

"He very nearly saw me and my father and my father's father at it."

"Thank heaven! Not quite—only very nearly, look at this communication yourself."

"A tag. An unintelligible piece of sheep-skin."

"As all the tags are, which are all the evidence. Mina, this mystery will never be solved. Bid me a cordial good-morning. I am going into town, and will be glad to contradict the rumour that you are Miss Dunbeath."

"Don't, papa, be too hasty."

"I always held the idea of it."

"Ah me! Well-a-day, as the song-books say."

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNDER THE AURORA.

LESLIE came to the conclusion, after Usher's visit that it was high time to commence the practical work of mining. He was led to that belief partly by the anxiety of Usher to probe the old story of Mina Durie, partly by the urgency with which Porteous kept telling him he ought to begin to do something among his mountains, if he wished the world seriously to believe in his gold. He had Russell up the evening after Usher went south, and had a long talk with him. He had had many such. This is the gist of it.

"Russell, there's a ridiculous scepticism in the south about the yellow treasure. They are so demoralized with reading atheistical books and listening to the mouthing of the British Association that they won't believe their own eyes. I have no patience with these theoretical fellows who stand up in a meeting of theoretical fellows, and demonstrate from a map or a bit of

clay or something in a bottle that the state of the country is such and such. Gold we have had, whether they can square it to their demonstration or not, and I don't care a snap of my thumb for geology. I had a man from the Parliament House here the other night—last night indeed—and he told me with his own eyes that he saw in a cabinet of Lord Hopetoun's a nugget of gold, weighing nearly two ounces, found among the Leadhills, just as my gold was brought to me first from Cnoc Dhu. The same gentleman had it from the Lord Advocate that in Breadalbane there was found a nugget weighing rather over two ounces, which is still to be seen as a curiosity. As a curiosity! That's where they altogether fail. It's like the Duke of Wellington with his victories. He made a victory; then he sat down and wrote his despatches, without following the victory up. He believed in battles, and henned on the exterminating details posterior to the battle. They find a nugget, and they think it's the beginning and the end of the discovery, instead of looking for more. But that's not my way. It might have been Sir Thomas Dunbeath's. It's not mine. It's my belief, where one nugget is there is more, and the advantage must be followed up at all reasonable cost."

"I give you my hand; you're right, sir."

"Yes, I'm right."

"You are. And now what's the cost, d'ye suppose, of beginning the enterprise? No. Leave the cost to me. Are you sanguine, man?"

"To be sure, I'm sanguine. You know my experience. You know the ground I've been over. Australia's as familiar to me as the Rudder. I know every gully and claim—or did two or three years ago."

"So you have said before."

"Yes, every gully worth knowing; and what I say now is, many's the rich claim was walked over, year out and year in, by people grazing their cattle, who might have had the value of all they owned, grass, cattle, and crops, by putting a hammer into the surface-quartz, or a basin into the water-holes dug by the hoofs of the horses. But they knew no better. We want an eye to tell a gold country from any other country. And my belief is that this is a gold country, if it's only worked to advantage. Gold! why it isn't only gold we get. I've got silver on the same claim. I've seen coal taken out of it, too; I've handled sapphires and diamonds all brought out of the same hole by the same machinery."

"None of the long-bow, now. You're jawing me."

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

"I'm not looking for sapphires and diamonds. I'll give you leave to pocket any you may happen to find. You can take them as a commission for your other labours."

"I don't say we'll find them here. I don't look to them as a portion of my pay."

"Very well. You're ready to set to work?"

"Ready to do, sir, what I can with the appliances we have. What are they? A few cradles and borers. We want some steam-power, some horse-puddling machines; we may need a sluice or two and a race or two—all that costs money."

"Very good. You leave the cost to me, and think of the work."

"What I say is, that there's various kinds of mining—the cheap kind and the dear kind."

"I've no objections to your being economical."

"Cheap mining is surface mining. With the tools we have, it's only surface mining we can undertake. Until you can afford to set down an eight-horse steam puddling machine we can't sink deep, and we can't lift the water."

"It must be cheap mining to start with."

"Yes, but more might be put into it than our tools cost. You might value the whole lot for a few pounds. It won't take much to start with, to fit up a four-foot water-wheel, working a pump. You see I'm looking to beginning on the water-beds at the first rise of the hills north of Ruddersdale—some of the narrow valleys there seem to me good for a lot; full of pot-holes and rotten granite. Well, with a four-foot water wheel, with a head-race and sluice-boxes to turn it, and a tail-race to run the water away, we may expect to find what gold there is in the washing. But that's cheap mining—cheap mining, sir, and hard to do without steam power. But mining and sluicing will do to start with. When it comes to deep sinking, then it's a very different matter. I hope we may go as far down as that. But that'll keep. It'll take thousands upon thousands of pounds to get down through half-a-score of drifts till you get to the gold at the bottom. A long job, sir; deep-sinking wants money, and no mistake. But at first a hammer and a mortar, a spade and a cradle, can open the ball."

"You're keen upon steam."

"Yes."

"Very well, I'm negotiating with a ship-engineer who has worked what he calls 'a dolly.'"

"Yes, that's what we want—'a dolly' to begin with, a stamping machine with a grating to follow, to crush the quartz and save the gold. A little steam will do it; but it keeps up the courage to hear the puff, puff, puff, puff, and to come along from the dead-work to see the little handful of treasures shining in the blanket. It does."

"Russell, I have perfect confidence in you and you will call your men together and go to the first claim you have selected."

"It's between this, the head of the Cranberry burn, and Dunbeath House."

"Just so."

"It's half a dozen miles from a shieling."

"So much the better."

"We can't sleep in the open air; and unless you want your miners to be skinning the sheep and sleeping in the skins, you'll best have canvas over their heads."

"Yes, canvas to be sure. There's a schooner ashore at the Stacks, and all her canvas is at your service, every stitch of it."

"That'll do, sir."

"Very well; that'll do. Good-night."

* * * * *

Ruddersdale was half-glad, half-sorry the afternoon the miners set out for their valley. A little town, like a big one, soon gets used to wickedness which pays its way. Vice which has no purse-strings is intolerable anywhere; but so long as it has a shilling or two in its pocket it is never so hideous. The mail-coach was standing in the square when the crowd of fifty, with their apparatus for burrowing all about them, gathered ready to depart. The coach was full outside and in with gentlemen of the "road." There was a good deal of chaff going.

"Change a sovereign, chum?" said a rubicund commercial from the box-seat to Russell, who was bustling about in front of the Duke's Arms.

"D'ye think the Hielands o' Scotland are the Bushes o' Austra-alia?" roared down a muffled veteran, who had travelled that district for a generation in the interest of ribbons and prints, and who regarded the recent rumour as an invention of the enemy.

"I'll give you a ca' up for snuff and tobacco," shouted another.

"A penny whistle for your find."

"Good luck."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Such were the greetings from heads protruding from the coach window and faces looking down from aloft as Mr. Laggan gave the sign to start, with his horn at his lips, waving one arm as a general sign of pacification to every one around.

Mr. Laggan was a perambulatory Paul, who believed in being all things to all men, except when his toes were deliberately trampled upon; he then considered it his biblical and physical duty to kick.

The coach rolled away, and Russell stood for a moment at the Duke's Arms, from which resentment had lately driven them.

Leslie was standing at the door looking very jovial and hopeful and red in the face.

Faces were observable at every window within easy reach of the space where the men were gathered.

The landlord was behind Leslie, not sure whether he ought to

scowl at miners who had gone off in a huff to Nancy's, or whether he should wear a propitiatory look.

"Bring out five quarts," said Leslie suddenly, feeling that the eyes of the town were upon him, and that he was in duty bound to do something.

"Of what, sir?"

"Of good old whisky."

"Lay them on a tray on the table," said the landlord to a man with a towel on his arm, "in the square. They like to dram in public."

He brought out a table.

Leslie swelling with original bulk of flesh, pride, and importance, took his place behind it, with a gigantic corkscrew, and drew the five bottles one after another.

"Mr. Russell, gentlemen," he said, clearing his throat, "you've got your work cut out for you. You've got to do what hasn't been done in Scotland, as I am assured by a legal friend of high standing, since the sixteenth century. You've got to find gold. We get a little of it in Ruddersdale every year from over there" (pointing to the sea and the fishing-banks in the distance), "but it's rough work and dangerous. This is a new industry, rough enough no doubt, but not dangerous; and you all come to it with an old knowledge confirmed from practice in Australia and America. I'm bent upon showing them in the south that where one or two nuggets have been found, and a few handfuls of dust washed, there is more—a good deal more—enough to reward the labour and the pains of labour; enough to repay capital for its expenditure and risks, enough to remunerate us all round—you and me, and others at a distance as deeply interested. Out you go, then, to the side of our Cnocs, and riddle, and wash, and grind, and dig, and I'll be round every Saturday afternoon with your wages. A word about your behaviour: no poaching of fish, flesh, or fowl; no dodging the revenue with illicit stills; no stealing away to the Duke of Burrows' place to court the forester's lasses. Be on your good behaviour, and you'll have your competent wages, and I live in hope of seeing Ruddersdale extend a mile up and a mile down this sea coast, with the richest industry in the world going on in it. Here's to ye all!"

He poured himself out a bumper and drained it in the face of the crowd. There was a thin little cheer, then man after man approached and helped himself, sighed, wiped his mouth, and retired. In half an hour the square was empty. Three hours later the crowd, heavy enough laden, had reached the dell selected by Russell for their earlier operations and had thrown down their baggage. Opinions differed about it. Armstrong considered that he had seen much better ground further inland.

"Nearer the Duke o' Burrows' place, you mean, where the smell o' meat comes out to your nostrils."

"No; and as for that, I see enough o' fleece to the rear of us to regale all your nostrils, and I say—under correction, mind you, for I'm aware, Russell, that you're chief burrower here—I say, under correction, that the first duty we owe to each other is to catch a couple o' lambs and roast 'em. There's more there by a long chalk than they want either to keep or send away, and I'm for doing a little poaching, since we're obliged to give up our independence and take his wages."

"So am I," said a man, untwisting a coil of flies and proceeding to attach them to an otter.

"And as there's no gauger here I'm going for a private still of my own."

"Right you are."

"I don't," said Russell, "interfere with play. I'll eat what's laid down to me, and ask no questions; though I'll not take a part in catching a lamb, or killing a salmon, or running a still. But I'm not bound to know about them."

"Right you are."

"But the first thing we've got to do, lads, is to spread our canvas. There's canvas for ten tents—five men in each—and the sooner they're up the better, for I see the aurora coming down from the north."

"Tents up," said Armstrong, disappearing with a knife, while his friend with the wooden otter disappeared to the Cranberry burn. There was a great bustling and shouting, but in a short time the sails were bent to the poles, and comfortable cover was had on various little plateaus overhanging a stream. It was a pleasant night, chilled a little with the slightest breath of air from the north; but the miners were warmed with exertion and anticipation, and when Armstrong, with his arms bare and red, came into where a fire had been kindled, with a lamb killed and skinned, there was a shout of hungry exultation. It was renewed and repeated when Pringle, the man with the otter, brought a salmon to the same place.

"Lads, we're likely to be at heck-and-manger here."

"Sitting under the aurora, feeling the smell of salmon and lamb, isn't half a bad thing."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INSINUATION.

USHER came back to Edinburgh without seeing Nixon to speak with. He had avoided him on purpose, because of the inconvenience he felt it would be to renew the phrases of cordiality which had come to his lips when he bade him good-bye at the station, the morning he started for the North. Besides, he thought he was indignant with Nixon. He thought, having noticed him

bending towards a girl with an attractive smile on her face, that he was unfaithful and false to Mina Durie. It was insufferable, and by some method or another he must let Mina know that the briefless giant, who professed to be searching for evidence of her title to the estates, was occupying his time in making love to another girl of a very different sort.

In reality, perhaps, the true state of feeling was that Frank Usher was highly pleased to see that Joseph Nixon cared to occupy his thoughts with another girl. But there are some natures which, to maintain their self-esteem, must regard incidents likely to bring good to themselves at their neighbours' expense as nothing but neighbours' depravity. That was how he looked at it. He would not admit to himself that it might be a very good thing for him if Joseph's attentions were really turned to this shepherd's daughter among the mountains.

He grounded his indignation at Joseph upon the virtuous feeling that Mina had, practically, been deserted. He did not care to go out to Durie Den immediately on his return to town.

He had gone to Ruddersdale, in the first instance, to hear about the mines, and to report to Porteous, as he knew that Sheriff Durie cared not a brass farthing for mines and mining. The first morning after his return, however, he thought he would go up to Old Greyfriars' and see the sheriff and Mina in their pew. They generally drove in to Dr. Truth's when the weather was fine and Usher thought he would abandon the ministrations of the great pan-Presbyterian for one day and take a seat in the heretic's church—the heretic who wrote his prayers and read them, instead of stumbling through extempore abysses of meaningless aspiration, and who thought sacred song ought to have the sweetness of skill bestowed upon it, and the backing of a great organ. The church was pretty full that afternoon. Usher, to his annoyance, was compelled to wait behind a red curtain till the first psalm was sung; seeing the silver-headed clergyman at his platform, standing, thin, cold, aristocratic, till the strangers had crammed the pews and he was at liberty to commence without interruption. Usher walked well forward among the aisles, and at last got a corner to himself, one leg inside, another leg outside the pew. His attention was diverted for a time by the bald head of the editor of the *Caledonian*, with its fringe of black hair, and the occasional side of his red face, which seemed industriously occupied in smothering inopportune witticisms which were perversely occurring to him. From him it glanced off to the restless body of a comedian come to fulfil a fortnight's engagement in town, and who did not seem quite certain which of a couple of score of characters he was for the nonce. Then he saw that he had sat down right behind Mina and the sheriff, and that for the remainder of the service he could study the half-face of Nixon's sweetheart to his heart's

content. In spite of the fact, therefore, that he had a half-digested brief in his mind, the lustrous eyes of the comedian to watch, and the comic nose of the editor, he devoted his attention wholly to Mina's back hair. Dr. Truth was keen, polished, elegant, sometimes almost earnest in his discourse; yet Usher was conscious of nothing but the raven gloss beneath Mina's hat. She seemed to know there was somebody behind her watching her stealthily, for she revealed her sense of the presence by one or two movements as of looking round. But she never absolutely looked, and Usher counted how many motions of her bosom there were in the minute, and wondered if ever a palpitation would be bestowed upon himself; noted the whiteness of her neck and the perfection of the hand which held a prayer-book, and saw it steal to the sheriff's knee when the sheriff dozed, and press it so lightly that he was able to waken artistically, without sudden starting, as if he had never been asleep at all. Then by-and-by the frosty voice came to the "starry sky above and the moral law within," and the sermon was ended, and presently Usher was leaning over the pew, shaking hands with his friends.

They went out together in a little party of three, and on their way to the stables where the sheriff had his carriage, they were overtaken by a shower of rain.

"Come down and take pot-luck with me," said Usher, instantly hailing a cab. "This looks as if it would last for some hours."

"Ah, yes," said the sheriff, jumping in and pulling Mina after him. "I'll tell you what. Go round by Croall's, and drop me there. I have a call to make in the neighbourhood at any rate. I will be over in three-quarters of an hour. It's setting in for a violent thunderstorm. What flashes of lightning, to be sure! Truth was very ethical this afternoon. But what good taste!"

Usher and Mina drove on alone after they had dropped the sheriff, and the former told his housekeeper that they were to take pot-luck with him. Then Mina and he went into his library.

"How hard you must work!"

"Yes—I like it. But these don't all mean retainers, though I must know them all as if they were. At my stage one has to do a great deal for the love of it."

"And for what it will bring afterwards."

"Yes. I daresay there's something of that in it."

Mina sighed. She was looking at his mantel-shelf, and she saw the broken foot of a golf-club; it reminded her of Nixon. She took it up, and said so.

"Yes, it is Nixon's. It's part of the set he bestowed upon me before he took to the mountains."

Mina sighed again, and looked so frail that Usher offered her

a chair. But she stood leaning on the mantel-shelf, with the foot of the club in her hand.

"Tell me," she said, "if it is possible that two such friends as you and he have been, can have remained all this time apart without exchanging a single word?"

"Let me answer you by putting another question. Have you not heard from him yourself?"

"No."

"No, also!"

"It seems strange to me that you should not have heard."

"Why so?"

"For many reasons."

"But I haven't heard."

"Was he not, then, so much of a friend as I used to suppose?"

"Do you know what a rival-friend is?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Do by all means."

"Well, a rival-friend is one who may have a share of one's affection and who yet may be a lion in the path, who stands growling in front of a much-desired object."

She looked at him curiously, leant off his mantel-shelf, clasped her hands as she sat down in his own chair.

"A rival-friend is an enemy in disguise, who does not mean to be an enemy, and whom one may not strike, because, though he is a rival, he is a friend."

"Riddles, Mr. Usher."

"Truths, Miss Durie."

"A rival can never be a friend. A friend can never be a rival."

"In a world arranged by Miss Durie—perhaps I should say Lady Dunbeath: don't start and look surprised—in a world arranged by *you*, no friend would be a rival, and all rivals would be enemies knowing how to take each other. As it is, in a world arranged by Dr. Truth's 'starry sky above and the moral law within' (it was the only bit of the sermon he had heard), there are such things as rival-friends, whose poniard is more fatal than the murderer's poison, than the assassin's pistol."

"Riddles, Mr. Usher. If poor Joseph had been snatching your briefs from you I should have understood. If he had been putting his arms within the arms of your leading clients, and cutting you out in Parliament House, I should have known. But, alas! he is no advocate. Poor fellow! he is in the mountains. So you tell me. I know nothing of him otherwise."

Usher thought contemptuously of Nixon's standing between him and briefs. Did she know that he was the lion in the path where she, Mina, was concerned, and nothing more formidable than that? As for briefs, only the heads of the profession stood in his way and these must die or go aloft to the bench in time.

He hastened to hint to her that in law there was no rivalry for him.

"Where then?"

"In love."

She rose and bending her head at his library door, she said—

"I hear papa coming. He has not been so long as he expected."

"No, it's only my little scullion returning from church."

Mina sat down again, and seemed to relapse into a dream of Joseph and the mountains.

"But you were asking me," he resumed, "if I never heard from Nixon. I have done better. I have seen him. I saw him last week."

"Joseph?"

"Yes; the other day."

"Here?"

"No, not in this house."

"In Edinburgh?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"At Ruddersdale."

"You have been north?"

"Yes."

"Ah, rival-friend! You are more of a friend than a rival. You went to see him, to speak with him. How is he? Is he well? Is he hopeful? Did he send me a message?"

"He is well. Oh, yes. I have known him come back to Edinburgh after all sorts of muscular excursions in brilliant brown health. But I never saw him look so well as on this occasion. He is the picture of what a strong man ought to be—no cares about him, easy, sauntering, and—and—"

Mina looked disappointed and vexed. She hoped, to say the least of it, that her hero might have lost colour, that he would be rather thinner than he was, that he would bear the marks of misery on his brow, perhaps some obvious grey hairs.

"He is finding gold, then?"

"As to that, I couldn't say. There's no doubt, however, about there being plenty to find."

"You are keeping me in suspense," she said, rising and putting her hand upon his arm. "Tell me what he said. Give me his message before the sheriff comes. Let me know, for I have pledged myself not to write to him. He has given his word of honour not to write to me."

"He has said he is your lover?"

"Yes; my—my——" She sat down again, and drew her hand across her eyes and sighed.

"What a pledge to take!" he murmured. "I should have broken it. I should have lied. I should have lied over and over

again, where I he ; and written—ay, and come and seen, and assured myself.”

He was vehement. Mina took her hand from his hand and looked up at him with an air of wonder as he stood over her. She was aware that he was not generalising. She saw that he was thinking of her alone at that moment. She wished the sheriff would come in. This earnestness was embarrassing.

“But you forget that you have not told me. You have said you have seen him, and yet you have no words from his lips.”

“No.”

“Not a single word ? ”

“No,” said Usher, in a sepulchral voice, putting his hands in his pockets, and walking up and down his room. “No, not a single word. I exchanged no words with him. Joseph, my friend, is so only on one condition, that he is, and remains, the Joseph that I believe him to be—that he is simple, true, pure. And he is changed. He is changed ! He is not the same man. I did not speak to him. *Nor would you.*”

“Frank Usher,” said Mina, rising and confronting him, erect, and her eyes flashing. “What have you to tell me of my lo—of Jos—— of Mr. Nixon ?”

“Why should I be the bringer of bad news to you ? Is it not enough that I have seen with my own eyes, and that I repudiate his friendship for the future ? I have seen him.”

“You have seen him ?”

“Yes.”

“Do not keep me in suspense.”

“And you will not blame me for speaking the truth ?”

“Speak it. Speak it.”

“I have seen him lean over another woman, and make love to her. Ruddersdale is full of it. They talk of him and of *her*. Their names are coupled together by the gossips. But I saw—I saw with my own eyes, Joseph Nixon make love to her. He is not faithful. He forgets. He turns his back upon his vow. He is fickle as water. There is no consistency in him, or surely, surely, Mina, he could not have forgotten you in so many weeks.”

“And who is this woman you have seen, that the gossips talk about, that he has become fickle as water for, that he has abandoned his vows for—who is she ?”

“A poor shepherd’s daughter.”

Mina grasped the edge of the mantel-shelf, smiled, laughed, shrieked. As the sheriff opened Usher’s library door, he was just in time to see her tumble over, breathless, apparently dead, upon the rug.

(To be continued.)

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

ONCE more a political sensation, and this time a supreme and crowning one! It is evidently our destiny to live in a state of crisis. No sooner is one "burning question" got rid of, than another turns up to concentrate upon itself the whole attention of politicians, and, indeed, of all the world. It is impossible just now to get away from politics. And to be in politics is to live in a perpetual fever—in a fever that baffles diagnosis, and defies prophecy. Never was it more true than in these days that there is nothing certain save the unexpected. There is only one law apparent in this continual succession of startling, grotesque, and contradictory phenomena, and it is that matters are never so critical, as when they seem to be settling down. It was so during the whole course of the Anglo-Russian difficulty. It has been so in home affairs. Over and over again, during the last year, has defeat stared ministers in the face. They have been challenged on grave questions of policy by formidable votes. Yet it was reserved for a secondary question, and for a motion which up to the last moment nobody regarded as formidable, to cause their overthrow. The chariot which cleared precipices has been upset in a ditch. The ministry which has been spared more than once, when general opinion pronounced it flagrantly in the wrong, only failed to muster its faithful majority when, for once, it was clearly, if not very gloriously, in the right. Ministers were entirely justified in sticking to their beer and spirit duty. Their conduct would have inspired more enthusiasm, and their fate more sympathy, if they had never wavered about it, if they had never let it be supposed that, but for the counter-pressure of the temperance party, they would have yielded to the agitation of the beer and spirit interest. But, from whatever motive, right they were; and it was just when they were completely in the right, and just when most people believed that, for the lifetime of the present Parliament, danger was over, that the crash came. The ship that had weathered so many storms has gone down in sight of port.

This is not the place to philosophize on the ministerial disaster of June 8th. That aspect of the subject is dealt with elsewhere.

Our business here is, as far as the contemporary chronicler can, to gather up the facts. Mr. Gladstone's Government was actually defeated on an amendment to the Budget, moved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and expressing disapproval of the beer and spirit duties unaccompanied by a wine duty, and of the additional taxation of real property unaccompanied by a readjustment of local burdens. But the real cause of its downfall must be sought in the difficulty which confronted ministers with respect to the renewal of the Crimes Act for Ireland. But for that, the Budget would almost certainly have been passed, and the last days of the present Parliament have been devoted to some useful, but unsensational legislation.

On Friday, May 16th, Mr. Gladstone made a statement as to the programme of the Government for the remainder of the session. It included an Education Bill for Wales, a Bill to renew some portion of the Crimes Act in Ireland, a Bill to create a Secretary of State for Scotland, and a Bill for the Relief of the Crofters of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. On the following Monday the Crofters' Bill actually made its appearance. It was found to be a fairly strong measure in the direction of Fixity of Tenure and Fair Rents, though without any provision for Free Sale or for the enlargement of Crofters' holdings, and was received with such an amount of favour as augured well for its successful passage through Parliament. In the meanwhile the great problem what was to be done about the Crimes Act, how much of it to re-enact, and for how long a time, which had long been a menacing cloud on the ministerial horizon, was assuming every day more formidable proportions. The little comedy which was being played meanwhile over Mr. Horace Davey's amendment to the Registration Bill, exempting county voters from disqualification by medical relief—which was first opposed by the Government in the House of Commons, then passed with the Government adopting an attitude of neutrality, then rejected by the Lords, and finally given up by the Commons, the Government sanctioning the surrender, though many of their Radical supporters and some of the "Democratic Tories" resisted it—this edifying series of party manœuvres on a grave and delicate question, of which we shall hear a great deal more when the election comes, served to some extent to divert public attention from the more critical issue. But those who were behind the scenes knew well enough that the real question of the hour was the intractable Irish difficulty. The Parnellites, it was well understood, would oppose any Crimes Act, however emasculated, tooth and nail. The Irish Liberals were in a state of terror at the prospect of the introduction of such a measure, some of them even going so far as to declare that, if the Government pressed the Bill, it would not be worth while for any Irish Liberal to go to the poll next November. The opposition to the

measure also met with much sympathy among the English Radicals, both from their dislike on principle to any exceptional legislation, and from their fear of the effect of a coalition between Tories and Irishmen in some of the great English constituencies. On the other hand, a large number of Liberals were convinced that, since Lord Spencer declared the renewal of some of the powers of the existing Crimes Act to be indispensable to the preservation of order, it would be political profligacy of the worst kind not to confer them upon him; and that, if the abandonment of exceptional powers were to be followed by a recrudescence of crime in the autumn, the reputation of the Government would be irreparably damaged. And this division in the ranks of the party was known to be reflected in the Cabinet, where Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre were as strongly opposed to the policy of exceptional legislation as the majority of their colleagues were convinced of its necessity. Nobody could talk or think of anything but the character and prospects of a possible compromise, and all sorts of schemes were being suggested and discussed. Some were for cutting down the Crimes Act to an irreducible *minimum*, and passing it as a permanent amendment of the criminal law for all the three kingdoms alike. Others, who had devised a somewhat different *minimum* applicable only to Ireland, wished to limit it to a year. Others, again, wished to see the Act, or part of it, enacted provisionally, so that it could only come into force, if found necessary, by an Order in Council. But everybody was agreed that the Government should not confine its Irish legislation simply to coercion, and that should accompany the pill of a new Crimes Bill with some "remedial measures," such as a Land Purchase Bill, or a measure of Local Self-Government.

Among the English Liberals, the former measure undoubtedly found most favour, and a petition to the Government was put about on the ministerial benches in the House of Commons, and soon obtained numerous signatures, praying the Government to introduce a Land Purchase Bill at once. And the Government caught at the straw. On the 20th May, four days after the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's original programme, it was proclaimed that ministers would add a Land Bill for Ireland to the legislation already promised. For about twenty-four hours there was relief of mind and rejoicing in the Liberal ranks; but soon, to the general consternation, it began to be noised abroad that the new departure, which had been hailed as averting a ministerial crisis, was actually precipitating that catastrophe. And this rumour turned out to be true. Sir Charles Dilke, accurately gauging the feelings of the Irish party on the question, had informed his colleagues that, in his opinion, the introduction of a Land Bill at the present time was no adequate compensation for the renewal of any portion of the Crimes Act. If any "remedial

measure " was to be introduced, it should be a Local Government Bill, and not a Land Bill; and in any case, the Crimes Act, however reduced, should not be re-enacted for more than a year. In this position Sir C. Dilke was supported by the two ministers already named, and possibly by other members of the Cabinet; and to leave no room for doubt on the subject, *The Birmingham Post*, Mr. Chamberlain's organ, published, on Friday 22nd, an unmistakably inspired letter from its London correspondent, declaring that the continued existence of the ministry depended on the "squeezability of the Whigs," and that the Radical section had resolutely made up their minds that the fullest extent to which they could conscientiously go to meet the views of Earl Spencer, was that the Crimes Act, if renewed at all, should run only for one year. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The very calumet of peace had turned into a bone of contention. Cabinets were being held every day, and coming to no conclusion. The resignation of the Radical ministers was hourly expected. But no resignation followed. The difference was patched up somehow; and everybody rushed out of town for the Whitsun holidays to forget, if possible, the suspended crisis. But as subsequent events have shown, it was impossible to forget it. The conviction that ministers were in a hopeless dilemma, and that, if they remained in office, the Cabinet and the party were destined to a radical and possibly irremediable rupture, remained in the minds, and was not without its effect upon the conduct, of members.

The adjournment for Whitsuntide took place on the 22nd of May, and the House reassembled on June 4th. The recess was uneventful. Lord Rosebery went to Berlin to see Prince Bismarck, and great things were expected of their meeting. Such expectations are unreasonable. The establishment of cordial personal relations between the statesmen of two great countries, especially when one of them is a man of the strong personal likes and dislikes of Prince Bismarck, is all-important. But it is not the sort of influence which can be expected to bring about an immediate transformation of policy; and, as a matter of fact, there has been no change in the tone of the German press towards England, or in the disregard for English interests and susceptibilities shown in the conduct of the Foreign Affairs of the Empire. On the contrary, Germany is at this moment threatening to coerce our protected ally, the Sultan of Zanzibar, into recognizing the independence of one of his vassals, the Sultan of Vitu, a dependant of Germany's, through whose dominions she hopes to find a trade-route into Eastern Central Africa. In the debates of the International Commission for the regulation of the Suez Canal, Germany and her satellites have steadily supported France in trying to transfer the responsibility for the freedom and security of the canal from Egypt to a permanent International

Commission. In the Sanitary Conference at Rome, the German representatives have been among the foremost to recommend the imposition of those stringent and vexatious quarantine regulations at the gate of the canal, which English medical science refuses to believe in, and English commerce dreads and detests. No sign here of that revival of cordial relations between England and Germany, which some of our optimists anticipated from his lordship's journey. Nor was this the only disappointment of the Whitsun holidays. A great deal was expected of Lord Hartington's promised speech to the Ulster Liberals at Belfast, especially at a time when the Irish question, and his lordship's attitude towards it, were the most constant subject of political speculation. Lord Hartington, however, got no further than Dublin. In that city he was taken ill,—a political illness or merely an opportune one?—and had to return to his duties in London *re infectâ*, the journey home exercising the most beneficial effect upon his health. In the meantime Sir C. Dilke, in his capacity of chairman of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, was staying with Lord Spencer at the Castle, investigating the condition of the Dublin slums. This, too, was regarded as an event of importance and of good omen. Left to talk matters over quietly together, and close to the facts, the leaders of the conflicting sections of the Cabinet would—so thought the sanguine—be in the best position to compose their differences. Be that as it may, when the Cabinet reassembled, the differences were apparently in *statu quo*. A definite statement of government policy was once more put off. The Sisyphean labour of trying to find a way out of a hopeless *imposse* was once more resumed, but everybody was growing heartily sick of an intolerable situation. Such was the state of things when the House of Commons found itself face to face with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's little-discussed and little-thought-of amendment to the Budget on June 8th. The Cabinet was drifting, drifting—to what particular breach or compromise nobody exactly knew, but certainly to no result, which could redound to its own credit or promote the unity of the party.

The events of that memorable Monday evening have been so fully and so often described, that it can serve no purpose to do more than just recapitulate them here. The debate up to about midnight was dulness itself. It was relieved at the close by a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, as remarkable for vigour of delivery as for cogency of argument,—one of those efforts by which, even at the present time, he sometimes astonishes his most intimate associates, and reminds us all that, though his fire burns now but low and dimly, it is capable, for a brief space and on an emergency, of bursting into as bright a flame as that with which he was wont of old to wither and consume his opponents.

But the debate *qua* debate will not live in history. What makes the night memorable is its unexpected issue. Early in

the evening it was generally assumed that the Government would have a small, but sufficient majority. As the night wore on, it was rumoured that the ministerialists were not mustering in their expected force, and that the whips were uneasy. These reports kept on gathering strength till, at the actual moment of division, the House was in a state of deep, though suppressed, excitement. When the result became known, there followed a scene such as is witnessed only once or twice in a lifetime, even in the House of Commons. The Conservatives, forgetting for a moment the precarious and risky character of the success they had just achieved, gave themselves over to the maddest transports of delight. The scornful and hate-inspired jeers of the Irish party mingled with the boyish triumph of the regular Opposition, while Mr. Gladstone sat quietly writing through it all.

A hot, but somewhat superfluous, controversy has been kept up ever since this dramatic occasion as to the share which the Government had in its own defeat. According to the Conservative theory ministers not only desired, but arranged for a defeat which relieved them from a position of growing embarrassment. Whether any or all of them did desire such a result, is known only to those who can read the secrets of the hearts. But that they should have arranged for it, is quite incredible. What gives colour to the assertion is that there was a general lassitude on the Liberal side, affecting equally ministers, whips, and members. Ministers, always excepting Mr. Gladstone, spoke, whips whipped, and members obeyed, with something less than half a heart. It is quite unnecessary to assume any general or deliberate desire, or even anticipation, of defeat. On the contrary, it is quite certain that a good many Liberals were both surprised and chagrined at the catastrophe, though those who really regret it, after the event, are probably in a small minority. But it is, at all times, difficult to poll the full strength of the Liberal party, the party *par excellence* of independent opinion, criticism, and discontent. The difficulty was enormously heightened in this case by the season of the year, by the exhaustion of repeated Votes of Censure, by a widespread dissatisfaction with the ministry on general grounds, and, above all, by the consciousness of the hopeless embarrassment of the ministry and the party in respect of the Crimes Act. Why should men who were far away, or who were particularly engaged, or who were not well, put themselves to exceptional inconvenience in order to keep ministers in an intolerable fix? It is quite unnecessary, considering the circumstances, to assume the existence of any preconceived scheme to account for that which happened.

Being fairly beaten on a question which they had of their own accord chosen to regard as vital, the ministry, with the general approbation of their followers, determined to hand over the embarrassments of office to their victorious opponents. On Wednesday, the 10th, Mr. Gladstone informed the House that he

and his colleagues had made "a dutiful communication" to Her Majesty; on Friday, the 12th, he announced the acceptance of their resignation by the Queen, and at the same moment Lord Salisbury was already being received in audience by Her Majesty, who, to the general inconvenience, was at the time at Balmoral; on Sunday morning, the 14th, Lord Salisbury was back at Hatfield. Instead of returning straight to London he had got out of the express at his own station, and very sensibly gone to bed, leaving his supporters to fume in expectation in the capital. For, be it observed that—loud as had been in the first instance the Tory protestations that they would not "walk into the trap," that they would not accept office, but leave it to the Liberals to find their way out of the difficulties they had created—by this time a change had come over the attitude of the Opposition; and its leaders were, with few exceptions, ready to assume the burdens, and only anxious anent the distribution, of power. And quite rightly too. To govern in a minority, and for six months only, with something like a certainty of being turned out after that, may not be all that political ambition could desire. But to declare yourself unable or afraid to step in, on such an emergency, would be too humiliating a confession of cowardice or of impotence. By staying out the Opposition could not increase the discredit of the Liberals, for any mistakes a patched-up Liberal Cabinet might make would be fully excused by the conduct of their opponents in refusing to relieve them of responsibility. By going in, on the other hand, the Tories have on their side not only the chapter of accidents, the possibility that the friendlier attitude of Foreign Powers, especially Germany, may help them to get us out of some of our embarrassments abroad, but, even in the least favourable case, the credit of courage and self-confidence, and the chance of giving a favourable turn to their very gloomy prospects at the next election by putting forward some attractive scheme of legislation. Not to fail egregiously, under such circumstances, will be equivalent to success. To carry on the affairs of the country well, will be a real triumph. The Russian difficulty, it must be remembered, is practically settled for the present; a fact which was doubtless not forgotten by the Liberals, when they allowed the Government to fall. A few weeks ago the accession of the Conservatives would have meant war. To-day, they are in the advantageous position of being able to preserve peace, without retracting the abuse they have levelled at their opponents for the character of the terms, on which peace has been preserved. "There was nothing open to us," they may say, "but to accept the *fait accompli*. Yours the discredit of agreeing to terms disadvantageous to the country; ours the honour of winding up a business, which you had allowed to drag on to the general danger, when all that was worth fighting for had been practically surrendered."

Yet with all the readiness in the world on the part of the Conservatives to take office, there was yet, for some days, a doubt whether Lord Salisbury would succeed in forming a Cabinet. The cause was that the Conservatives are in reality as much divided as the Liberals. The nature of the discord is different in the two cases. With the Liberals it is a difference of principles. On the Conservative side the questions in dispute are chiefly personal. Their divisions are due to the dissatisfaction felt by a large number of the party at the weakness of some—not to say most—of their leaders, and to the intractable ambition of Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Salisbury came to town, to form his Cabinet, on the morning of the 15th. He was visited on that day by most of the Conservative leaders, but Lord Randolph was conspicuously absent. Not that there had been any idea of excluding him from the new ministry. He had been offered—from the first moment—the Secretaryship of State for India. The hesitation was on his side. Should he throw in his fortunes with the bulk of the Conservative party, under the leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, or should he demonstrate in the most conspicuous manner his dissent from the opinions and the methods of the old-fashioned, steady-going Conservatives, and occupy an isolated position, in the hope that in time the party would come over to his own platform of Democratic Toryism? The first public notice of the fact that Lord Randolph was in this divided state of mind was given in the House of Commons on the evening of the 15th, when his lordship and some other members of the Fourth Party openly revolted against Sir Stafford Northcote, and challenged the arrangement between the two front benches for going on with the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Redistribution Bill. The rebels were joined by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Randolph's favourite for the leadership in the House of Commons.

For a single evening this demonstration was interpreted to portend that Lord Randolph and his followers had determined to cut themselves adrift from their party, and that the attempt to form a Conservative Government would collapse. What was the general astonishment, when on the very next day it became apparent that the member for Woodstock was, after all, to be Secretary of State for India, and that his closest personal friends were also to have high places in the Administration. Had the rebels, then, capitulated to the old leaders and to the majority of the party in Parliament? Quite the contrary. The party had capitulated to the rebels. Not without some shame, the Conservative newspapers were obliged to confess that Lord Randolph had dictated his own terms to Lord Salisbury. Sir Stafford Northcote was to be deposed from the leadership of the Lower House (Sir Michael Hicks-

Beach, Lord Randolph's nominee, being put in his place), and to be consoled with a peerage, and some post of great dignity in the Cabinet, which now turns out to be that of First Lord of the Treasury, dissociated, for the first time for many years, from the Premiership. Never, since the days of the younger Pitt, has there been a more extraordinary personal triumph than that of the dashing young Conservative free lance. And if Lord Randolph were a Pitt, it might be well enough, but then the comparison is ludicrous. Pitt was a statesman born. Lord Randolph is at best but a brilliant demagogue, with occasional glimpses of statesmanship, who at the age of thirty-six has less judgment, as well as infinitely less knowledge and sense of responsibility, than Pitt had at twenty-five. That a great party, just entering on the government of the Empire, should have to take its policy from the dictation of such, or simply because they could not stand for a day without the help of their only popular speaker, is a ludicrous commentary on the weakness of Conservatism, and an evil omen for the stability of the new Administration.

For the rest, it is even at this moment doubtful whether the Salisbury Ministry will come in. The formal transfer of the "seals of office," which was to have taken place at Windsor yesterday, whither, in consequence of the urgent character of the crisis, the Queen has now returned, was, after all, postponed at the last moment. The reason doubtless is, that Lord Salisbury has made his acceptance of office conditional upon the promise of an amount of support, or at least toleration, on the part of the Liberal leaders, which the latter are unwilling to give. The main difficulty of course is the Budget. All other disputable issues may, with good management, be adjourned, but some arrangement about finance, even if it be only an arrangement to postpone our embarrassments, is immediately necessary. And we believe that it will be arrived at. The Liberals may dislike the Tory Budget, but they would dislike a return to power at the present juncture even more. By the time these lines appear in print, the "hitch" which we hear so much of just now, will probably have disappeared, and the new Conservative driver will be seated on the box to commence his six months' engagement.

From the noise and dust of party conflict at home it is well to turn for moment to an international event, sad indeed, but not without its consolatory incidents,—to a loss that will be felt and remembered long after party gains and losses, here and elsewhere, have been obliterated and forgotten. The past month has seen the death, in a ripe, honoured, and still vigorous old age, of the greatest Frenchman of our age—Victor Hugo. About him, in an age of doubt and division, of bitter political and religious controversy, of national and sectarian animosities, there yet exists general unanimity. What exact position he will occupy among the great writers of all time—for that he belongs to the highest chamber in the world's pantheon is beyond doubt,—posterity

alone can decide. But his personal greatness, the purity of his life, the nobility of his example, are above the influence of criticism. They are already the common creed and the common possession of civilised mankind. This prophet, at least, had honour, none too high, but still ample and heart-felt, in his own country and his own age. France mourns him as she has mourned no one in our time, not even Gambetta; and civilised mankind bows in sympathetic sorrow at the grave of one, who has done more than any other to teach us all true love and sympathy and reverence for Humanity, as retaining, even in its deepest degradation, some spark of the Divine.

June 19th, 1885.

AN EAST END INCIDENT, JUNE, 1885.

" THERE in the sunshine under the trees
 You may lie on the long cool grass,
 And pick great bunches of flowers and ferns ;
 Would you like to do that, little lass ?

Would you like to go with me out of the town,
 And play in the scented hay ?
 Or watch the river run lazily by
 To its home in the sea far away ? "

Two starry blue eyes 'neath a shock of hair
 Looked up with a strange amaze,
 As I talked of the country sights and sounds,
 And the joys of the country days.

" But do they *grow*, them beautiful flowers ?
 And may *we* pick them, too ?
 I never heard tell of a place like that.
 Are you really speaking true ? "

Poor little maid, with your starry eyes,
 And your childhood's wonderful grace,
 With your dirty hands, and your ragged dress,
 And your poor little dirty face !

A child for whom never a flower has grown
 Amid all our fields of flowers !
 One among thousands—who have no share
 In this flower-strewn earth of ours.

E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

Critical Notices.

SHILLING LITERATURE.*

THE last year and a-half has produced a remarkable development in the annals of publication. Some time since an attempt was made to bring out popular works in a cheap form : the essays of Carlyle, Lady Brassey's *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, and a few others, more or less varying in character, but all reprints of former editions, were published at sixpence, and for a while had a brisk sale. But their form was inconvenient, the large, flapping leaves got torn and dirty, the type was small, and the public soon grew tired of buying sixpenny books which were not comfortable to read either on a journey or at home. The sixpenny movement proved a failure, and is now forgotten, like most failures.

But it had its own niche, and played its own part in the world's history, if only by directing the publishing eye to a vacuum in the publishing system. The railway public wanted something cheap, and handy to hold ; something readable enough to be worth buying, yet not too good to be thrown away if it hampered the traveller at the journey's end. The only series coming at all into this category was the shilling edition of Mr. Howell's works. But Mr. Howell's is too good for the average railway reader ; education and some refinement of taste are necessary to the enjoyment of his dainty little volumes. The vast majority of persons who buy cheap books to read in the train care more for red herring than for caviare in literature ; elevated thought expressed in beautiful language pleases them but little, compared with blood-curdling melodramatic sensationalism. This majority felt the want of their red herring, and the only shilling fare offered was not to their liking.

To Mr. Arrowsmith, a publisher of Bristol, until then unknown beyond the precincts of his native city, is due the credit of introducing the class of publication now recognised all over the world as "shilling literature." But even Mr. Arrowsmith must have seen with some surprise the extraordinary success of his first venture in that line. Some weeks before Christmas, 1883, he advertised his second or third *Annual*. If we are not misin-

* "The Tinted Venus." By F. ANSTEY. Bristol : J. W. Arrowsmith, 1885.

formed, *Arrowsmith's Annual* had until then consisted, like other Christmas numbers, of a collection of short stories and poems by different authors. This time it contained but one story, *Called Back*, by "Hugh Conway." "Hugh Conway," now known equally well by his real name, F. J. Fargus, was a Bristol auctioneer, and probably few of his clients were aware that the gentlemanly, matter-of-fact man of business, who conducted their sales or valued their furniture for them, was the author of the graceful little poems and clever sketches signed with that *nom de plume* which were to be read in magazines or newspapers.

Whether the unparalleled success of *Called Back* was due to popular fancy or to actual merit is a somewhat difficult problem to solve. For ourselves we are inclined to ascribe it to both causes. Certainly the book, when it had once been started (for some weeks it lay unnoticed on the bookstalls), "went off" with marvellous rapidity. "Have you read *Called Back*?" was the question of the day in all circles of society, and something like two hundred thousand copies were sold within six months. There was a remarkable attraction about the book; even while condemning the careless choice of language and the entire absence of literary style, the critic had to confess himself fascinated by the story; it was essentially one which could not be put down unfinished. Mr. Fargus's next effort was by no means so happy. *Dark Days* gave throughout an unfortunate impression of having been written to order; it lacked the ingenuity of plot which formed the chief charm of *Called Back*, and the author's manifest ignorance of what is commonly termed "society" was not redeemed by any gracefulness of thought or expression. The book had an enormous sale, nevertheless, for by the time it appeared (the autumn of 1884), Hugh Conway and the shilling railway novel were firmly rooted in the affections of the public, and the somewhat cruel satire upon *Dark Days*, which came out almost simultaneously with it, only appeared to increase the demand for the work so satirized. Mr. Fargus's untimely death forbids speculation as to the excellence of the work his undoubted talent and strong dramatic instinct might have produced when matured by mental cultivation of a wider kind than he had as yet had the opportunity of acquiring; the influence of such cultivation was already becoming apparent; the novel now appearing in the *English Illustrated Magazine* under the title of *A Family Affair*, for example, being of an order altogether superior to either of the previous ones. We can only regret the stern decree which cut short the young author's career in the flood-tide of his popularity, before he had time to show the full strength that was in him.

But whether Mr. Fargus's books survive him, or whether their hold on the public prove merely ephemeral, he will long be remembered as the author who introduced shilling railway litera-

ture to the world. The success of *Called Back* paved the way for the advent of shilling novels by the score. Miss Warden's *House on the Marsh*, Miss Mathers' *Found Out*, Mr. Sutherland Edward's *Missing Man*, Miss Abdy-Williams' *Forewarned*, Sir Edward Reed's *Fort Minster*, and others too numerous to name, are all the direct offspring of Mr. Arrowsmith's first venture in this line. Each is sensational to the *nth*, each deals in murder, secret societies, tragic visions, and more or less successful crime; and we may safely assert that not one among them all is ever read twice by the same person.

For some months past we have been wondering why this new departure should be exclusively confined to tales of horror and blood-curdling disaster. Melodrama is all very well, said we, but a little of it goes a long way, and the most elementary acquaintance with the temper of the public demonstrates that melodrama needs an admixture of comedy to make it a complete success. Will no one write a humorous shilling railway book? we asked ourselves. The answer came a day or two since, incarnated in Volume VI. of "Arrowsmith's Bristol Library." *The Tinted Venus*, by Mr. F. Anstey, is humorous from the first page to the last. It is described on the title-page as "A Farcical Romance," and farcical it certainly is. Its aim and scope place it outside the limits of serious review; it can no more be criticized from the "novel carver's" point of view than the *Mikado* can be criticized from the historian's. When we have said that it is an exceedingly funny story we have said all that can be said. But it is valuable as an example of a class. If shilling literature is to continue to flourish, it must embrace the comic as well as the tragic muse. Mr. Anstey has done well to make a start in this direction, and we wish him plenty of imitators. But we shall probably not often have a "farcical romance" so easily written, so engrossing, and so full of genuine humour as this first of its kind.

A few serious words in conclusion. The three-volume-novel system is falling into disfavour. It is an open secret that not one novel in twenty nowadays pays its publishers until it reaches a cheap edition. First-rate authors at present occasionally publish their works in a cheap edition, at four or six shillings, and eschew the objectionable three-volume form altogether. From this to a shilling edition is no long step. Why do not our Blacks, Oliphants, Marion Crawford's, *et hoc genus omne*, join the ranks of shilling novel writers, and thus give the reading as well as the railway public literature which would at once educate and refine, at a price within the reach of all? Their reputation would be in no manner diminished, their publishers' profits would, we imagine, be materially increased, and their readers at home would then, for the first time, be equally favoured with their compatriots, who have access to the Tauchnitz or the Franklin Square Library abroad.

JOSEPHINE: A DRAMA.*

WE suppose it will be generally admitted that the historical drama has fallen on evil times. This is a frivolous age. It is fond of having its intellect pleasantly tickled; and nothing pleases it half so much as playing at being in earnest. Therefore, in reviewing an historical drama, in the legitimate sense of the term, the reviewer's task is no easy one. It is necessary for him to show himself, for the time being, out of touch with the present, that he may bring himself into sympathy with the severe neutrality that history requires.

Josephine is one of those books that it would be at once very easy, and very foolish, to condemn. Judged by the titillation it affords to the modern intellectual palate, its value would be small. Judged by its adherence to historic truth, its value would be very different. Its faults lie on the surface; its merits can be truly appreciated only by the thoughtful and the studious. Viewed from the playgoer's standpoint, we cannot but consider *Josephine* a failure. His choice of subjects makes it plain that Mr. Gulland is not without the dramatic instinct; for in his treatment of the story of Josephine Beauharnois, Mr. Gulland has hit upon a fine conception. But he seems to lack the force to give his conception form. A play consisting, in great part, of long soliloquies, varied by conversations between two characters who talk in set speeches to the extent at times of a full page of print, would very speedily be hissed off the stage—if, indeed, it ever by any chance got there. Clearly, then, it is not as ministering to an appetite for sensationalism that *Josephine* deserves our praise.

When all that is said, however, there remains something about the book that would command our respect, even though it did not win our admiration. The solid intellectuality of it satisfies us. We feel that we are brought into contact with the souls of these characters. Their inmost interplay of motive and desire is laid bare to us by a merciless anatomy that is at times repulsive in its very truth.

We have said that, as a drama, this poem is comparatively cold, but there is one scene in it which is instinct with true dramatic fire. We refer to that in which the divorced and childless wife visits the young Empress and mother in her apartments at the Tuileries. They are talking together; and Josephine, in her strong love for the man who has done her such bitter wrong, is beseeching her successor to dissuade him from the Russian campaign. Suddenly Marie Louise rises, and, proudly drawing aside a curtain from an alcove, discloses her boy asleep

* *Josephine*: A Drama in two parts, by Charles Gulland. Cupar Fife: Fife-shire Journal Office.

on a couch. The rush and counter-rush of emotion that the sight begets in Josephine is painted with a graphic touch.

Marie Louise.—You have named my son.
Behold him, sister. There enshrined lies
The glory of my life ; yet not for him—
Not even for my son, mine only child—
Would I attempt to thwart my husband's plans,
Or bid him curb his mighty destiny.
Need I say more ?

Josephine.—Then shall I kneel to you
In presence of your child—one last entreaty—
By all you hold most dear——

Marie Louise.—Kneel not to me :
Your dignity, your equal rank, forbids.
I am resolved.

Josephine.—'Tis ended : I have done with argument.
God bless you, and your husband, and your son.

Let me gaze on your son, upon his son.
Now am I weak.—and yet I shall be strong.
How beautiful he is ! [Approaches the couch.

The subjoined quotation, from a soliloquy of Tallyrand while awaiting the entrance of the Emperor, shows his facility in analysis of character, at the same time that it betrays Mr. Gulland's weakest point as a poet—namely, a certain want of sense of proportion, which leads him to mar his best lines by coupling them with lines that are not only faulty in expression, but also weak in sentiment.

. *Tallyrand.*—This Emperor of ours o'ershadows us.
The best, the ablest, bow the head before
This eagle-eyed adventurer. . . .
What are his gifts?
Audacity, sublime audacity,
The power of concentration, and the art
To handle armies as no man before
Has handled them ; skill and rapidity,
And lightning combinations have bestowed
The purple on Napoleon ; and he bears
His honours as he were a demigod.
Then, too, he fits the times. Psah ! had he not
In restless days of revolution lived,
Then had he starred it wise Professor, or
A treatise-dabbler ; for he knows his trade,
And somehow from his teeming brain had oozed
Th' inventive knowledge to man's benefit.
Yet a strange mixture is our demigod.
A braggart rarely is a man of mark ;
Yet he is braggart to the core. Low tones,
Fair manners, and unruffled calm denote
The lofty state. He's careless of them all,
And raves, and stamps, and blusters at his will,
Heedless of dignity. One creed is his—
Himself. Whatever he may do
Is, must be, right. A comprehensive faith !
I do detest a violent-mannered man—
And such a man do I despise ;—yet here,
With this Napoleon, must I draw exception ;

For I confess that, braggart though he be,—
And rudeness from his ill-conditioned tongue
Flows like a rapid stream,—he never shows
Him dwarf-like : he's a giant through it all.

There is good stuff in this notwithstanding its serious blemishes, and if Mr. Gulland is as young as the book before us inclines us to suppose, we may confidently expect better work from him in days to come.

MICHAEL FIELD'S NEW PLAYS.*

IN *Callirrhoe* and *Fair Rosamund*, Michael Field showed us very plainly that she was a poet and a dramatist. But the sort of power of which these plays gave evidence seemed to me somewhat limited, though very rare, and shown rather in the side-scenes and secondary characters than in what ought to have been the most important persons and events. The characters in *Callirrhoe*, who interest us with a really vital interest, who impress us most forcibly with their genuine imaginative existence, are not Callirrhoe, Coresus, or the Mænads, but Machaon, the hag Promeneia, Emathion, and, above all, the little Faun. In *Fair Rosamund*, an earlier work, and a slighter, it is Margery who is the true heroine, not Rosamund; the pathetic little story of Margery is the real salt of the play, the real source of the terror and pity of it, but in intention it is only an episode. In both plays the more serious scenes are often crude, often inadequate; we miss the grappling strength of the complete dramatist. Now in one at least of these new plays, beyond doubt, it seems to me, we have the missing quality; that breadth and strength of touch, that fearless and competent grasp of high actions and great passions, which is the greatest gift of the dramatist. On the other hand, I miss some of the peculiar charm which I had come to associate with the personal quality of Michael Field; there is no Faun here, no Margery.

The Father's Tragedy is the most mature work that its author has yet given us. In this play Michael Field has proved her power to deal with a great tragic subject; to deal confidently and adequately. Throughout there is a dignity, completeness, strength, a serious elevation and truly imaginative realism, not to be found in any previous work (and as previous I count both the other plays contained in this volume). It is stronger in verse, stronger in character, stronger in grasp and grip of the subject; altogether more virile and masterly. And in two scenes, perhaps three, Michael Field has "shown Misery her own feature, Weakness her own image, and Hunger his form and pressure in the

* *The Father's Tragedy, William Rufus, Loyalty or Love?* By MICHAEL FIELD. Clifton: J. Baker & Son.

glass" of her drama, with a concentrated and self-contained power of which *Callirrhoe* gave scarcely a promise, and which is sufficient to prove, once and for all, that she is a true poet and a true dramatist; I think one almost might venture to say not only true, but great. There is greatness, there is something more than the mere promise of greatness, in the scene of Rothsay's starvation—a scene which is the very pang of hunger set in speech; in the scene where the old king and his little son, Albany the traitor, the Duchess Marjorie, and Allan, the old retainer, shivering around the fire on a night of storm, hear on the wind the thrice-repeated shriek, and know that Rothsay is no more; and again in the scene of the king's death. This final scene is not only impressive; it is radically right where most playwrights would have gone quite wrong. It points, with absolute dramatic truth, the pitiless ending of a weakness which was sin,—that sin of omission which is not less sinful, and not less tragically rewarded, than an actual active wrongdoing. Nor is there in the play a piece of more superb rhetoric than the speech beginning, "I'm dying, and you thrust the earth on me." Let it be my one quotation.

"Away, begone!

I'm dying, and you thrust the earth on me.
 I'm on my way to judgment. Let me face
 No witnesses;—no bleeding chiefs that slew
 Each other, I consenting; no poor souls
 I've left to evil men; no innocents
 Condemned by wicked judges I have feared
 To thwart; no beggars, stripped by greedy lords
 Whose avarice I bore; no murdered forms
 Whose murd'ers I forgave. No need of such.
 I plead that I am guilty. Bring them not.
 I'm guilty on my solemn oath, O God.
 Father of men, King of the universe,
 I've sinned in Thy great offices—in both!
 Bring not Thy witnesses—my people's ghosts.
 Bring not that dear dead witness, with pale hands
 And different keen face and eyes, whose look
 Would fix a root of horror in my soul
 To grow up like a yew-tree from a grave.
 Let me be judged within an empty court!
 Or, if we're judged together,—when the book
 Is opened, where in lines of red are writ
 The sins of his few years,—
 And he stands far apart in white despair,
 Then shall he answer to a few that fall
 From the accusing lips, but point the sum
 To me for answer. I will take them all
 As blessings:—for a father's sins extend
 Far over his own blotted page; yea, fill
 With scarlet of damnation many blanks
 His children had left clean except for him."

The second play in the volume is very different from the first. *William Rufus*, one must confess, is a little dull, or at least is nearer to being so than any other of Michael Field's plays. It seems to me considerably inferior to these. I can hardly tell

whether it is an earlier work, or a work constructed with more conscience toward history, which means less conscience toward art. There is too little life and stir, it fails in picturesqueness, in dramatic conception and consistency, in intensity, in emotion; it is stiffer in style; there are no women in it. Yet, with all this the play has a fine quality, a quality represented by the *Æschylian* motto. It is full of the air and feel of the forest; it is the spirit of the Earth crying out against oppression.

"They turn our bread-lands to a pleasant ground.
Nature will never bear it."

This is the keynote of the play, and the death of Rufus comes as a foregone conclusion; an inevitable requirement of fatality, a direct vengeance of the outraged Earth.

"It was the oak that struck;
He wounded it; it gathered up the wrongs
Of generations in its storied pile,
And for the people hath poured out revenge."

One character, Beowulf, the mouthpiece of fate, a sort of choragus in a choir of the Eumenides, is a fine creation; Rufus and his nobles and prelates look pale and shadowy if we compare them with the king and court of *The Father's Tragedy*. To feel this contrast at its height, compare Robert and Rufus. The one is a picture drawn with deep insight and steady hand; the other, despite the curious realism of his stage-stuttering, is a mere generalisation.

I have left myself but little space in which to speak of *Loyalty or Love?* but the play has a great charm for me. It was written three years ago; it has an indefiniteness about it, a vagueness in conception, character, motive, which points to unripeness; but it is a remarkably promising study in romantic drama of the genuine Elizabethan sort, and I heartily hope the author will cultivate this delightful style, for which she has so much aptitude. Among many beautiful and picturesque scenes, there are two which I can only call superb. The first is the prison scene, divided into two acting "scenes," the third and fourth of the last act—a piece of most subtle and delicate workmanship; the other, Veronica's and Celano's death-scene, which is almost worthy of Ford.

Michael Field has shown by the solid merit of this second volume that her success in *Callirrhoe* was no success of novelty, of poetical precociousness, of chance chiming with a popular whim. She has proved herself to be a genuine poet, with a serious conception of her craft; a playwright of developing skill and strength; directly Elizabethan, altogether unmodern; a master of the roots of things, with an apprehension of that "grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements," rather than a brilliant player with the shining lights on the surface; a poet with the making of greatness, of whom we expect great things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

RUSSIA UNDER THE TZARS.*

"UNDERGROUND RUSSIA" is one of the most fascinating of true romances that has ever been published. Its readers were many, and none of them must neglect to obtain the more serious and important work which its gifted author has just published. His first book told us what the Nihilists are, and now he has explained to us why they are. He begins with a most interesting and novel account of the early condition of Russia, when it consisted of a number of independent democratic communities ruled over by a class of princes, who were chosen by the people, and who held office so long only as they were acceptable to their subjects. It would seem that they were very frequently dismissed, and another member of the princely caste chosen in their stead, whilst the rejected prince would seek the suffrages of some other of the republics, who was in want of a ruler. These migratory sovereigns maintained their own bands of followers, like the feudal barons of the West, but the peasantry and townsfolk always possessed an independence unequalled even now in other European countries. In course of time the Tartar conquest, and various internal causes, consolidated and centralised the superficial power of the government, whilst the autonomy of the peasant communities has remained unaltered to this day.

Hence arose the strangest anachronism of modern times—a great country whose peasantry have kept the ancient freedom of Aryan communism, whilst its educated classes are governed by a tyranny unparalleled since the days of the Roman Empire.

"The lives of the bulk of the nation and of its upper classes have flowed in two contiguous yet separate and distinct streams. The common folks live in their liliputian republics like snails in their shells. To them, official Russia—the world of *tchinovniks*, soldiers, and policemen—is a horde of foreign conquerors, who from time to time send their agents into the country to demand the tribute of money and the tribute of blood—taxes for the Tzar's treasury, and soldiers for his army. Yet by a startling anomaly these rudimentary republics, which enjoy so large a measure of social and personal freedom, are at once the surest foundations and the strongest bulwarks of despotic power."

The Russian peasantry are so ignorant "that they believe liberty of speech is a right inherent in every rational being;" the village assembly, or mir, is conducted on absolutely democratic principles: every villager is a member of it, may summon it at his pleasure, and may address it on any subject, provided that he can obtain a hearing. The decisions of the mir must be unanimous, for the tyranny of the majority is unknown in Russia; the minority must be convinced, or a middle course must be adopted, agreeable to both parties.

* By S. STEPNIAK. London: Ward & Downey.

Slavery is hard for a peasantry; the tyranny of a majority is undoubtedly an evil. But infinitely worse than either is the tyranny of One, and the slavery of an educated class. We have heard a good deal of late about the despotism of the Tzar, of his loathsome dungeons, and ruthless executions. But the pitiful tale cannot be told too often. We shudder at the horrors of the Inquisition, at the grim stories which Dante tells; we pity the Athenians in the quarries of Syracuse; but we sometimes forget that now, this very day, there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow-men rotting in the prisons of the Tzar, toiling in his mines, or forced to dwell with savages in the desolate wilds of Siberia, for no crimes, but because they have loved liberty better than life, and their country better than themselves. Sometimes, as one wanders in the star-light beneath the black elm trees, or by the silent river in the sunset glow, the thought of these Russian prisoners, shut away from life and sun and air, seems too bitter to be borne. Centuries ago men knew no better; the then martyrs would have gladly burned their persecutors. Now Russian students go abroad, read Herbert Spencer and Mill on "Liberty," learn how we hate a tyrant and despise his slaves, and then return to Russia, where books on chemistry, which contain the phrase "free air," are prohibited, and where the possession of a Socialist pamphlet is a crime more serious than murder.

It is often said that the Nihilists are wrong to plot against the Tzar, and to "execute" his officers: they ought to agitate by peaceful means, and educate their countrymen to freedom. A complete answer to that most reasonable objection to Nihilist "crimes" may be found in the chapters of this book entitled "The Crusade against Culture." The Russians are a patient people; they are far too patient under a government which no other European country would endure for half a week. The Russian Liberal party have striven for reform in every possible method, and the Government has rewarded them with banishment and the scaffold. If a public body, a district council, or a corporation presents a petition for redress of grievances, it is forthwith dissolved, and the leaders of the movement are banished. Newspapers and reviews, which admit articles criticising the Government, or suggesting any sort of constitutional change, are suppressed. Books, whether original or translated, which have the remotest bearing on politics, or sociology, or religion, are not allowed to be printed or imported. Anything of the nature of public speaking or debating is, of course, a high misdemeanour. Lately the Government has actively discouraged the teaching of history and science in the schools and colleges, because education of this sort makes men think. Even the medical schools have been interfered with, as tending too much to a wide education. There are only two courses open to any

Russian who loves liberty and his country. He must do nothing, and turn traitor to his country and his noblest thoughts; or else he must join the Nihilists and fight the Government. For this struggle is a war, with all the intelligence and all the nobility of the people on one side, and on the other brute force, wielding the enormous powers which modern science gives to those who have wealth and organisation. It is a desperate war, and on neither side is quarter given. Assassination is an ugly word, repugnant to English ears, and in a free country it is undoubtedly one of the blackest of crimes. But it is *necessary* where it is the *only* tempering for despotism; and, if any man deserve the punishment of death, it is he who, by his own free will, has inflicted torture and death on hundreds of his fellows whose only fault is loving liberty too well. If the majority of a nation consent to accept an autocracy, the minority ought, perhaps, to submit. But if that autocracy interfere with freedom of thought, and freedom of speech, then any single individual has a right to protest, and is bound to fight against it, if he would be worthy to be called a man rather than a slave.

REPRESENTATION.*

THE first page of this little book contains a quotation decidedly startling to the peaceful English citizen. It seems that the late Prince Consort gave utterance many years ago to a saying which Sir John Lubbock very properly calls "remarkable," that "representative institutions are on their trial." It may be so, and Sir John seems to think that perhaps it is so. Yet it is a surprise to us that a man, even so far-seeing as the late Prince Consort, should have seriously contemplated the introduction of anarchism! Government *without* representative institutions has had the longest trial known in the history of the world, and has been unanimously found guilty on every charge laid against it by the prosecution. Its crimes and failings we must not here enumerate. Let it suffice to say that it has been condemned without the smallest hope of reprieve. If, therefore, Representative Government be really on its trial, and if it should be found guilty, the only alternative left us is anarchism!

Happily Sir John does not speak with much confidence about this supposed trial, and we sincerely hope that for the present, at least, he is labouring under a delusion.

It would seem, if we may trust our author, that Proportional Representation will very soon be introduced into England. For it is advocated by a number of eminent and clever men, and

* "Representation" (Imperial Parliament Series, No. 2). By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK Bart., M.P. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

apparently its opponents are singularly deficient in education and common sense. The notions of "one of the ablest" of them on the doctrine of chance are quoted by Sir John from the *Fortnightly Review* for last February. Ideas so singularly comic can hardly have appeared in our serious contemporary ; we dare not inquire who this "ablest" person may be, lest our hero-worship of some great man receive too rude a shock, and we incline to the opinion that Sir John's very numerous quotations have got mixed up in a Teufelsdröck's bag, and the passage in question is really an extract from one of the immortal works of Lewis Carroll.

Our author tells us, on the authority of Professor Stokes, that under a system of Proportional Representation the element of chance would affect a single election once in every ten thousand years or so. The imaginative capabilities of such a statement are simply stupendous. For full five thousand years every member of Parliament has sat by the sovereign will of the people. Slowly the inevitable law of averages has worked, unseen, almost unthought of. At length dawns the fateful day ; for one brief hour the Goddess of Chance exerts her sway, and returns *her* representative to sit amongst the elect of the people. How singular the lot, how vast the responsibilities of that solitary exemplar of the old Athenian custom ! And then one recollects the pathos of the thing. This most unique of mortal men is wholly ignorant of his peculiar status ! The chosen one of the law of averages may be a son of Oxford, learned in classics and metaphysics, and as ignorant of the abstruse science whose representative he is, as any young lady fresh from a finishing school !

When we consider that Proportional Representation is a singularly dull subject, it must be admitted that Sir John Lubbock has succeeded in producing a little book that even poets, social agitators, and editors of comic newspapers, may study with profit. Its value to thinkers and politicians it is scarcely necessary for us to point out. We have learned to expect great things from Sir John ; he has done good work in perhaps more various lines of thought and action than any living Englishman ; and if Proportional Representation ever become an integral part of our glorious constitution, it will be due, in no small measure, to his able advocacy of its advantages.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A 1.—THE BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Beck, J. T. Pastoral Theology of the Old Test. ; cr. 8vo, T. & T. Clark, 6s.
Pfleiderer, O. Influ. of S. Paul on dev. of Christy. [tr.] ; 8vo, Williams, 10s. 6d.
Studia Biblica, by Members of the Univ. ; 8vo, Clar. Pr., 10s. 6d.

A 2.—HISTORY OF RELIGION, ETC.

Briggs, C. A. American Presbyterianism ; 8vo, T. & T. Clark, 7s. 6d.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Contemporary Pulpit, The. Vol. III ; roy. 16mo, Sonnenschein, 6s.

CLASS B.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

B 1.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

Buddhism. Vinaya Texts, tr. Davids † Oldenberg, Pt. 3 : Kullavagga 4-12 ; 8vo, Clar. Pr., 10s. 6d.
Hinduism. Gaina-Suttras tr. Jacobi, Pt. 1 : Akaranga & Kalpa S's. ; 8vo, Clar. Pr., 10s. 6d.
Pahlavi Texts tr. West, Pt. 3 : various : 8vo, Clar. Pr., 10s. 6d.

B 2.—COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE.

Middlemore [Mrs.], S. G. Spanish Legendary Tales ; cr. 8vo, Chatto, 6s.

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D 1.—PRIMITIVE SOCIETY, INSTITUTIONS, AND LAW.

Gerger, W. Civilization of the Iranians in Anc. Times ; 8vo, Clar. Pr., 12s.

D 2.—POPULAR LAW.

Criminal Code of the German Empire ; cr. 8vo, Chapman, 8s.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOGRAPHY.

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Green, S. G. Italian Pictures, fully Illustrated ; roy. 8vo, R. T. S., 8s.
Tromholt, S. Under the rays of Aurora Borealis, 2 v. ; 8vo, Low, 30s.

E 4.—AFRICA.

Stanley, H. M. The Congo and Founding of the Free State ; 8vo, Low, 42s.

E 5.—AMERICA.

Laerne Van D. Brazil and Java, etc. ; 8vo, Allen, 21s.

E 7.—BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY.

Law, E. History of Hampton Court Palace ; 4to, Bell, 25s.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 5.—CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

Boulger, D. C. Central Asian Questions ; 8vo, Unwin, 18s.
Holland, T. E. Europ. Concert in the Eastern Question ; 8vo, Clar. Pr., 12s. 6d.
Stummer, H. Russia in Central Asia ; 8vo, Harrison, 15s.

F 6.—SPECIAL HISTORIES.

Indian. Story of Nuncomar. By J. F. Stephen, 2 v. ; cr. 8vo. Macmillan, 15s.
Japan. History of. By P. Thorpe [popular] ; cr. 8vo, White, 3s. 6d.

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G 1.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

Buckland, Frank. Life. By Q. C. Bompas [his brother-in-law] ; cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder, 12s. 6d. [Three editions in the first month.]
Dryden & Pope. Dr. Johnson's Text, ed. A. Milnes ; cr. 8vo, Clar. Pr., 2s. 6d.
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Faucit, Helen [Lady Theod. Martin]. On some Shakspeare Fem. Characters ; 4to, Blackwood, 21s.

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K 10.—FICTION.

Anstey, F. The Tinted Venus ; cr. 8vo, Arrowsmith, 1s.
Crawford, O. A Woman's Reputation ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Chapman, 12s.
Readings from the Dane : Novelettes, tr. J. F. Vicary ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.

K 12.—ESSAYS, LETTERS, AND COLLECTIONS.

Arnold, Mat. Discourses in America [reprints fr. Mags.] ; cr. 8vo, Macmillan 4s. 6d.

❖ TIME. ❖

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AUGUST, 1885.
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MODERN BABYLON.

BY REV. S. A. BARNETT.

IN any national calamity the first inquiry is whether the nation's servant has done his duty. The Church is the servant to whom the nation has committed the duty of promoting righteousness and raising life to its highest level. At this moment, then, when the capital city is shown to be full of vice, and life to be sunk to a level lower than that of the brutes, the first inquiry is, What has the Church been doing? The facts lately published have been, in some shape, before the bishops who sat on the Commission. The clergy, with their missionaries, their Bible-women, their girls' clubs are posted in every parish. How has it happened that the warning has come from a newspaper, and not from the watchman of the state? Clearly there is blame; and the excuse of those who are blamed must be that in a changed condition of society their position has been left unchanged. The Church is a mediæval organisation in a modern society; it is unfitted either to approach facts, or to thoroughly sweep the garner foul with modern vices. The Church, to promote righteousness and to raise life, must be reformed; it must be brought into such contact with the people that it will at once be conscious of the presence of evil; it must become democratic. Let us hope that under the impulses of discoveries which show the rottenness of the foundations of society, politicians may fit the Church to do its work. The nation must have servants, and of all service it most needs that which it is the function of a national Church to perform. Vain will be the rule of the people if the people are not taught righteousness, and if life is not made fuller by the universal knowledge of the best. We can nourish this hope, but we have to deal with the facts before us. Whatever may be our opinion as to the way in which those facts have been made known, or as to the manner in which their story has been told, there is no doubt as to the writer's purity of intention and general accuracy. It is a fact to which every minister can confirm, that young girls are taken from their homes

or places, and that in workhouses and hospitals there are never wanting those whose story is of ruin. If none of us ever guessed the meaning of such disappearance and such ruin, the truths of the ghastly revelations have been supported by many memories. The facts, as they are now too well known, may be taken as true; but in the face of those facts I would put in a word for calm and restraint. I would put in such a word now, because so many noble causes seem to me to be endangered by excitement. The cause of oppressed nationalities, the cause of the poor, has been urged in immoderate language, or forwarded by exceptional action. A great sensation has been made the motive power in politics and in philanthropy, and the thick end of the wedge has been got in through the wide opening. Sensationalism has been the support to which religion, politics, and philanthropy has trusted, but in no case has the trust been justified. It does not tend to future progress to advance the thick end of the wedge; it does not do to make beginnings in reform which cannot be followed up. A policy of excitement, with its promises of relief, in answer to tales of misery, and its hasty action to meet complicated needs is naturally followed by a time of inaction and suspicion; for the force roused by excitement is not strong nor wise. There is no lasting strength in the unreasoning pity roused by a sensational tale, and no wisdom in the hasty act which it directs. Gifts have been potent causes of starvation. Thus it happens that they who trust to a policy of excitement find that they use up force rapidly, and make no real advance. If there be now distrust of leaders and suspicion of the benevolent, it is because leaders and benevolent have tried to proceed by the ways of excitement; they have been so impatient of wrong, that they have been unable to use the slower means of calm and reason. In the face of facts which rouse every feeling of indignation, and make it a pain to be silent, I put in my word, therefore, for calm and restraint. Thank God for the force which is burning in the heart of the nation. Thank God, too, for the stimulus which has stirred the force, but let us beware of spending it in a shriek, in violent action, or on what is called heroic legislation. Some law may need amendment, but laws avail nothing, only a new creature. Some sinners may need condemnation, but a condemnation must, like a prayer, "be with the understanding also." Calm consideration and calm action is the duty of the moment, the consideration which traces effects to their causes, and the action which tends to prevention of wrong, rather than to the rescue of the wronged.

The facts brought to light startle us by their horror and brutality. They seem to be the deeds of savages, and it is only by an effort that we conjure up a picture of the educated, the cultured, and the church-goer, "the respectable old man," as the doer of these things. As, however, we get such a picture, we realise that it is

not brutality, but sensuality which is the cause of his crime. He has exhausted all other forms of sensuality before he has taken to this, and we have heard before that no heart is so hard, no cruelty so keen as that of the sensualist. The man who does deeds for which he would be lynched by the lowest of the nation, is the child of the boy who listened to low talk and read loose books. Between the small beginning and the terrible end lies the "rake's progress," which all know and unthinkingly accept as a necessary getting rid of "wild oats." Calm consideration shows us that the cause of this evil lies closer to us than we think. It is in the ordinary talk about marriage, the talk which is fairly represented on the stage where marriage is made a matter of joke, or of bargain, or of capture, that natural chivalry is destroyed. It is in the sight of partly-clothed women in the best society, in the familiarity with French plays which are visited in company with modest women, that the pleasure is first found which sets the rake on the progress which ends in the dens of Modern Babylon. It is women's own acceptance of impurity among men that lowers men's own sense of right, and makes them capable of wrong against which both chivalry and pity protest. These acts of every-day life, acts approved by society, and not denounced in sermons or pastorals by the clergy, are the far-off causes of the facts from which we have shrunk in terror. If we are not assured of this in our own minds, as we calmly consider in ourselves the growth and progress of passion, then let us take as evidence the confession of the criminal Paine, who, convicted of a brutal crime, traced all back to the neglect of simple modesty in a too narrow home. The talk and acts of every day, the idle words, prove once more to be the things by which the nation is condemned. In dealing with such causes there must be roused all the force which lies latent in the nation, but for use it must be restrained. We need, indeed, to be reminded of the end of these things, but we need also to restrain ourselves if we would cure these things. Strength is restraint. I ask, therefore, for calm action, for prevention rather than rescue.

It may seem that the hero's work lies in hunting the streets at night, in facing dangers, and in capturing a child from the jaws of hell. All honour to those who do such deeds, but this battle is won by the men who stand in the ranks, and the difficult thing in these days of hurry is to serve by waiting. The newspapers know only those who strive and cry; there is thus a constant temptation for those who would serve to leave the unnoticed work of prevention to take up that of rescue. They do this not in hope of reward, but simply because, being under the rule of the newspapers, such service seems best. It hardly needs argument to show that it is better service to keep society pure than to restore the lost to an impure society; that it is more necessary to keep six boys from evil than to rescue one girl. Rescue work might, therefore,

it seems to me, be safely left now to forward spirits, while the force now roused in the nation is spent on preventive work. Women for the sake of men might apply the same law to them by which they have been helped to secure their own virtue. They might exclude from their society and drawing-rooms fallen men as sternly as they exclude fallen women, saving them if it be by force. They might defy fashion and adopt modest dresses; they might, at any rate, protest against immorality on the stage by leaving the theatre at which it is presented; they might by their talk with men elevate marriage nearer to its ideal, and show that they believe in love and in the gift which it demands. Men might make a greater show of their chivalry, treating all women, rich or poor, with equal respect. They might more carefully watch their talk about women, till purity becomes as necessary to manliness as it was in Arthur's Court. Parents might take more pains to protect their children from temptation; they might tell them solemnly of that which they must know; they might consider their purity as they now consider their health, taking pains to keep them from sights and sounds which injure, as they take pains also to give them training and teaching which will strengthen purity.

From such care in the homes of the rich an impulse would spring powerful to check the growth of vice, but I would not propose that prevention should stop with such care. There must be help given to all those who by poverty and by narrowness of life fall victims to the greed of others. For such I would ask first the means of a fuller life. If bad thoughts are to be kept out, good thoughts must be put in. It is, therefore, necessary that the young should be given thoughts to occupy their minds and recreation by which to renew their strength, and hope to fill the future. There must be libraries, reading-rooms, baths, gymnasia, and playgrounds; and as without guides these would be mysteries, there must be a large number of those who, knowing how to teach and play, will share their knowledge. Somehow, it almost seems as if books and organisations, like some of the rank river weeds, had destroyed themselves by their own fertility. At any rate, books and organisations do not now convey knowledge. Teachers and friends are as necessary as ever, and the great need of the poor is the simple companionship of those who can admire, play, and hope. If, therefore, the young girls of the poor are to be put out of reach of the temptations which beset them, they must have more of such companionship.

As time goes on it may be hoped that sufficient spaces will be open for free play, and sufficient rooms for study and conversation, and sufficient baths to make cleanliness possible where it is now impossible; but the need is human service, the friendship of those who waste their talents on trifles, and their love on pets. At present it is hard to enlist such service, very hard to induce the rich

to live among the poor, though, by so living, they would give and gain the best strength. Those who would help want to do something definite; they would "give" or "do" something for the poor, failing to realise that for their nearest and dearest they are content to "be."

It is not too great a hope that, as the facts of Modern Babylon are realised, those who have a passion for purity will, in the strength of restraint, be content to stand by the side of some boy or girl, waiting as they learn and play, and watching till they are safe from the dangers of youth. Infinite love can be packed into a word, and the love now roused may be trusted to find its own means. If those means be simple companionship, or the fervent preaching of religion, the choice of a home among the poor, or the teaching of wisdom, we may be content. But as I have seen many efforts to do good, and watched many a failure, I put in my word for restraint. The text of Christianity is peace and rest. Christ's life was calm. I ask, therefore, that the efforts of those roused now to be fierce may be restrained, so that they content themselves with making a few disciples, and securing those few from danger by the example of a godly life, by the provision of means of thought, and by the revelation of the purity of man in Jesus Christ.

S. A. BARNETT.

THE SUEZ CANAL DIFFICULTY.

BY A. MILNER.

THE ebb and flow of English public morality, described in an immortal passage by Macaulay, is not more grotesque or more unreasonable than the ebb and flow of public interest in vital political questions, especially when the subject matter is distant from our own shores. It is only just two years ago that the British public were in a perfect fever of excitement because the Government had made what was generally esteemed a bad bargain with M. de Lesseps and the Suez Canal Company about the enlargement and future regulation of that water-way. There were no bounds to the strength of the language in which the bargain was denounced. The most precious of English commercial interests had been abandoned. Our position of vantage in Egypt had been, for all practical purposes, thrown away. The English Government had gone out of its way to recognize the right of a pack of unscrupulous French monopolists to batten on, and, if they chose, to strangle the trade of half the world. And there was much more to the same effect. It soon became evident that by no screw which the Government could possibly apply to its supporters, was there the least chance of getting the House of Commons, even in those days of successful discipline, to accept the Provisional Agreement of July 10th, 1883, between the British directors and M. de Lesseps. Within a fortnight—one of the stormiest fortnights even in the perturbed career of the late Ministry—the English Government incontinently withdrew from the agreement, in the assurance that they would be unmercifully turned out of office if they tried to abide by it. Yet at this present time English interests in the Suez Canal are threatened with dangers and detriments far more serious than any that could have arisen under the agreement of July 1883, and the public generally take no more notice than if a dog barked. Something quite different has become the battle-field of party controversy, and “our great highway to India,” on which so much eloquence was expended some years ago, is as completely neglected by the publicist as if it were some by-way or backwater of our foreign commerce, and not the channel by which some hundred millions worth of British shipping annually pass between Europe and the East.

It is now something like four months since the International

Commission for the regulation of the Suez Canal commenced its sittings in Paris. Its deliberations lasted for many weeks, but they did not result in any formal act, nor even in any understanding of so complete a character as to serve as the basis for a treaty. The discussion will, therefore, have to be continued by the ordinary means of international negotiation, and a settlement may be indefinitely postponed.

But lest we fall into the too pessimistic vein, which is prevalent nowadays, not unnaturally, in every review of our foreign relations, let us not ignore the good results of the Commission. The most important question with regard to the regulation of the great water-way between East and West remains open. But as to the object at which such regulation should aim, there is complete agreement among the Powers. The Canal, according to those articles of the proposed international agreement which all parties at the late Conference were willing to accept, is to be free at all times, whether in peace or war, to ships of all nations, whether merchantmen or men-of-war. No warlike operations are to be conducted in its waters or on its banks, even if Turkey, the territorial sovereign, is one of the belligerents. No fortifications are to be erected, and no positions occupied, in a military sense, which might menace or command the Canal. The Canal is, as far as international agreement can make it, to remain under all circumstances a common highway, inviolable and sacrosanct, for the shipping of the whole world.

So far, so good. The arrangement is unexceptionable, not only as it affects the Canal itself, but as another step in the direction of internationalizing the great water-ways of the world. But there remains the *crux*: how is the observation of this arrangement to be secured? This is the point on which the Commission were not able to agree. Stripped of technicalities, the point at issue was this: England desired to entrust the execution of any Treaty regulating the Canal to Egypt, supported, in case of need, by Turkey, and, in the last resort, by the contracting Powers, whose representatives in Egypt were to watch over such execution, and inform their respective Governments of any danger threatening the Canal. The other Powers, with the doubtful exception of Italy, wished to establish a permanent Commission of the representatives of the Powers, with a delegate of Turkey as president, which should be authorized to watch over the execution of the treaty by Egypt. It was between these two conflicting views that the Commission vainly tried to discover a *via media*. The difference at first sight seems small, but in reality it is not so. The Permanent International Commission, if established, would in effect reduce the authority of Egypt, as far as the Canal is concerned, to a nullity. This is what the late Government objected to, and what their successors, if true to their principles, must object to even more strongly.

The opportunities of international interference with the government of Egypt, are, as we have already found to our cost, great enough. It is hard to govern that unlucky country as it is, hampered and thwarted at every turn by the intervention of foreign consuls and the power of the international tribunals. No English Government can be willing, as long as it remains exclusively responsible for Egypt, to add to the complications already existing by the creation of one more authority entitled to dictate to Egypt in the name of united Europe.

The point at issue in the debate of the Commission goes to the root of the whole question of the future condition of Egypt. The difference between this country, on the one hand, and the European coalition on the other, is this: England desires to educate Egypt into independence under her own guardianship, whilst the other Powers do not care for, and do not believe in, the independence of Egypt. They regard English guardianship as a mere pretext for the establishment of English rule, and rather than tolerate this, they would place Egypt at once and for ever under the guardianship of all the Powers. The germ of such a system of "multiple control" already exists. The Powers would do everything to develop and complete it. England, in the supposed interests of Egypt, is hostile to such further development. Her ideal for Egypt is neutrality—"all hands off." The aim of the other Powers is, if we may coin a phrase, internationality—"all hands on." There is an immense confusion of thought on this subject. The phrases, a "neutral Egypt" and an "international Egypt," are often supposed to be synonymous. As a matter of fact, they are contradictory. A neutral Egypt would be a state like Belgium or Switzerland, with the complete control of its internal affairs, and protected from foreign interference by the agreement of all its neighbours to abstain from attacking it. An international Egypt would be a country governed, to a greater or less degree, by the representatives of the Powers, and protected against external attack by such forces as the controlling Powers might agree to provide.

Is a neutral Egypt, in the sense here defined, a possibility? Consider the matter in detail, and it at once becomes apparent that the "Oriental Belgium" is a mere dream. Egypt lacks all the conditions which would make neutralization possible. She cannot stand upon her own feet. Suppose, for a moment, that all foreign control of the domestic affairs of Egypt were to cease, that our army were to be withdrawn, and no other foreign force put in its place, what would be the consequence? Instantaneous rebellion and prolonged anarchy. And even if the withdrawal of the occupying forces were to be postponed till we had constructed some kind of native army, there is no possibility of ensuring that that army would remain loyal to the ruler we left behind us. The ultimate result would be the same. Egypt would be thrown into the

crucible to evolve for herself such a government and such institutions as she is capable of, or more probably—and this is another reason which makes the “neutrality of Egypt,” in the sense in which Belgium and Switzerland are neutral, an impossibility—to fall into the hands of invaders from the Soudan. Belgium and Switzerland are surrounded by civilized Powers, who are parties to the agreement to respect their territory. But Egypt is open to invasion from the south by barbarous hordes, whom no treaty can bind, and against whom no native army could be relied upon to protect her. A “neutral Egypt” would mean an Egypt not only doomed to prolonged domestic convulsions, but open to foreign invasion.

There are people, no doubt, who would be willing to face these consequences. “Hell in a ring fence” is their acknowledged ideal. Better leave Egypt to her fate than suffer her to continue the apple of discord in the assembly of nations. Perhaps, as far as the people of Egypt themselves are concerned, such a course would be no worse than any other that is likely to be pursued. But then it is vain to talk as if the people of Egypt were the parties who would be considered. It is only English doctrinaires and philanthropists who care—in their mild Platonic way—for the fellahen. “Egypt for the Egyptians” is a good phrase in this country, though even in this country there are few people who would care to make any sacrifices for such an object. As a matter of fact, Egypt belongs to the Egyptians about as much as a big English estate belongs to the agricultural labourers who till it. The real owners of Egypt are the Europeans, who own its bonds, or who carry on business in the country, and make a profit out of their investments there. A neutral Egypt would imperil their interests, and therefore a neutral Egypt will never be tolerated by Europe.

And not only will the Powers not tolerate a neutral Egypt, but they do not believe in England’s desire for such a result. English professions of an intention to remain in Egypt only so long as may be necessary to establish a native government there, are regarded by them as a mere excuse for remaining indefinitely. And the vague benevolence which animates the majority of Englishmen on this question is incomprehensible to foreigners. Continental statesmen are clearer-headed. They know that a neutral Egypt is an impossibility, and that if England is going to stay on until she can with a good conscience leave Egypt to fend for herself, she will stay for ever. It is for that reason that they try to thwart us at every turn, to tie our hands, to hamper our freedom of action, to rivet more tightly at every opportunity the fetters of international control. If England were to declare herself right out for the annexation of Egypt, they might even now acquiesce—they certainly would have acquiesced two years ago—but only on condition of our paying the price by under-

taking to guarantee the debt. But since she declines to do this, they regard her continued occupation, under whatever pretext it may be clothed, as an attempt virtually to annex Egypt without paying the price. And this they are determined not to suffer.

What, then, is the consequence to England of her persistence in the Quixotic resolution to stay in Egypt till Egypt is able to stand by herself? Simply that on every question connected with Egypt, and incidentally on a number of questions quite unconnected with that country, we have the whole of Europe in league against us. Such a combination was a possible danger in any case. England has long profited by the dissensions of Europe to appropriate to herself all that was worth having in the world outside the European continent. The envy and the dislike which she has thus excited have been gathering force for a long time, and over this question of Egypt our indecision, and our want of clear-sightedness have brought that feeling to a head. And as long as we persist in our impossible policy with regard to Egypt that anti-English coalition is likely to remain in force, whatever Government holds office in this country. And the first consequence of such a coalition is to imperil that very British interest, the protection of which was the reason for our going to Egypt at all—namely, the free passage of the Suez Canal. The immediate cause and pretext of our interference in 1882 was that we had given certain pledges to the ruler of Egypt, which bound us in honour to save him from overthrow. But our real stake in the matter, the reason why we ever embroiled ourselves in the internal affairs of Egypt at all, was our anxiety about the Canal. Ask any Englishman, who admits that we have a special interest in Egypt at all, what it is which makes that country so important to us, and he will tell you that it is "our road to India." The free and unobstructed passage of the Canal is our great and peculiar interest in Egypt. It is the reason why we went to Egypt. Yet our presence in Egypt to-day does more than anything else to hinder the attainment of the object for which we went there.

For what is the latest manifestation of that hostility of Europe to this country, of which we have spoken, and which our continued occupation of Egypt—the attempt, as foreigners regard it, to keep Egypt without paying for it—does so much to maintain? Nothing, more or less, than an insidious attempt to obstruct the free passage of English vessels through the Suez Canal. At the very moment that the International Commission at Paris was laying down the freedom of the canal to all ships at all times as the fundamental principle of its deliberations, the International Sanitary Conference at Rome was adopting, in the teeth of emphatic protests from the representatives of England, the most stringent and vexatious regulations as to quarantine in the

Red Sea. The resolutions of that little regarded, but most important and significant Conference have, luckily for us, no binding force. They must first be agreed upon by the Governments of the States which were represented at the Conference. But the drift and the aim of those resolutions are evident enough. Every ship hailing from infected ports beyond the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb is to be subjected to inspection by an international medical officer in the Red Sea, and, if a single case of cholera is found on board, to be kept for at least five days in quarantine at Suez. To realize the effect of such a regulation, it must be remembered that all the Indian ports are regarded as permanently infected, while half the British ships which pass through the Canal hail from such ports. The English representatives fought hard to obtain free passage for British ships, provided that they held no communication with the shore, but in vain. The unreasoning dread of cholera, which possesses the Mediterranean nations, was reinforced by the political jealousy of the states less directly interested in the sanitary question, and a regulation which, while in the opinion of the most experienced doctors useless as a sanitary measure, is fraught with unlimited possibilities of injury to British commerce, was carried against us by an almost unanimous vote. It is needless to add that the proposal originated with and found its chief advocates in the representatives of France—the country which is most jealous of our predominance in Egypt, while it was warmly seconded by those of Austria and Germany, who are the faithful supporters of France in her efforts to oust us from that predominance. And it is England alone that is seriously affected by the decision; for while four-fifths of the traffic through the canal is carried in English bottoms, it is almost exclusively English vessels that come from the suspected ports. The result is that the free passage of the canal, which has been proclaimed the common right of all nations, is, practically for England alone, menaced with a restriction which detracts enormously from its value.

The effect of the injury with which we are thus threatened may be judged from the attitude of the British shipowners to the quarantine regulations already in existence. So vexatious are they in their nature, that at a meeting of the representatives of the principal Eastern steamship lines, held some six weeks ago, it was resolved so to amend bills of lading, that ships homeward bound might make the passage by the Cape instead of through the Red Sea, whenever quarantine was being enforced at Suez. The greatest saving effected by the short cut between this country and any of the chief Eastern ports of destination is in the journey from England to Bombay, and amounts to some 5,000 miles. In the journey to Colombo, Madras, Calcutta, the saving is considerably less; while between England and Australia the voyage is only shortened about 500 miles by the use of the Canal. Experience

has shown that, in the case of goods carried in large vessels of modern construction, the loss of time by the Cape route is almost compensated for by the saving of the heavy Canal dues, and that the delay of several days at Suez destroys all the remaining advantage from the use of the shorter route.

The shipowners, of course, have the remedy in their own hands, and they would, but for the political element which enters into the question, be masters of the situation. They are the chief customers of the Canal Company. Their power has already manifested itself in wresting from M. de Lesseps concessions in regard to duties, pilotage dues, and a share in the management, far greater than those contained in his abortive agreement with the English Government. The permanent diversion of a considerable amount of British shipping from the Canal to the old Cape route would involve a very heavy loss to the Canal Company. Even its temporary diversion, nay, the mere threat of such diversion, would have a powerful effect on the sensitive financial interests of Paris, and through them on the French Government. It is, indeed, nonsense to talk of the general abandonment of the Canal route by English shipowners. A great number of the vessels which now go that way are not fitted for the longer and rougher passage, and the tide of commerce has for a long time been setting in the direction of Suez. But if only twenty-five per cent. of the British tonnage that now goes by the Canal were to go by the Cape, it would mean a diminution of fifty per cent. in the dividends of the shareholders. And guided as the policy of France is by financial considerations, it would not be long before the losses of the French shareholders made themselves felt in the views of the French Government on the question of quarantine. There is only one circumstance which prevents such influences having their full effect, and that is the animosity excited in French statesmen by English hegemony in Egypt. Remove that, and there would be an end of French anxiety to annoy us by impeding our use of the Canal at the expense of its French proprietors.

So far then it would appear that, if the maintenance of a free and unobstructed passage through the Suez Canal is the object of our occupation of Egypt, the means adopted are peculiarly ill calculated to ensure the end. If by staying in Egypt we could do what we liked with the Canal, it would be a different affair altogether. But the regulation of that water-way is a matter of international agreement in any case, and we adopt very odd means of determining such regulation in our interest when we occupy a position which sets all the Powers against us. But, it may be said, it is not so much for the sake of English commerce that the control of the Suez Canal is a matter of interest to us, as on account of the passage of our men-of-war and transports in case of war. To that the answer is simple. Woe unto us if in the case of a war—for the possession of India

for instance—we rely upon the Canal as the highroad for our troops and munitions of war. No doubt, if during the whole period that a war might last, we could control the navigation of the Canal entirely in our own interests, could deal with it as if it were the Menai Straits or the Solent, and stop all other traffic, whenever our convoys wanted to pass, the Canal might be very useful to us. But then such an idea is absolutely preposterous. It would simply mean that we should put all Europe on the side of whatever enemy we might happen to be engaged with—and that whether we were in occupation of Egypt or not. Such a high-handed violation of the rights of other nations would be hateful and perilous in any case; how much more so when we ourselves were parties, as we shall be, to a treaty declaring that all nations shall have *equal* rights in the Canal? And, even granted that by a high-handed violation of justice and international agreement we were for a time to appropriate the Canal to ourselves, what security should we have against the physical imperfections of this passage? Only the other day a dredger was accidentally sunk in the Canal, and though every effort was made to remove the obstruction, the water-way was absolutely useless for nearly a fortnight. Just suppose—if one can suppose the possession of India depending on ten days' passage more or less—that the reinforcements which were to secure our empire had arrived at Port Said, and it was suddenly announced that another dredger had been sunk in the Canal, and that it would take ten days at least to clear the passage! As Admiral Egerton has wisely said, "Considering the Suez Canal from the point of view of a naval man, I think it clear that England may be drawn into a dangerous position by too great reliance upon it, especially, of course, in the case of a great maritime war, but even in that of war *with one maritime Power*. And if the Canal is an untrustworthy instrument in case of war, is that a fact which is much to be regretted? I think not. If we accept its untrustworthiness as a fact, and make up our minds to invest probably a small percentage of what some of our advisers would have us spend on 'strengthening our position in Egypt' on a well-considered increase of our naval forces, and of such appliances at home and abroad as would enable us best to use them, I think the result would be eminently beneficial to England."

One question in conclusion. If the chief object of our going to Egypt was to ensure the "free and unobstructed passage of the Suez Canal," and if our staying there, under present conditions, does not promote such "free passage" in time of peace, while the Canal route is, under all circumstances, unreliable in time of war, wherein consists the practical utility of the risks, and the expenditure which we continue to incur in order to maintain a predominant position in Egypt? I do not pretend to discuss the difficult question, What steps we ought to take to relieve ourselves

from that position in an honourable manner? The aim of this paper is a much more modest one ; it is simply to induce people to reconsider the reasons by which we have persuaded ourselves that a position of predominance in Egypt is essential to the defence of our interests in the Canal. If once that belief could be recognized to be the delusion which I believe it is, the path of British diplomacy with regard to Egypt would be smoothed. For our aim would then be, not to keep Egypt as much as possible to ourselves, but to place her, as soon as possible, under international guardianship; and with the recognition of that change in our aim, we should at once occupy a new and far more advantageous position in the counsels of Europe, for England would thus become, what she ought to be, the natural leader of the Powers in all questions relating to Egypt, instead of remaining, what she now is, the common bugbear of them all. Has the new government the insight and the courage to adopt this new rôle? It would mean the complete reversal of the policy which the Tories have steadily advocated in Opposition. But that, to judge from their conduct with regard to Ireland, is no insuperable obstacle, and, as far as their declarations since taking office are concerned, the new ministers are still entirely free to adopt a course, which, besides greatly improving our general position in Europe, is that best calculated to secure our one unquestionable interest in the Canal—viz., its unobstructed passage at all times for British merchantmen.

A. MILNER.

THE PLAYS OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Is it not Karl Moor in Schiller's *Robbers*, the first and greatest of poetical bandits, the forerunner of Hernani, the harbinger of Romanticism, who compares the glories of the sunset to a hero's death? "So stirbt ein Held, anbetungswürdig," he says; and the words, which Carlyle had used on the death of Goethe, must have risen to the lips of many as the great light of Victor Hugo's life sank beneath the horizon. It had hung long on the verge, that fiery splendour, watched by half a world, and magnified for all by a mist of time, for some by a mist of tears. At last, when it seemed poised and moveless like the sun over Ajalon, it suddenly rushed beneath the rim, while a multitudinous cry of wonder and awe went up from near and far. Worshipful it was, this strange and splendid spectacle, and he must have been a sullen scorner of the sublimities of the world-theatre who could utterly refuse to uncover and bow the knee.

France has not yet risen from her posture of adoration, and it will be long before she does so. As poet and poet-patriot what services had he not rendered her! The poet-patriot does not here concern us, but the poet, as distinguished from the dramatist, meets us on the threshold of that "Théâtre de Victor Hugo" which it is our present purpose to examine. The first fact to be grasped and retained is that this writer, whatever else he did or failed to do, certainly enriched and rejuvenated the French language. It cannot be said that he found it brick and left it marble; but perhaps it is not too much to say that he found it marble and left it a mosaic of jewels. Upon the dramatic Alexandrine which had for a century been plashing with a lazy cadence like a sleepy fountain under a sullen sky, his genius fell like a rush of wind and a shaft of sunshine, breaking it up into manifold rhythmic movements, and kindling it into a thousand shifting colours. Even we Teutons, whose ears are, for the most part, too gross to catch the subtlest beauties of French versification, can in a measure appreciate the change wrought by Victor Hugo; and what we cannot appreciate we must take on trust. One thing, at least, is clear: he had an unparalleled command of words. When Théophile Gautier said that if he had the misfortune to find a single verse of Hugo's bad, he would not

dare to confess it to himself, alone, in the dark, he was decidedly on questionable ground; but when he proclaimed the wealth of his chief's vocabulary, he was only asserting a demonstrable fact. "Hugo," says Alphonse Daudet, "has invented a language and imposed it on his epoch." He, much more truly than George Eliot, might be called, "*Quel fonte che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.*" On the rushing river of his rhetoric his contemporaries were swept away in a state of delighted bewilderment. Those who abandoned themselves to the spirit of the adventure found a new and unique sensation in whirling and swirling onward at the mercy of this impetuous torrent. Criticism was out of the question. Some refused to yield themselves up, and remained on dry land, reviling the flood as a lawless and formless monstrosity. These, it is clear, did not or would not understand the strange phenomenon with which they were brought face to face. Those, again, who rushed unresisting with the tide, were so absorbed in the sensations of the moment as to be incapable of unclouded perception, to say nothing of impartial discernment. In the very storm and whirlwind of enthusiasm, who shall analyze the forces whereby he is rapt from the solid earth?

This, then, is the Victor Hugo who meets us on the threshold: the conjuror with words, the master of verbal harmonies, the rhetorician and the lyrist; a vast and imposing personality, whose praise or censure must be left to other men and other times. For our part, as he himself would say, we salute the poet and inquire for the dramatist. At that word his singing-ropes fall from him, and he shrinks into much more measurable proportions. No longer a demigod, he becomes a human and quite fallible artificer in plot, character, and situation, whom we mortals of to-day may question as to his theories and appraise as to his practice.

It may be well, in the first place, to recall shortly the chief incidents of the fifteen years of Victor Hugo's career as a playwright militant. The theatrical triumphs of the poet glorified are in every one's memory. The troublous times between 1827 and 1843, on the other hand, are now matters of ancient history, and, though it cannot be said that there is any development to be traced in Hugo's dramatic manner, it is nevertheless advisable to start with a clear conception of the sequence of events.

The French Revolution, which so powerfully stimulated the intellectual life of surrounding nations, at first produced a contrary effect in France itself. Between 1789 and 1815 France had no time for thought, much less for the artistic utterance of thought. Her literary development was arrested. At enmity with her neighbours beyond the Rhine and beyond the Channel, she was in no receptive mood for the new ideas and new forms which had revolutionized the Teutonic world of imagination. Anachronism apart, she may be said to have reversed the millennial process and beaten her pens into bayonets. From Beaumarchais to Victor

Hugo—to put it with something of Hugonian exaggeration—French literature consisted of the *Marseillaise*.

The Restoration threw France open to Europe and Europe to France. The invasion of Wellington and Blücher was the precursor of another invasion, gradual and insidious, but of infinitely wider issues. France now felt in the spiritual sphere the rebound of the very impetus she herself had given. Teutonism rushed in upon her on every hand, slowly at first, then with overpowering rapidity. The movement had already grown to vast proportions when Victor Hugo placed himself at its head, and the Teutonic invasion became the Romantic revolt.

It was in 1827 that the young author of "Odes et Ballades," "Bug Jargal," and "Han d'Islande," published his manifesto of protest against the cold conventions in which the drama was enchained, with a specimen play of the new fashion tagged to it. *Cromwell*, conceived with the idea of providing Talma with a part, had grown, after the actor's death, to quite untheatrical proportions, but it served all the better to emphasize the new departure. A gauntlet, to be thrown with effect, should be heavy enough to fall with something of a clang. Of the play and the preface more hereafter; for the present it is enough to note that Shakespeare, the "sauvage ivre" of Voltaire, has become in the eyes of Victor Hugo "ce dieu du théâtre." Two years and a-half later (25th February, 1830) the battle-ground was transferred to the stage with the production of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français. There had been a preliminary skirmish in the previous year over Dumas' *Henri III.*, which had resulted in a success for the Romanticists; but Dumas had merely insinuated interest of plot (hitherto confined to the theatres of melodrama and vaudeville) into the stronghold of conventional and foreknown intrigue. He had not attempted to disturb the decorous swing of the sacred Alexandrine pendulum; he had not called a spade a spade in verse just as though it were the merest prose; above all, he had not written the preface to *Cromwell*. The author of *Hernani* had committed all these enormities, and long before the curtain rose on the fateful 25th of February, it was known that worse remained behind. Victor Hugo refused the services of the professional claque, but a body of wildly-attired student-enthusiasts encamped themselves in the parterre from an early hour in the afternoon, committing indescribable breaches of decorum and filling the Classicist with disgust, and the burgher with terror. At their head was Théophile Gautier, resplendent "in a red waistcoat and trousers of pearly grey with a stripe of black velvet"; and he was only one of many who afterwards made themselves famous. Victor Hugo has from first to last been fortunate in his claque. What need to tell of the exploits of this long-haired phalanx—how, line by line and night after night, they fought the battle of *Hernani*, until they had gained for the romantic

drama a firm foothold upon the classic stage? The preposterous theories of *Cromwell* seemed to the demoralized Classicists to have become accomplished and deplorable facts; though in reality, perhaps, they were neither so deplorable nor so accomplished as they seemed.

Marion Delorme, written before *Hernani*, but stopped by the Bourbon censorship, was produced at the Porte Saint Martin on the 11th August, 1831, a year after the Revolution of July had removed the prohibition. It, too, attained a stormy success. *Le Roi s'Amuse*, played at the Théâtre Français on the 22nd November, 1832, was, on the other hand, a stormy failure on its first night, and being interdicted on the morrow by the censorship, did not reach a second representation until its solemn revival fifty years later. The next three plays, despite the vindication of verse as a dramatic medium in the preface to *Cromwell*, were written in prose. Two were produced at the Porte Saint Martin, *Lucrece Borgia*, on the 2nd February, 1833, and *Marie Tudor* on the 6th November in the same year. The third, *Angelo*, was played at the Théâtre Français on the 28th April, 1835. All these were in their way successful, in spite of determined opposition. The poet had even to resort to legal measures in order to prevent the Comédie Française from quietly shelving *Hernani* and *Angelo*, in spite of the fact that they drew large houses whenever they were played. An interval of three and a half years ensued, and then, at the new Théâtre de la Renaissance, founded specially as a home for the romantic drama, Victor Hugo produced *Ruy Blas*, not without opposition, yet with unquestionable success. In it, and in his last play, *Les Burgraves*, he returns to verse, even more flexible and sonorous than that of his earlier works. *Les Burgraves*, produced at the Théâtre Français, on the 7th March, 1843, was distinctly unsuccessful, and from that time forward the poet, like Daudet's Delobelle, "renounced the theatre." He was barely forty when his career as a playwright militant came to a close.

These, then, are the works we have to consider—five five-act plays and one "trilogy" in verse, three three-act plays in prose. Nine dramas in all; or eleven if we include *Inez de Castro*, the firstfruits, and *Torquemada*, the aftermath of the poet's dramatic labours.

It is perhaps fortunate (to vary an old metaphor) that few people enter the theatre of Victor Hugo by way of its portico proper, the preface to *Cromwell*; for whatever its intrinsic magnificence, it does not fulfil the promise of that imposing structure. The poet, it is clear, believed himself to be raising the forefront of an illimitable palace of art which other men and other generations would continue to infinity. He did his own part manfully towards carrying out the design, but no one followed him, and the palace of art consists at the present

moment of one vast hall and no more. This is a primary fact to be noted ; Victor Hugo founded no school of dramatic writing. His plays stand isolated. They are not a link in the chain of theatrical history, French or European. They are an end rather than a beginning, the consummation and reduction to absurdity of the drama of the past, rather than the starting-point of the drama of the future. Shakespeare's influence, for good or evil, is at work to this day in the literary drama and on the stage of the whole Teutonic world. Corneille, Molière, and Schiller have stamped their impress upon the drama of generations in their own and other countries. Not so Hugo. Even Mr. Swinburne, who has paid him every other conceivable honour, has omitted in his plays the ultimate homage of imitation. Hugo's general influence as a poet upon French literature has been enormous, his specific influence as a playwright upon the French drama has been infinitesimal. If he had never written plays, French poetry would be greatly the poorer, and the history of Italian opera would be different ; but the modern drama of Europe would, in all probability, be much as it is. Whoever uses the French language as a medium of literary expression, whether in prose or verse, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Hugo's work, and to his plays among the rest ; but what modern dramatist of note, in France or elsewhere, traces his theatrical ancestry to Hugo ? Neither Augier nor Sardou, neither Dumas nor Zola, neither Laube nor Freytag, neither Ibsen nor Björnson ; not even Cossa, though he works a somewhat similar vein. While Hugo went about like a roaring lion seeking what he might destroy in the way of prejudice or convention, dogma or formula, a patient little insect (in point of genius and intellectual calibre the proportion holds to a nicety) was quietly building up the foundations of the new drama. Had Eugène Scribe never lived the whole theatrical history of the past fifty years would have been different. From him, by way of imitation, development, and reaction, the modern drama springs. Had Hugo, on the other hand, held aloof from the theatre, we should simply have been the poorer by nine interesting plays, and several popular operas. Hugo invented a dialect, Scribe elaborated a technique. The dialect was not fitted for the needs of the modern theatre, the technique was.* That is why Hugo's magnificently planned avenue has proved a mere "no thoroughfare," while Scribe's modest little alley has widened into the great highway of the modern drama.

Events, then, have shown that the men who refused to see a new evangel in the preface to *Cromwell* were not altogether of the stupid party. The wonder rather is that an argument based on such questionable history and fantastic criticism should ever

* Even the advanced school, which rejects his technique, is nevertheless vastly indebted to the despised Eugène, just as Tennyson is indebted to Pope, though he works in metres at once simpler and subtler than the heroic couplet.

have passed for sound theory. Poetry, we are told, has three ages, each of which corresponds to an epoch of society. Primitive times are lyric, ancient times epic, modern times dramatic. The ode sings eternity, the epic solemnizes history, the drama paints life. The characteristic of the first is *naïveté* of the second simplicity, of the third truth. The persons of the ode are colossi, Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the epic are giants, Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the drama are men, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The ode lives on the ideal, the epic on the grandiose, the drama on the real. These three streams of poetry flow from three great sources, the Bible, Homer, Shakespeare. The poetry born of Christianity, the poetry of our times, is the drama; the characteristic of the drama is the real, the real results from the natural combination of two types, the sublime and the grotesque, which entwine with each other in the drama, as in life and creation. For true poetry, complete poetry, lies in the harmony of contraries. What the poet must choose is not the *beautiful* but the *characteristic*. He must steep his work in local and historical colour. At the same time he must avoid the *common*, against which verse is a powerful preservative. The idea, plunged in verse, at once becomes more incisive and more brilliant. It is iron turned into steel.

These, in the poet's own words, are the dogmas of his dramatic creed—and what dogmas! The whole literary history of the world arranged in an arbitrary pattern, so that *Cromwell* may fit into and complete it! With his national love of order and symmetry, with his individual carefulness of epigram and carelessness of fact, he systematizes all poetical effort in one preposterous scheme, and then jumps to conclusions quite independent of his premises, though in most cases equally preposterous. The real results from the combination of the sublime and the grotesque! As well say that the diamond results from the combination of any two of its facets. The characteristic of the drama is truth! Such a sentence, in the preface to such a play as *Cromwell*, must be read in the light of this other sentence: "The Greek Eumenides are much less horrible, *and consequently much less true*, than the witches in *Macbeth*." The man who can draw such an inference clearly attaches some private interpretation to the term "true." Truth, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not predicable of gorgons and chimæras. If he had said "much less horrible and consequently much less equilateral," the remark would have been just as instructive. It is scarcely surprising to find the "truth" of this dramatist a myth and his "reality" a chimæra. As we review the preface in the light of the play and its successors, we are inclined to cry, with Ibsen's Julian the Apostate, "The old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true."

M. Zola has admirably stated the upshot of this historic preface.

"Victor Hugo," he says, "had an intuition of the vast naturalist movement. He felt perfectly that the classical school had had its day, with its abstract man studied outside of nature and treated as a philosophical puppet and as a subject for rhetoric. He was conscious of the necessity of replacing man in nature, and painting him as he is, by observation and analysis. . . . But Victor Hugo brought to the task the temperament of a lyric poet, not that of an observer, a man of science. From the very outset, accordingly, he narrowed his field. Instead of emphasizing the difference between two methods, the dogmatic and the scientific, he merely marked the divergence of two literary forms, drama and tragedy."

He fought the battle, not of observation against fantasy, but of unbridled against bridled imagination. He sought for effect, and called it truth.

Let us now look at the play which is introduced, as in the Elizabethan theatre, with such a fanfaronade. *Cromwell*, at a rough calculation, is about the same length as three parts of *Wallenstein*. On such a canvas it should have been possible for Victor Hugo, as it was for Schiller, to paint a living picture of even the most complex historical period; and this, indeed, is what he set himself to do, parading in his notes the authorities he had consulted, among them rare pamphlets and unpublished documents. What is the result? In the first act we find two choruses of Cavaliers and of Roundheads plotting the destruction of the Lord Protector. The latter intend simply to assassinate him; the plot of the former is more complicated and of a rare ineptitude. Lord Rochester (the author has rolled two Rochesters into one), having proved himself a fop and featherbrain almost to the point of insanity, is chosen as a fit and proper person to disguise himself as an Independent preacher, to approach Cromwell with an introduction from Milton, obtain the post of chaplain, and then drug his evening posset, so that the other conspirators may kidnap him at their ease. All this is to be effected in less than twenty-four hours; and in his intervals of leisure Rochester proposes to seduce Lady Francis (*sic*), Cromwell's youngest daughter. The second and third acts are mainly occupied with a series of scenes, now farcical, now melodramatic, growing out of this hopeful intrigue. Here is a passage in which Cromwell soliloquises unconscious of the presence of Rochester, who, on the other hand, does not recognise the Protector, and mistakes him for a Royalist:—

Cromwell— Ouvrons cette fenêtre.

(*Il s'approche de la croisée de Charles Ier.*)

L'air libre, le soleil chasseront mon ennui.

Rochester—Il ne se gêne pas ! on le dirait chez lui.

(*Cromwell cherche à ouvrir la croisée ; elle résiste.*)

Cromwell—On l'ouvre rarement,—La serrure est rouillée.

(*Reculant tout à coup d'un air d'horreur.*)

C'est du sang de Stuart la fenêtre souillée !

Qui, c'est de là qu'il prit son essor vers les cieux !—

(*Il revient pensif sur le devant du théâtre.*)

Si j'étais roi, peut-être elle s'ouvrirait mieux !

Rochester—Pas dégoûté !

Cromwell— S'il faut que tout crime s'expie,
Tremble, Cromwell !— Ce fut un attentat impie.
Jamais plus noble front n'orna le dais royal ;
Charles Premier fut juste et bon.

Rochester— Sujet loyal !

This, as Mr. Swinburne says, is certainly not "the faultless monster of Carlyle's creation," but it is simply the Cromwell of pre-Carlylean popular imagination, and a very little study even of the authorities available in 1827 should have shown Victor Hugo its ridiculous falsity. Rochester, it is needless to say, is discovered by Cromwell on his knees before Lady Francis, who has the presence of mind to pretend that "Messire Obededom," as he calls himself, is begging her to plead his cause with her duenna, Dame Guggligoy (!).

Cromwell (au chef des mousquetaires)—
Dis à Cham Biblechan, l'un des voyants d' Écosse,
Qu'il marie à l'instant, sur le livre de foi,
Messire Obededom et dame Guggligoy !

So said so done, in spite of Rochester's protestations ; and it is in this interlude of outrageous and vulgar farce that Mr. Swinburne finds "Molière already equalled . . . by the young conqueror whose rule was equal and imperial over every realm of song !"

The fourth act is a passage of strong melodrama, in which Cromwell, disguised as a sentinel, foils and entraps the Cavalier conspirators who have come to carry him off ; as in the fifth act, the coronation scene, he turns the tables upon the Puritan assassins. Both these passages, but especially the act at the Whitehall postern, with its ambuscades within ambuscades and its final transformation scene, seem to cry aloud for operatic treatment. In point of local colour and historical truth they are about on the level of Italian opera. A few examples will suffice. Throughout the fourth act Cromwell's four fools (and such fools) are concealed spectators of all that passes. Their names are Trick, Giraff, Gramadoch, and Elespuru ; and that they may seem the more unmistakably English, we are directed to pronounce the name of the last "Elespourou." This is local colour laid on with a trowel. In the fifth act we have the following perversion of the legendary "bauble" incident. The scene is Westminster Hall, which has been arranged for Cromwell's coronation. At the last moment, however, he changes his mind, and seeing on the steps of the throne the sceptre provided for the occasion, he cries "d'une voix éclatante," :

Quoi donc ? un sceptre ! Otez de là cette marotte.
(*Se tournant vers Trick*),
Pour toi, mon fou !

Here is the last speech of Carr, the irreconcilable Fifth-Monarchy Man, who, finding Cromwell triumphant, insists on returning to the Tower :—

“ En mon cachot, peut-être,
 Je suis le seul Anglais dont tu ne sois pas maître,
 Oui, le seul libre ! Là, je te maudis, Cromwell ;
 Là, tous deux je nous offre en holocauste au ciel.
 Ma prison ! à l'enfreindre enfin tu me condamnes ;
 Ma prison ! Et s'il faut citer des lois profanes
 Et des textes mondains à vos cœurs corrompus,
 J'y retourne, en vertu de l' *habeas corpus*.”

This is delicious enough ; but the reply of Cromwell is more exquisite still :—

A votre aise !—Il invoque un bill que rien n'abroge.

Truly it is but a step from the England of “Cromwell” to the England of “L'Homme qui rit,” the fatherland of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, of Gumdraith and Hell-kerters.

What has become of the great and faithful historical picture to which such a huge canvas was so solemnly devoted ? We have an intrigue of melodrama entwined with an intrigue of opera-bouffe—by combining the sublime and the grotesque do we not produce the real ?—and we have a motley crew of Roundheads and Cavaliers, gallicized from the models provided by Scott. Certainly there is a movement, a vigour, a variety, a sonorousness, an incisiveness, a “facile force of dialogue and splendid eloquence of style” hitherto unknown in the French drama. One does not wonder that the Young France of 1827 should have gone into a passion of delight and hailed the master of this “mighty line” as the Messiah of French poetry, and even of the French drama. But when we read in the preface “Le drame peint la vie,” and again “Le caractère du drame est la vérité” (historical as well as typical), we cannot but ask ourselves what truth, whether of history or of human nature, is to be learned in these four hundred and fifty pages of rhetoric ? “Any dullard,” says Mr. Swinburne, “can point the finger at a slip here and there in the history” ; true, for a *sors Hugoniana*, a random opening of the book, could scarcely fail to show some absurdity. It would be a much more difficult task to point the finger at a single touch of luminous characterization or historical truth.

It is a relief to pass from imaginary history to romantic imagination, pure and simple. To my mind *Hernani* stands easily first among Victor Hugo's dramas. It is his typical play, the most imposingly grandiose melodrama ever written. Mr. Swinburne places *Marion de Lorme*, *Le Roi s'Amuse*, and *Ruy Blas*, in “triune supremacy at the head of Victor Hugo's plays,” and many critics, I know, agree with him in giving *Hernani* an inferior place. Each of its rivals has certainly some advantage of detail. *Marion de Lorme*, is perhaps the most human and rational of Hugo's plays, but a sublime unreason is what we seek as the characteristic note of his manner. The undeniable power of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, merges into sheer repulsiveness, which is absent from *Hernani*. As for *Ruy Blas*, though Don César

imports into it a grateful strain of fantastic comedy, the character of its hero seems to me a radical weakness. If not in reality a more impossible personage than *Hernani*, he is at least more currish and contemptible. In which of these plays, again, are there any scenes of magniloquence and magnificence comparable to the third and fourth acts of *Hernani*? In which is the action so crisp, so rapid, so irresistible? It passes from suspense to surprise, from surprise to suspense, without an instant's pause. The tables are always being turned upon some one, and is not that the central secret of melodrama?

The scene is Spain, the hot-bed of romance; the characters, a king in disguise, a Castilian hidalgo, an Arragonian bandit. The king, hidden in a cupboard, overhears and then interrupts a love-scene between the bandit and the betrothed wife of the hidalgo: situation First. Just as the rivals are crossing swords, the hidalgo thunders at the locked doors and enters: situation Second. He makes a noble speech, concluding thus:—

Don Ruy Gomez (à ses valets).—

Écuyers ! écuyers ! à mon aide !
Ma hache, mon poignard, ma dague de Tolède !
(*Aux deux jeunes gens*).
Et suivez moi, tous deux !

Don Carlos (faisant un pas). Duc ce n'est pas d'abord
De cela qu'il s'agit. Il s'agit de la mort
De Maximilien, empereur d'Allemagne.

(*Il jette son manteau, et découvre son visage caché par son chapeau*).

Don Ruy Gomez.—Raillez-vous ? Dieu ! le Roi !

Doña Sol.

Le Roi !

Hernani (dont les yeux s'allument). Le Roi d'Espagne !

Situation Third—and what a situation ! What attitudes for all concerned ! The king, drawing himself up, with a superb gesture ; Ruy Gomez passing from rage to astonishment, and then bending before his liege lord ; Doña Sol shrinking back in surprise and dread ; and Hernani couched, as it were, for a spring, his eyes blazing forth in sudden hate from the gloomy background of the Gothic chamber ! The whole theatrical art of Victor Hugo is summed up in these four attitudes. In the second act we have Hernani's sudden apparition as Don Carlos is on the point of carrying off Doña Sol, and the magnificent pose of Don Carlos, when, in opposition to Hernani's drawn sword, he simply folds his arms with the words—

“ Je suis votre seigneur le Roi.
Frappez, mais pas de duel Assassinez-moi ! Faites ! ”

The third act brings with it the famous picture-scene, a passage which stirs the blood like a trumpet blast. In semi-barbarous manners there is nothing so sympathetic and touching to the modern mind as the fanaticism of hospitality ; and the action of old Ruy Gomez in calling up the great spirits of his ancestors to

defend the guest who is his mortal foe, rises, surely, to the very summit of that sublime unreason in which lies Victor Hugo's force. As for the fourth act was ever action more grandiose, speech more grandiloquent? It is the work of a melodramatic Michael Angelo. One ceases to wonder that the puissant imagination which conceived the monologue of Charles V. should be careless of fact, or should take its own inspirations for the highest order of fact. What, again, can be more impressive than the appearance of Charles V. to the awe-struck conspirators, issuing from the tomb of Charlemagne just as the three cannons are heard which announce his election to the Empire? And for sheer bravura, for splendour of sound and magnificence of pose, what can equal Hernani's revelation of his name and dignities?

Don Carlos (au duc d'Alcala).—

Ne prenez que ce qui peut être duc ou comte
Le reste !

Doña Sol.

Il est sauvé !

Hernani (sortant du groupe des conjurés).—

Je prétend qu'on me compte !

(A Don Carlos).—

Puisqu'il s'agit de hache ici, que Hernani,
Pâtre obscure, sous tes pieds passerait impuni,
Puisque son front n'est plus au niveau de ton glaive,
Puisqu'il faut être grand pour mourir, je me lève.
Dieu qui donne le sceptre et qui te le donna
M'a fait duc de Segorbe, et duc de Cardona,
Marquis de Monroy, comte Albatera, vicomte
De Gor, seigneur de lieux dont j'ignore le compte.
Je suis Jean d'Aragon, grand maître d'Avis, né
Dans l'exil, fils proscrit d'un père assassiné
Par sentence du tien, roi Carlos de Castille !
Le meurtre est entre nous affaire de famille.

(Il met son chapeau—Aux autres conjurés).—

Couvrons-nous, grands d'Espagne !

(Tous les Espagnols se couvrent—à Don Carlos).—

Oui, nos têtes, ô roi !

Ont le droit de tomber couvertes devant toi !

(Aux prisonniers).—

Silva ! Haro ! Lara ! gens de titre et de race,
Place à Jean d'Aragon ! ducs et comtes ! ma place !

(Aux courtisans et aux gardes)

Je suis Jean d'Aragon, roi, bourreaux et valets !
Et si vos échafauds sont petits, changez-les !

What sound ! What fury ! What an ineffable strut and pose ! Until the last remnant of transpontinism is purged from human nature, there will always be a fibre to thrill at such rolling rodomontade as this !

Of the lyric intensity, the subtle sensuousness, the sombre horror of the last act, it is impossible to say too much. Only when the curtain falls have we time to remember that the plot is a tissue of absurdities, that our moral sense has been entirely in abeyance, that Hernani, Doña Sol, and Ruy Gomez are not

characters, but masks, who "traversent la pièce dans la même attitude farouche et tendre," and, in short, that we have been assisting at a puppet-show of heroic gesticulation and high-flown sentimentality, set off by incomparably gorgeous declamatory verse.

Many people place *Marion de Lorme* at the head of Hugo's plays, and I can understand, though I cannot share, the preference. It is the most possible, the least extravagant, and contains touches of genuine humanity; but without arriving at anything like truth of observation or profundity of analysis it misses the fine theatrical effectiveness of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas*. Saverny is one of the first instances of a type which has since become common in melodrama, opera, and fiction of the school of "Ouida"—the insouciant aristocrat, half Sybarite, half Spartan, who gains indulgence for his vices by his gaiety and courage. Didier is a foundling *Hernani*, sombre, lugubrious, intensely self-conscious, and inclined to be tedious. The treatment of Marion's own character is an excellent example of the way in which Victor Hugo moulds everything into melodrama. Dumas fils would have made of the whole theme a realistic social study tinged with his peculiar ethics; Shakespeare would have found in the central incident of the last act a problem for analysis, a variation of the motive of *Measure for Measure*. Hugo finds in Marion a mere vehicle for pathetic speeches. He leaves her character vague, indeterminate. We feel neither sympathy nor antipathy for her, we do not know her. We are not even asked to take up any attitude towards her, whether of praise or blame. As a woman who suffers, we cannot refuse her a certain measure of pity. That is all the poet requires, for it is precisely in these simple emotions, not irrational but unreasoned, that the melodramatist finds his account.

Le Roi s'Amuse is a nightmare of a play in which the changes are rung upon cynicism, lust, and cruelty, until exhausted nature cries "Hold! too much!" In *Triboulet* we have an instance of that "system of predetermined paradox, of embodied antithesis" (to use Mr. Myers' phrase) which has vitiated so much of Victor Hugo's work. He has told us how he determined to take the vilest of beings, a physical monstrosity placed in the most despicable of situations, and then to give him a soul, and place in that soul "the purest sentiment known to man, the paternal sentiment." "What will happen?" he continues. "This sublime sentiment . . . will transform before our eyes this degraded creature; the small will become great, the deformed will become beautiful." It is not thus that living character is created; it is not even thus that great effects are produced. Amid the deformities and enormities of *Le Roi s'Amuse* a moral chaos seems to have come again. Our sympathies have no point of rest, and on the other hand we do not feel that this panorama

of horrors is giving us a true insight into the dark places of the human soul. As a satire upon royalty it is scathing; as a play it is simply painful without being luminous.

The three prose plays which follow in order of time bring us face to face with the melodramatist minus the poet, and allow us to estimate with less likelihood of error his mere theatrical technique. It is certainly not small. Both in the invention and in the conduct of his plots—but especially in the latter—he deserves to rank as a master. As regards invention he has the facility and fertility which belong to the Latin races. With his machinery, indeed, of dagger, poison, and sleeping-draught, masks, secret-doors, mysterious keys, scaffolds, vaults, dungeons, and, in short, the whole apparatus of mediæval melodrama, it is not difficult to invent more or less startling combinations. The difficulty is to tell the story clearly, interestingly, theatrically, making the improbable seem for the moment probable, the impossible possible. In this art Hugo, when at his best, is a master. His expositions are often admirable. He does not bring on “two gentlemen” to confide to each other the events of the past ten years, the state of parties, and the position of home and foreign politics. Three minutes after the rise of the curtain we are in the thick of the action, or if not of the action at least of the interest. In *Hernani* there is no exposition at all, in *Ruy Blas* very little. *Lucrece Borgia* and *Angelo* open with mere conversations, but in each we see the drama germinating, as it were, shooting, flourishing, spreading abroad its fatal fronds and feelers before our very eyes.

Inspired by the name of Lucrezia Borgia, the legendary muse of melodrama, Victor Hugo has connected with it his masterpiece of melodrama pure, simple, and undisguised. Not far behind it comes *Angelo*, in which the end of the first act is unsurpassed as an example of the art of exciting curiosity. *Marie Tudor*, on the other hand, is quite the weakest of Hugo's dramas. Its opening is slow, and its intrigue impossibly involved, though a few scenes, and particularly that between Fabiani and the mysterious Jew in the first act, are of the best melodramatic quality.

Ruy Blas and *Hernani*, alone of Hugo's plays, can be said really to hold the stage, and one cannot wonder that it should be so. Don César and Don Salluste, “comedy and drama,” as the poet calls them, are figures of rich fantastic humour, and terrible, blood-curdling imagination. It is not so easy to recognise “tragedy” in *Ruy Blas* himself. He is full of the sublime unreason which we have recognized as the poet's most telling quality, but in his case the sublime sometimes trenches upon the ridiculous. He is a lackey not only in station but in soul; indeed, a lackey in soul more than in station, for he has only once worn the livery, whereas he habitually grovels before rank, wealth, and arrogance. Hear his confession to Don César:—

Impossible, and if possible not very profitable; for it is not the province of the stage to run a race with the imagination in realizing unreality. How unreal is the whole conception of *Les Burgraves* it needs no minute study of history to show. A glance at the poet's preface is sufficient. Scientific philosophies of history are often unconvincing enough, but this mystic philosophy of history is the very negation of science. Every personage is an abstraction, almost a symbol, and some are two or three abstractions woven together. The "mysterious powers" which govern the whole drama are "fatality, which desires to punish" (embodied in the slave Guanhumara), and "providence, which desires to pardon" (represented by the resuscitated Frederic Barbarossa). In no rational system of ethics is the task of punishment assigned to "fatality," or the mission of pardon to "providence"; but, rational or irrational, such spiritualism has no place on the serious stage. Victor Hugo reversed the due order of things. Instead of making his drama as true as might be, and leaving its ethical issues to look after themselves, he constructed a fantastic ethical design, and made his drama fit into it.

In the course of this study the word "melodrama" has frequently occurred, and yet I have never defined its meaning. Let me now repair this omission. Melodrama is illogical and sometimes irrational tragedy. It subordinates character to situation, consistency to impressiveness. It aims at startling, not at convincing, and is little concerned with causes so long as it attains effects. Developments of character are beyond its province, its personages being all ready-made, and subject at most to revolutions of feeling. Necessity and law it replaces by coincidence and fatality, exactitude by exaggeration, subtlety by emphasis. These I conceive to be the chief characteristics of melodrama; and, diction apart, are they not also the chief characteristics of the plays of Victor Hugo?

The preface to *Marion de Lorme* concludes with this sentence: "Pourquoi maintenant ne viendrait-il pas un poète qui serait à Shakespeare ce que Napoléon est à Charlemagne?" We may accept the suggested proportion—as Napoleon to Charlemagne, so is Victor Hugo to Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

LITTLE VAUXHALL.

BY FREDERICK GALE.

THE above title was given to the abode of a very distinguished literary man, who died suddenly on June 20th of this year. Few names were better known than that of William Sandys Wright Vaux in archæology, and probably there is not a librarian in any quarter of the globe to whom his name was not a household word. He was a son of Canon Vaux, one of the dignitaries of Winchester Cathedral, and was born at Romsey, Hants, of which his father was rector, in 1818, and consequently was sixty-six years old at the time of his death. He was educated at Westminster School, for which, during his lifetime, he had that sacred love which is so common amongst old public school men. After leaving Westminster he went to Oxford, and took his degree as a Baliol man in 1840.

He was appointed by a friend of his father's to the British Museum in 1841, in the department of antiquities, and became known to, and trusted by, Henry Austen Layard, the world-known explorer of, and writer on, Nineveh; and also to most of the celebrated antiquarians who frequented the Museum. In 1861 he was named for the keepership of the coins and medals. He published, amongst other things, an historical account of Nineveh and Persepolis; historical account of ancient coins of ancient Assyria and Persia; handbook to Antiquities of British Museum; edited "World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," for the Hakluyt Society; edited and deciphered for trustees of the British Museum a collection of ninety Phœnician inscriptions, recently found at Carthage; published many papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was secretary for thirty years; was also secretary to the Asiatic Society from January 1876 till his death; and was correspondent of innumerable scientific societies and publications. He prepared the great catalogue of coins for the Bodleian Library at Oxford, at which city he spent a fortnight every autumn; any further particulars of him can be gleaned from a description of him in "Men of the Time."

So much for the late Mr. Vaux's public career; it is with another phase of his life with which we wish to deal, and to lift the curtain of "Little Vauxhall" in his bachelor days, when he was

somewhat over thirty years of age. "Little Vauxhall," as No. 13, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn, was called, was a large rambling house at one corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the whole of which he and his friends occupied. It stands back in a small courtyard; and this was his castle. "Old Vaux," as he was always called, was entirely above all the luxuries and effeminacies of life. His principal room was a large drawing-room, formerly probably the state apartment of some judge or great dignitary, who lived there in splendour when George III. was king. All sides of the room, from floor to ceiling, presented a wall of books; quaint old chairs of various patterns were scattered about; the carpet once had been new; a piano stood anywhere; and there was as large a collection of pipes, tobacco jars, and odds and ends of all kinds, as could be seen in any private house in London. It was supposed that no one, except the housekeeper, knew how many rooms there were in the house, or where they were, or what was in them. Old Vaux's bedroom was a specimen of Spartan simplicity as regards absence of luxury, and those who were admitted to witness his toilet would see him with nothing on but a night shirt, shaving himself with cold water in the dead of winter, with the window wide open, and the snow beating into the room over his legs.

No one ever exactly knew how many people were in the house, as friends from all parts dropped in, some fresh from the Antipodes, some from the North Pole perhaps, or from Central Africa, or, in fact, from any quarter of the world. There seemed to be good accommodation for any number of guests. Some came for a month or two, and took rooms of the housekeeper during the season; and there were generally three or four who had a kind of irregular partnership in the housekeeping, and it mattered not who was at home, if any friend of the proprietor called he would find a perfect stranger to himself at breakfast at twelve o'clock or later, who would say, without asking for the visitor's name, "Old Vaux is out; will you sit down and smoke a pipe? or have some breakfast? or what?" When any one became an inmate on the co-operation system, and took a room for three or four months, all his friends and his friends' friends became Vaux's friends, and the original proprietor was like a man who was content with a dog of his own, and constantly received strangers within his gates who brought a pack of hounds on a visit. It mattered not to him if every one was happy, for, though not a spendthrift in any way, the only value of money to him was exactly what it would do in contributing to the amusement and happiness of all around him.

Old Vaux was always an early bird, and was off to his work at the British Museum in the antiquarian department, though he was an earnest student in many other branches outside his own particular sphere; and possibly it was very seldom that any one met many men superior to him in general knowledge. I first knew the subject of this sketch about the exhibition year of 1851, which

was a memorable era to him, as no one was more delighted than he was in showing strangers about or entertaining them at home.

A word is due about our old friend himself. Picture to yourselves a stout, broad-shouldered man, with a frank, open face, and ruddy colour; a shock head of hair, and roughish whiskers (before the days of beards); a very intelligent look and quick eye; utterly regardless of fashion in dress, who strode along with long steps, and treading heavily down at each movement. No one could mistake him for a moment for anything but a gentleman and a man of note, as there was a heartiness in his manner confirmed by a close grasp of the hand, which left an immediate impression of sterling honesty and candour. There never was a man who more thoroughly appreciated the simple enjoyment of life. There were many traits in his character which savoured very much of Thackeray's immortal "Stunning Warrington."

No subject seemed to puzzle him. He was quite at home in antiquarian questions or classical subjects; the glories of Westminster or of the old Leander crew; of the past warriors in town and gown at Oxford in his days; of the leading men in politics, or art, or law; or the heroes of the cricket ground or prize ring.

He delighted in going with a friend to the old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street or the Cheshire Cheese on beef-steak-pudding night, and enjoying a long chat over his dinner; or with ladies to some museum, St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or the Temple Church. He was perfectly at home at soirées of the literate, or in the drawing-rooms of the most eminent literary and scientific members of the upper ten, and although never obtrusively forcing in his opinion, it had much weight when asked for and given. But the place of all others in which he shone was at his own Saturday-night re-unions. He might almost be said to have been the pioneer of "smoking concerts," as they now are called. The fortunate holder of an invitation card, who knew him well, was free for the season, and always welcome.

The card itself was a curiosity, and was designed and drawn by Mr. Walter Severn, of the Council Office, a well-known amateur artist, who lived with him for a while. It was drawn *à la* "Mr. Pips his diary" in *Punch*, with a very broad border representing Nineveh Bulls and all the "monstrosities," as laymen call them, of the antiquities at the British Museum; and in the centre was the scene of the smoking concert, with the musicians in the foreground at full blast, many of the sketches being from the life. A representation of this card, and also of a card for "Mr. Vaux at home," for ladies' evenings, both reduced as regards size, has been made in woodcuts from the original; but of course it would require a fine steel-plate engraving to reproduce the delicate lines of the drawings in fac-simile, but the so doing would have delayed this notice of Mr. Vaux for some time.

ten o'clock till
 were simple
 his house-
 with large tea-
 y; on a side
 as inex-
 whisky, and
 tobacco.

dress coats,
 ver, "tearing
 Vaux's after
 could be seen
 ant, barristers,
 sons (before
 sailors from

no class was
 in the least,
 and easily

of art which
 piano was the
 singing, both
 of love for
 me; and young
 advertisement, as
 might patronise
 of home.

pianoforte
 from the Rocky
 after many a
 in the Rocky

Mountains were little known), making the glasses tremble with his grand bass voice in some tremendous German song; or his brother Wray Palliser, the sailor, just returned from hunting out the Chinese pirates and destroying their junks, singing some French patter song with admirable humour; the late Joseph Severn, the artist, the friend and companion of Keats (who was for many years afterwards consul at Rome), to whom Italian and English were equally familiar, running his fingers over the keys, and singing snatches of Italian or Neapolitan airs which he had heard in the vineyards of Italy or in the Bay of Naples, which had never been set to music, or running on into the "Bird Catcher's Song" (his favourite) from the *Flauto Magico*.

Then would come a beautiful madrigal by some of the wandering minstrels, without the piano, and, amidst the cloud of smoke, you could in imagination see the sun shining and hear the river babbling, and listen to the chirruping of the birds.

Dr. Lavies, the polyglot singer, was a constant attendant, who could sing and act in any language almost; also an old musical professor, who had come out for a holiday and was "unbending," and representing on the piano the man with a wooden leg, who interrupted the air which the musician was playing, stumping up stairs, evidently a little "three sheets in the wind," and staggering and stumbling about, knocking very drunken knocks at the door, the springing of the policeman's rattle, and a violent tumbling about on the steps, interspersed with the original air. It was very amusing to go round with the host, and to listen to the various topics about which he talked to his numerous friends as he exchanged salutations with them one at a time; and scraps of conversation such as this would be heard,

"Not knocked out of time yet, major?" (to a swarthy, handsome soldier).

"No, old boy, I was not wounded seriously enough to come home, but insomnia set in to such an extent, that the doctor said I *must* 'go off' my nob.' It was not the constant row of the bombardment or shot and shell that we minded, but it was the constant 'ping,' 'ping,' 'ping' of the bullets all night in the trenches, which was as bad as a swarm of mosquitoes in the room; the fact was I was 'played out,' and out of health generally, and ought to have been invalided before; but I fought against it after a fever I had, which was at the bottom of the mischief; but the voyage has set me up, and I hope to be back in a week or two, and go with the old regiment into Sevastopol."

"Ah, Sir George, I am sorry I could not answer your question as fully as I wished about that Assyrian inscription, but if you come mid-day on Monday, Layard will be with me, and I shall be happy to introduce you to him."

"Holloa, Vaux old boy," exclaims a guardsman who worships at 'Jem Burns,' and at the same time is not half a bad artist

and musician also, besides his knowledge of the noble art of self-defence ; "you ought to have been with me last Tuesday ; the fight came off at Woking, Sayers could not get at Nat Langham who was too much for him, so Tom *has* lost his first battle. It was a beautiful day, and we got up a good purse for the losing man."

"Pat," asks the host of a merry Irish patriot who has just arrived, and under threats of government prosecution, "are you going to be hung, transported for life, or will you succeed in making an independent country of Ireland, with its own sovereign ? and who is to be king ? yourself ?"

"Why not ? My ancestors were kings in Ireland, and I'll trouble you for a glass of punch which will remind me of our pristine greatness."

"And do you mean to tax them well, Pat ?"

"Of course, I shall, and take the first quarter's taxes myself for my trouble in making the blackguards respectable ; and divide the next quarter's amongst my friends, as your government do here ; and as to being hung, if I am hung, what then ? I shall die a patriot before the crowd, with the prayers of all the boys who are there in my sails, and not be howled at by the blackguards in the crowd as they do at the Old Bailey, with a lot of thieves picking pockets under the gallows."

"Ah ! Herr Deichmann, I hope you have brought your violin ; let me introduce you to Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, the king of bass viol players, and commander-in-chief of the wandering minstrels ; you will be delighted with each other."

"Call this a climate !" observes Captain Burton, one of the greatest travellers in the world, who has come from the West coast of Africa ; "why, the fog to-day was like Acheron ; and though there is a trifle of fever on the Gold Coast, you do see the light of Heaven. I wish I was back there again."

"Vaux, old boy," breaks in a cricketer, "I wish you had seen George Parrat Lord's to-day ; he was hitting Wisden's and Sherman's bowling all over the ground. I thought of you, for it was a very grand sight. Harvey Fellows and Sir Frederick Bathurst were no good to him, and he did just as he pleased."

The cheery voice of Frank Buckland, the mighty naturalist, is heard. "What, not eat mice and snails and hedgehogs, and toadstools ? all nonsense, my dear fellow, all good human food properly used. I say, Vaux, where's the 'bakky, I am dying for a pipe."

"Now, Frank, honour bright, have you any snakes about you ? let me search your pockets."

"No, I really have not, they are all safe at the Life Guards' Barracks, and the vipers are in charge of a corporal, who is as *fond* of them as I am."

"All hail, Charlton the Great" (calling him by his Christian name), is the greeting of the host to a fine handsome, fair young Englishman, who stands six feet in his stockings, the beau ideal

of vigour and pluck. "Here is a specimen of an 'old Westminster,' boys—in the Oxford Eleven, his County Eleven, and in the Gentlemen of England's Eleven, and in the Oxford boat, and well on for honours. So cheer for the old school."

Of course old Westminsters abound. The founder of "The Colquhoun Sculls" at Cambridge, named after himself (the present Sir Patrick de Colquhoun), fresh from a row in the Leander boat, and the Rev. Cyril Page, one of the finest skaters in the world, and many others.

"And bedad, sir, it is no joke," explains a great African explorer to Old Vaux, "arriving at the dinner-hour, and to find a lot of savages at their meals who seem in two minds, whether they will ask you to sit down to pot luck, or cook and eat you. Thank heavens! I am wiry and tough, and lean and bad meat for Christian or savage; so they gave me some food, and, as things turned out, I was fairly treated by them."

"If it was not for the Stuarts and the *esteemable* lady you have on the throne," breaks out a canny Scot, "you would never be a country now at all."

"Hoot-toot, man," cuts in a tremendously advanced liberal; "Oliver Cromwell was worth all the kings and queens of England who ever lived."

"Now, you two fellows, be quiet," interrupts the host, good-humouredly; "we cannot discuss politics here, unless you like to take off your coats, and have a go in, and we shall be happy to see it done. Why, here is the Count, who is a red republican," shaking hands with a new arrival, whose hair is cut like a clothes-brush; "who is for the commune? Ain't you, Count?"

"Ah! my dear friend, Meister Faux, never mind the commune; I have a coin in my pocket for you to see, and I will show it to you;" and the two numismasts turn into a quiet corner, and are perfectly lost in admiration at something which looks like a bad halfpenny, and chatter together till the music begins, midst volumes of smoke, which each antiquarian puffs out in clouds in honour of the ugly old coin.

Herr Deichmann, accompanied by some eminent pianist thoroughly knowing the taste of an English audience, plays the "Last Rose of Summer" with variations, in the most exquisite manner. The deadest silence, which, like the Egyptian darkness, can almost be felt, prevails, and is only interrupted at the close of the performance by a regular storm of applause; and the ice being once broken, song and madrigal, and piano, and stringed instruments make real fine music all the night. After twelve o'clock some great theatrical stars would arrive, gloriously happy at the termination of their week's work, and the prospect of a rest and a day in the country to-morrow; and although never *asked* to do anything, they were sure to volunteer some little bit of drollery which con-

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Many of the guests were admirable musicians, and the late Madame Sainton Dolby was no unfrequent visitor, as she delighted in singing with some of the amateurs, whose very souls were in the music. Some of the big strawberries at the top of the pottle in the fashionable world would be found amongst the guests. On these occasions a white cloth was laid over the old carpets, and all kind of innovations in the old Bohemian home would be introduced; but not as regards the supper. There was no pastry cook's supper there. There were piles of sandwiches, and sherry and port, and soda water, and cake for those who wanted a slight refreshment; and an enormous piece of roast beef, and a salad in a bowl as big as a footbath, and beer for those who came there hungry from the country, or perhaps from some editor's room of one of the papers, who could not live without supper. Ladies delighted in an evening at Little Vauxhall. There was all the refinement of fashionable drawing-rooms, with a freedom and unfettered enjoyment which were irresistible. Every one was happy and amused.

Ladies expressed a wish one evening for a "taste" of the fun which went on at some of the bachelor parties—and Heaven knows it was harmless enough, and so utterly divested of any vulgarity, that they might have come in at any moment at Vaux's "at homes." They were told that they should have a repetition of the "Grand Ascot Stakes," which had taken place a few evenings previously, on which occasion many sixpences changed hands, as a betting ring had been formed, and much of the "two to one bar one" element was present.

Seven or eight chairs with the backs turned towards the audience were placed in an even row, and the ladies were requested to "clear the course." Chair riding must be done by lifting and tilting the chair forward, by rocking, and hard riding, and any "jockey" who touches the ground with his feet is disqualified.

In the original drawing, which was done on the spot by a very clever artist, the faces of all the riders and most of the spectators were portraits. Suffice it to say, that the jockey on the leading horse was afterwards premier of a colony, and "ye great Vaux" is in the rear rank on the inside "horse."

No wonder that there were many holes in the old carpet. Men are nothing more than overgrown schoolboys very often.

These reminiscences, which extend over a period from 1850 till 1862, are very pleasant to record. There was not so much excitement going on then as now, as London was smaller, and there was more time for fun, and there were no Healtheries or similar entertainments at South Kensington, which seem to monopolize the fashionable world.

It is nice to think of the genial kindness and good nature of the old host of Gate Street, who has recently been laid at rest. No one laughed so much as he did when one of his lady guests who

men of mark in the world of science and art stood round his grave in Brompton Cemetery.

It will be hard to fill his place, and it may fairly be said that one of the old landmarks of the past has gone in the loss of an honest and truly simple Englishman, who hated humbug and pretence, and all who knew him will say, "Heaven rest his soul."

F. GALE

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

A FEW WORDS IN REPLY TO MR. FREDERIC DALY.

BY JULIAN MAGNUS.

MR. FREDERIC DALY'S patronizingly-condemnatory article on "The American Stage" is founded apparently on a superficial study of American theatres and actors as he was enabled to see them during one or two brief visits. It is evident that he made no attempt to learn anything of the past histories of the theatres he honours by his criticisms, but concluded that the style of entertainment then presented was an index of the settled policy of the management. A very brief time devoted to inquiry would have enabled him to learn that all the plays Mr. Augustin Daly writes and produces are not "only farces adapted from the German." His reputation as a dramatist was made by plays such as *Griffith Gaunt*, *Under the Gaslight*, *Divorce*, *Pique*, and others of serious purpose before he won fame and profit as a farce writer. Even with his present company and at his present theatre he not infrequently produces dramas of strong feeling. *The Squire* and *Serge Panine* may be cited as examples. Mr. Frederic Daly makes only a passing allusion to the Union Square Theatre as being the scene where "Freaks from the French" are presented. Now while it is true that during the thirteen years of the existence of the Union Square as a stock-theatre, its stage was thrice given over to French farces, it is equally true that the best of the modern French comedies and melodramas have been presented thereon long before they were seen in England. The liberality and enterprise of the management procured for Americans the first presentation in an English-speaking country of Denner's *Two Orphans*, *A Celebrated Case* (known in England as *Proof*), and *Diane*; of Sardou's *Ferréol*, *Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy*, and *Daniel Rochat*; of Feuillet's *La Tentation*; of Nus and Bélot's *Miss Multon*; of Blum's *Rose Michel*; of Erckmann-Chatrian's *Les Rantzau*; and of Dumas and Corvin's *Les Danicheff*. Surely a theatre which produced such plays with a splendid company and superb scenery deserved a little more notice than a curt and disparaging mention.

The goodness or badness of acting is so entirely a matter of

opinion that I will not attempt to defend the majority of American actors from Mr. Daly's strictures. In one instance, however, he does so much injustice to an actor whom he probably never saw, that I am driven to protest with all my energy. Mr. Daly writes, than Edwin Forrest "a worse model could not be imagined." Mr. Forrest ceased to act nearly thirteen years ago, and prior to then had not for a long time appeared in England. I presume Mr. Daly's opinion is founded on reading or hearsay. Were Mr. Daly old enough to remember Forrest in his younger days, he might have some justification for his statement; but after Forrest's interval of rest, following his domestic troubles, he came back to the stage with all his marvellous powers unimpaired, with an intellect expanded and deepened by close study, with a nature rendered more sensitive by suffering, and with a reserve, repression, and artistic self-control he had never before possessed. It is, as he was during the last ten or fifteen years of his life, that all but the very oldest of American actors remember Forrest. He was then at his greatest, and I am forced to flatly contradict Mr. Daly by stating that in the opinion of nearly all the best judges of acting in the United States no better model could be imagined. Forrest's "Lear" was so great, that even Salvini's seems dwarfed by comparison, and the American tragedian's "Richelieu" finds but a faint reflex in the still admirable performance of Edwin Booth.

Mr. Daly objects to many "star" plays as being "the flimsiest twaddle." Undoubtedly many are poorly written and badly constructed, but they contain a few grains of gold to the bushel of sand. These grains of gold Mr. Daly either did not perceive or could not appreciate. They consist of the absolute truth of the drawing of one or two characters. Now the Americans are such lovers of the display of individual character, that for a very little of this they are willing to forgive many faults which to the English observer may seem to more than counterbalance the good points. Mr. John T. Raymond failed pecuniarily in London, but in the United States his *Sellers* made a fortune, not because his play was thought any better there than it was here, but because every American knew a *Sellers*, and appreciated and enjoyed the truth of the delineation. Although the Florences were very much more successful in London, *Mrs. Gilflory* and *the Hon. Bardwell Sloe* were not half understood. The "funniness" of the actors was too strong to be resisted, but the fidelity, which was the greatest excellence of their work, was lost on their audiences.

Another American actor, who has hit on a new type of character, the Jewish "drummer," or travelling salesman, was seen by Mr. Frederic Daly, who classes him as a "variety" performer, and says that the "adventures of a drummer scarcely belong to the domain of art." Why not? If there is art in light comedy, why is not a "drummer" as fit a subject for the

stage as any other business-man? M. Labiche, who was thought worthy of being elected to the French Academy, used the "drummer" for wine growers. I venture to think that the true drawing and presentation of any character belongs to the domain of art. Mr. Daly probably never met a *Samuel of Posen*, the drummer in question, but every travelling American has, and enjoys seeing a stage presentation of Saml.'s "cheek," "shrewdness," "push," "vulgarity," and, notwithstanding all these defects, his general good-fellowship. I used before, the mining simile of the gold and the sand. It pays the American to "wash" for the gold, and the skilled miner finds it where the novice passes it over.

Some of the best plays of the modern French school which have been presented at the Union Square Theatre I mentioned previously; but these are only a few of the best plays of their class that Americans saw before Englishmen were given the opportunity. The restrictions of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and the dislike of English managers to produce plays with the scenes laid in France, shut out for many years some admirable works. *La Dame aux Camélias* was acted throughout the States for twenty years before it was seen here. *Frou-frou* was made known to Americans very soon after its production in Paris. So also were Sardou's *Patrie* and the same author's *Nos Bons Villageois* and *La Maison Neuve*, Dumas's *Princesse George* and *Le Fils Naturel*, and many plays of Augier, Belot, Feuillet, Labiche, Chivot, etc., which have not to this day been presented in London.

The only American dramatist that Mr. Frederic Daly mentions, besides the managers Augustin Daly and Steele Mackaye, is Bartley Campbell. He has not a word to say for the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, nor for Mr. Bronson Howard. He also apparently forgets Mrs. Burnett, although her *Esmeralda* was produced in London. Mr. Howard's *Saratoga*, anglicised and called *Brighton*, has been a great success, and his *Old Love and the New*, though a weakened version of *The Banker's Daughter*, was received with favour. About Joaquin Miller's *Danites*, the best of the "border," and truly American plays, Mr. Daly is also silent; yet it commanded a good deal of attention in England, and has many passages of great poetic beauty. And surely, when speaking of what he considers the dearth of American dramatists, Mr. Daly might have said that Mr. Henry Irving commissioned one of the youngest of them to write him a play—a fact which Mr. Daly must certainly have known.

With the sole exception of my remarks about Forrest, I have restricted myself to a simple statement of facts, which set forth the present condition of the American stage in a truer and fuller light than that in which Mr. Daly was enabled to see it. Had his knowledge been wider he would not have been so sweeping in his censure. Theatrical taste in the United States cannot, surely,

be as generally bad as Mr. Daly thinks, or five tragedians and two or three *tragediennes* would not have found it possible to make remunerative tours for several seasons, presenting only the Shakespearean or "legitimate" drama. And it must be remembered that their best business was not done in the eastern States, but generally in the West, and very frequently in towns whose population was small, and whose growth had been almost mushroom-like.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

A STEPNEY PLAYROOM.

BY F. ANSTEY.

CHILDHOOD, with most of us, has passed as a kind of "close" time. As children we were sacred from the gins and snares, and slings and arrows prepared for grown-up humanity, and existence was something to enjoy, not to struggle for. Our early days were spent in unlimited and perpetual play; we had our little crosses and sorrows, which no doubt seemed grievous enough at the time—but with all deductions and every allowance for the glamour of a retrospect, how unconsciously happy the majority of us did contrive to be, whether with or without the assistance of our elders!

How many grown-up readers can put down Mr. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" without a heartfelt regret for the dear lost days the book has revived so vividly; days of magic, when everything in our world became what we chose it to be, when we had the sense of well-being and security that will never come again, when our pleasures were perhaps keener, and certainly more lasting, than they have been since, and our imaginary adventures thrilled us as no actual experience can thrill us now?

It seems as if the first few years of childhood are designed to be a compensation for much that may hereafter befall us, so that there may be one period at least in our lives of the recollection of which no one can rob us, and when we must admit we were worthy to be envied by the wisest.

Unhappily there are so many children who can be acquiring few memories they will ever care to cherish; their earliest experiences have been bitter and rough and unlovely; from their sordid world they cannot catch the most distant view of the fairy-land in which other children wander; they have somehow missed their natural birthright of innocence and enjoyment, and, if you wish to see them play, you must first—strange sad paradox as it sounds—teach them the process.

Of course, even in such a great city as ours, all poor children are not in this condition; there will always be a certain number with sufficient vitality to rise superior to circumstances, and find or invent amusements for themselves. Only, in too many cases, such amusements are meaningless if not mirthless; and, modelled as they must be on the sole facts of life that present themselves, it would be wonderful if they did not preserve so

much of the prevailing coarseness and brutality as to prohibit the very young, the weak, and the timid from attempting to take part in them.

And these weaker and timid ones may be seen sitting on door-steps or kerbstones in any filthy back street, or drifting listlessly from gutter to gutter; they are pale under their dirt, and prematurely old and sad looking; most of them probably attend Board Schools, and they are not of the wild free Street-Arab class, described by Miss Tennant—their pleasures are few and precarious, chiefly of a negative order. It is impossible to look at them and believe that, even in the blindest, most primitive form, they can know anything of real happiness or enjoyment.

It was the conviction of this, and the desire of doing something in ever so small a way, to supply the blank, and bring a little brightness into some of these dingy little lives, that prompted a lady to undertake a work which I have been given opportunities of seeing in operation on one or two occasions, and of which I propose to give some description in these pages.

Her first idea was to hire a room in an East-End district for an afternoon each week, have a good fire, toys, and a piano, and invite some twenty or thirty children at a time to pass a couple of hours or so more pleasantly than they were accustomed to do.

An opportunity, however, presented itself of carrying out this plan on a somewhat larger scale than seemed possible at first. The use of a large congregational hall at Stepney was offered on certain conditions, and accepted gratefully. The project was made known in the neighbourhood, and on the very first afternoon the room was thrown open the number of small guests was more than a hundred.

For some time the results of such an experiment must have seemed disheartening in the extreme; most of the children were like little wild beasts or savages, with no notion of obtaining what they wanted except by superior force, and about as much idea of the proper use of the simplest toy, as a monkey might have of that of a metronome; play, with those who had animal spirits to play at all, meant “knocking each other about, and rolling over each other on the floor,” to quote the description of the lady referred to. They were given blocks to build with, and they all walked about clapping them together; when touched or spoken to, they instantly shrank away in fear, or squared up in self-defence, and any kindness was regarded by these cynical little Ishmaels as an attempt to get something out of them.

One afternoon a friend brought them down a board and a large block of clay, and tried to set some of them to model. They began by making “hideous little effigies of men;” this it was found desirable to stop, and they were informed they might model “whatever they liked, except men, and the one thing they all chose to make was coffins, in which they buried the figures!”

But the promoters persevered, and in time their efforts began to tell.

It soon became known that winter amongst the children of the neighbourhood that, on two afternoons in every week, they were no longer reduced when school was over to choose between the cold dark streets or the crowded living-room ; for a playroom was open to them, warm and bright, where for two hours they could play in a hitherto undreamed-of security, and by means that were so many revelations.

And they came, two or three hundred at a time ; boys who proved incorrigibly rough and violent, were gradually weeded out, and the rest began to have a dim conception of a state of things where force was not supreme, and other things might be looked for from grown-up people than lectures and reproofs.

Whether these new privileges were appreciated or not, I was enabled last winter to judge for myself. I found the hall at the bottom of a dismal lane in Stepney ; in a region of coal-stores and timber-yards, docks and wharves, above which spectral masts and yards tapered up into the raw fog. But inside all was bright and cheerful, the floor of the hall was cleared, six swings were hanging from the gallery above the entrance ; at the opposite end was a railed platform, and, on one side of this, a kind of *zereba* had been constructed of chairs, which, as I came in, was being clamorously besieged by a surging crowd of children ; for within stood a large chest full of dilapidated toys, and the barricade was erected to break the rush, and allow the children to pass through one by one to choose their toy for the afternoon, according to the order of their coming.

From inside the barrier, there was a view of grimy appealing faces, and grimier uplifted hands, the noise was deafening, but, as reporters say of meetings, "the utmost good humour prevailed ;" and, if now and then an urchin was detected stealing through a gap to secure a toy out of his proper turn, he submitted meekly enough to be stopped and sent back.

The big chest was exhausted at last, though there was still a little forest of grasping hands at the chairs, and the disappointed ones had to be advised to console themselves with games, swings, or rocking-horses.

By this time play had been fairly set going, and the shouting, movement, and dust combined to produce an effect which, at first, was too bewildering to make it possible to notice details.

There must have been about three hundred children in the hall, of whom most of the girls and all the boys were considerably under fourteen, for it is found that boys above this age are unmanageable. These children were of all grades : some were healthy-looking, tolerably clean and decently dressed, their parents being probably local shopkeepers, shipwrights, and wharfingers ; but these children were in a very decided minority, a rather larger

number were appallingly unclean and ingeniously ragged, while the bulk occupied the mean between these two extremes, with a tendency to incline to the latter.

In the central space were the rocking horses—a sorry stud of screws, maneless, tailless, their dapple-grey turned to smoke-colour by constant patronage, but magic steeds notwithstanding to the riders, who were clustered upon them like swarming bees, three on the back, and at least as many on the rockers beneath, while all around was a ring of impatient place-hunters.

The chief duties of those who superintend on these afternoons are to prevent any oppression and disorder, and to see that none of the amusements are unduly monopolized, as would otherwise be the case, by the biggest and strongest.

Entrusted with the ordering of a rocking-horse, you find yourself instantly assailed by a shrill outcry of "Teach-ur," (their generic term for any one dressed in a little brief authority and a black coat) "*me* next, teach-ur!"—"That boy's '*ad* his turn, teach-ur!"—"I ain't bin on not once, *I* ain't!"—till one feels overwhelmed with the cares and responsibilities of office.

There was an irrepressible urchin who was very difficult indeed to unseat, and, after he had been induced to dismount at last, would have to be continually dislodged from alternate ends of the rockers, where he turned up with a humorous and confidential grin.

Another boy, with a very dirty face, would prance persuasively around, with nods and becks and wreathed grins, and a general suggestion that in recommending himself he was putting you up to a really good thing, if a person so singularly deserving needed such indication with one of your remarkable penetration. He did not actually say this, but that was what he intended to convey, and he rode more often than he ought to have done.

I heard no bad or even doubtful language all the time I was there, and only once noticed the slightest trace of savagery, and that was when a pale-faced boy, with the criminal contour and fierce light eyes, flew at the throat of some one with whom he had a slight difference, and threatened him with a very ugly and murderous-looking gesture. But this was a mere flash of passion, for, suggestively ferocious as the boy's face was at the moment, his rage was apparently forgotten before the blow was actually dealt, and he turned quietly away as if nothing had ever annoyed him.

Such space in the centre of the floor as was not required for the rocking horses was occupied by rings of girls playing games, such as "Oranges and Lemons," or anything else that seems to consist in walking round hand-in-hand in a circle, and chanting rhymes.

It is sufficiently embarrassing for a stranger to be seized upon by a young person of six or seven summers, and requested, or

rather commanded, to play at "Mulberry Bush" with her, and the only possible means of extricating oneself from such a situation is to introduce the applicant without delay to some lady likely to be better acquainted than himself with the rules of that mystic amusement, otherwise an exposure of dismal incompetency is imminent.

Games to succeed here, I was told, must not make any large demands upon the intelligence, and "Post" was found impossible to master. Another game, called "Are there Robbers?" was corrupted by the children into "Arthur Roberts," under which title they failed to catch its meaning, and abandoned all attempt to do so.

Threading their way in and out amongst the larger groups were innumerable unattached players, dragging about wheelless engines and headless horses, and shouting vociferously in high enjoyment; some were drawing one another along sleigh-fashion in rough wooden boxes, and in a corner you might see two ragged little ragamuffins playing with an old basket, rolling it up and down and tumbling over it, like a couple of kittens or monkeys.

Along the walls round the hall there was a fringe of children of sedater tastes, who were playing busily in small batches, some giving select tea-parties with wooden cups, others nursing dolls or building brick houses; one or two with picture-books clasped lovingly, but generally upside down, in both arms.

There were babies, of course, all of the "infant Moloch" description, who were being carried about by their small guardians with the cheerful unselfish devotion that is one of the commonest and pleasantest traits in "low-life" neighbourhoods. Now and then they would be deposited in a lady's arms, while the small nurse plunged for a few minutes into some favourite diversion, but they were promptly and even jealously redeemed.

Once a small girl was brought up red-handed by her indignant companions, and charged with the heinous offence of smacking her baby. She confessed her guilt with many tears, "But, oh, teacher," she sobbed, "please, I've had to carry it about all day, and I *am* so tired of it!" But when she was relieved of her burden she was presently discovered in tears once more; this time inconsolable for the loss of the baby's society.

Under the gallery were the swings in full activity, managed on the *queue* system, so that each may take his turn, and mostly superintended by the elder girls, who are too proud of the confidence reposed in them to abuse it.

Round the fireplaces sat a little ring of ragged and bare-footed children, who crouched as near as they could to the fire and basked in the novel sensation of warmth in winter; games had no power to attract them away, and so they sat there, hugging their knees and happy, with a happiness more touching than many children's tears.

There was a large fir-tree which had been used for Christmas Eve festivities, and under its boughs on a table sat a little group of children, who told you gleefully "they were in the country," and for some of them, no doubt, the only country they knew was compressed into that one tree.

Under its branches I made the acquaintance of a most engaging small boy, with velvety black hair and great sparkling brown eyes, at once roguish and confiding, who was anxious to do the honours of a picture-book he had got hold of. "That's a effalunt, that's a lion, that un, this ere's a tiger—how do I know? seed 'em at wild beast show." Had he been in the Hall on Christmas Eve? "Yus!" with great emphasis. "I see a magic lantern ere, I did. I didn't get nothing off of the tree, but I got a bun and a orange, and a ball, I did. But the ball," he added, with a momentary remorse, "got busted." Close by sat a small stolid boy and girl placidly gazing. "Do you know *him*?" asked my friend; "that's Billy Mee, and next to him that's Sairy Mee;" but Master and Miss Mee declined to be drawn into conversation, though they smiled in quite a friendly manner, like a small American boy of whom I once heard as being apologised for under similar circumstances, they were "very interested really, only they didn't converse much."

One of the least agreeable characteristics is a tendency to tale-bearing amongst the children; there is a perpetual flow of such reports as, "That boy there's bin turned out twice;" "that girl went and broke the tree;" "that boy got inside the pianner!" and in some instances the information, though possibly not supplied from the purest and most disinterested motives, cannot be safely ignored.

The only way of dealing with such small informers is to take no notice, unless any really serious mischief seems to be indicated, and then to look into it quietly as soon as possible without appearing to countenance the informers themselves.

After all, a child in any class of life with an instinctively keen sense of honour is perhaps a rarer phenomenon than some would be disposed to admit, and it would certainly be too much to expect to find it flourishing here.

The games went on with undiminished spirit and noise, until the two hours had gone, and "time" was called. There was a procession up to the barricade, and a reluctant parting with the toys; one small boy, indeed, was discovered in the act of smuggling some of his away in the folds of his pinafore, and was brought up for judgment, howling bitterly, more it seemed from fear than penitence. Prison, or a whipping at the very least, was what he probably expected; and when he found himself gently told that he must not do so again, kissed and consoled, with permission to come again if he would promise to be good, it must have been a novel and suggestive experience to him. But although children

are found to take away the toys occasionally, this happens in most cases rather from a misunderstanding than any deliberate dishonesty.

Gradually the hall began to clear, though a few lingered for some time still, "riding the rocking-horses home," and clambering up the gallery pillars to unhook the swings; and then at last these were induced to depart, and play for that evening was over.

That the sight of so many children at play had been as pleasant as it might or ought to have been would be too much to say.

Upon the whole, the impression it left was distinctly painful, one of squalor rather than picturesqueness, of wizened little faces from which no high spirits could efface the marks of privation and suffering, of a happiness which want of habit rendered grotesque and uncouth.

Still it *was* happiness; for two hours they had been unmistakably happy in a perfectly innocent and rational fashion; and if this were the sole result of the enterprise which has made it possible, I would venture to say it was well worth the effort.

But is it the sole result? Twice a week men and women of the class these children have been accustomed to regard with inherited suspicion and hostility, have come amongst them, not as instructors or superiors, but as friends and playmates. A new influence of kindness has been brought to bear upon them, and, unconsciously perhaps on both sides, ideas and lessons which are not to be imparted under any system of State Education have been received.

It seems hardly possible that all this can fail to exert a certain civilizing effect, extending beyond its original sphere of action, and even contributing possibly to conciliate and remove the class-prejudice which is an element of such difficulty in the social problem.

And whether this be considered too sanguine a view or not, I trust at least that enough has been said here to show the value and usefulness, for its own sake, of a work which, requiring, as it does, no ordinary tact, sympathy, and self-denial, must command the admiration and respect of such mere spectators as myself.

F. ANSTEY.

THE REMARKABLE STALL-ENDS IN BRENT KNOLL CHURCH.

BY W. H. GREENE.

A FEW miles below Weston-super-Mare the traveller, as he journeys by rail between that town and Bridgwater, sees, rising abruptly on his left hand, one of those isolated and almost conical hills which occur here and there in Somersetshire. This is Brent Knoll. Round its summit wind a series of terraced trenches, the remains of ancient earthworks that have existed from time immemorial, and regarding the origin of which there can be nothing but conjecture. Whatever may have been the name of the tribe of ancient Britons who, with immense labour, reared these fortifications, there seems to have been, in later times, prompt recognition of the strategical position. The county historians inform us of a series of battles fought on this site. That here the Belgæ (who are supposed to have come from Germany about 300 years before Christ) encountered the native British tribe, the Hædri; that the conquering Belgæ were in their turn here routed by the Romans, A.D. 50; that here the Mercians and West Saxons had a struggle in 500; and that here the Saxons, under Alfred the Great, manfully resisted the Danes in 880. The summit of the hill commands panoramic views of vast extent and great beauty, including that identical stretch of sea which suggested to Coleridge the inimitable poem of "The Ancient Mariner." At the base of the hill are two remarkable churches with attendant hamlets. One of these, East Brent, has become famous in consequence of the lively intellect of the rector, the Ven. Archdeacon Denison, the "Tom Sayers of the Church," but the most kindly "Abou Ben Hassan" in private and parochial life. The other was till lately known as South Brent. But as there is in Devonshire another parish bearing that name, the name of this one has been changed to Brent Knoll. It is in this church of Brent Knoll (lately South Brent) that are to be found some of the most singular freaks of fancy of ancient ecclesiastical carvers. In several of the churches of Somerset there are very quaint devices adopted for the ornamentation of stall-ends, such as "The Fuller's Panel" at Spaxton, and "The Entranced Lady Wyndham" at Sampford Brett. But the stall-ends in Brent Knoll church are the most curious and noteworthy of all. The

writer is not aware that they have ever been engraved, and some sketches were made by him under circumstances that will long endure in his memory. To make them he had to lie down at full length on the floor between the stalls. The rector, the Ven. Archdeacon Fitzgerald, had to leave him, and he had locked himself up in the church with the rector's key, and was busy at work with his pencil, prostrate on the stones and in the gloom, when the clerk, who had entered by means of another key, unaware that any one was in the church, stumbled over him, uttering an exclamation of astonishment, of affright, and dismay. The sketching went on, however, notwithstanding. The conceits on many of the stall-ends here are of unique design and boldly executed. Among them are the winged bull, the camel (and a funnier camel never had four legs), the lamb, and the "pelican in her piety." But, excelling all, are those which depict the tragic end of Reynard the Fox. Readers of church history know well that the Abbots of Glastonbury were, for the most part, worthy followers of St. Dunstan—ambitious, grasping at everything, and bitter enemies of what were called the "secular clergy," and that the "secular clergy," who liked matrimony and the comforts of life in a rational way, were not at all inclined to be "put upon," and fought out for their rights as conscientious and brave men should do.

It is supposed that some one of the Glastonbury Abbots made up his mind to get hold of the emoluments of South Brent, and that the incumbent successfully resisted, and, in retaliation, caused to be set up in this church a triumphant and enduring satire on his would-be despoiler. The story is told on three panels, and in these the abbot is unmistakably held up to ridicule, as the greedy fox. The descriptions given of these panels in the county histories are inaccurate. Panel number one shows the fox habited in monastic robe and cowl, wearing a mitre, and holding in his hands a pastoral crook. To the crook adheres a fleece, showing that the flock were not "guarded" for nothing. At the feet of the fox are three swines' heads, protruding from cowls, evidently sarcastically alluding to the low and brutal intellectual calibre of the monks, who looked up to the abbot with respect and approbation. Here are also birds of various kinds, including geese, an owl, a cock and a hen, a crane, and some nondescripts, all in dutiful subordination to Master Reynard. In a sub-division of this panel is represented a pig impaled on a spit, and roasting over a roaring fire. On one side sits an ape, holding a plate and a spoon, as if "basting" the pig; and on the other side sits another ape holding a bellows. Panel number two shows an alteration in the state of affairs. The ape has caused the geese to rebel, and is here shown sitting aloft and wielding a baton, with which, as leader, he enforces his instructions. The fox has been stripped of his robe of office, and dismally sits with his

hind legs in "handcuffs." In the lower part of the panel the story of degradation is continued. The fox here appears, looking particularly woeful, in the stocks, with the mitre, of which he has been despoiled, hung derisively and tauntingly before him; and in front is an ape keeping guard and holding a battle-axe. Panel number three shows the completion of the vengeance. Here the fox is hanged by the geese, and below him the watch-dogs bark in triumph. Above these panels are some more allegorical carvings, bold and rough. Over panel number one is a monkey, chained, and holding a bottle, between two birds. Above number two are an owl and a *fleur-de-lis*. Above number three is a grinning head, from the mouth of which issue *fleurs-de-lis*. In Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" other instances of this coarse satire on over-reaching ecclesiastics are mentioned. In some, the treatment descended to the grossest indecency. Near these panels, and on the south wall of the nave, is the finest mural monument in Somerset. It commemorates "John Somerset, gent., who died the 8th day of January, 1663." His arms were: Or, on a bend sable three mullets of the first. The monument contains three oval panels. In the centre one is a half-length effigy of the gentleman, and his two wives occupy the side ovals. The epitaph on the tomb is as follows:—

"His county gave him name, and s name exprest
 In what his ancestors and s selfe were blest,
 hence his first yeares the best Improvement knew
 which happily did what s great and good pursue;
 nor did his thinking Age shame his first yeares:
 he knew no meane delight, no sordid cares;
 in short his hopeful ofspring ordered hence
 to Heaven in their Baptismal innocence,
 The needy here on earth he chose to be
 his care, ev'n his adopted Progenie;
 Such were his thoughts, and thus his action strove,
 while he remained below to live above;
 and when th' Almighty found him fit for bliss,
 He called him to his proper happiness."

It is very curious that Rutter and other county historians have not the slightest allusion to this tomb. In one of the lower panels appears a very quaint representation of the Resurrection. The corpse of a lady, attired in a shroud, which has a frill resembling a cock's comb above the head, sits upright, with hands clasped in prayer, on a peculiarly-shaped coffin-boat. She has risen, in answer to a summons which is seen issuing from the mouth of a trumpet blown by an angel aloft among the clouds. The boat has wafted to the heavenly shores, which are studded with green plants, indicative of everlasting joys; but on the beach lie a skull and a pair of crossed bones, showing that death is the gate of life, "*Mors janua vitæ*."

W. H. GREENE.

ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

A VERY NEARLY TRUE STORY.

BY LOUISA F. FIELD.

I.

THE day was hot—very hot. Clouds of white dust rose about the wheels of a passing milk cart; they whirled in the heavy air, then settled on the dusty privet and box shrubs in the small front garden of Fairview House, drifted up against the red and blue glass of the porch door, and swept in at the drawing-room window, for the “garden both back and front,” specially advertised by Messrs. Doome and Puffitt, house agents, in their description of that Desirable Villa Residence, Fairview, Tennyson Road, Bonham—these gardens were, as the leading firm aforesaid did *not* mention, some six to eight feet square. Bonham was the unfashionable suburb of the large town of Chilton. There was a fashionable suburb too, where people paid large prices for aristocratic hovels in eligible situations. If there was no larder or no coal cellar, or if none of the windows or doors fitted, the inmates bore these or any other domestic discomforts heroically, consoling themselves by the reflection that at least they were in a good situation, “and, after all, one cannot have everything.” They would endure a great deal, almost anything, in fact, sooner than “bury themselves” in that dreadful region Bonham, where none of their friends from fashionable Dinham would take the trouble to visit them. It was so hopeless, they said; life was short; their visiting lists were long; many of them were retired Indian civilians, retired military people, reduced Irish landowners, and others whose connections were better than their incomes, who could not well afford to keep a carriage, and found that perpetual flies, with preternaturally slow horses, at the cost of half-a-crown an hour and the inevitable remembrance of the driver, “mounted up.” It was necessary of course to drive out and pay visits to their neighbours who had handsome country places several miles out; this was a clear duty, and had to be afforded. So, as the line had to be drawn somewhere, they drew it at Bonham.

But this is a digression. Tennyson Road was a sadly unfashionable place, and Fairview seemed to be selected as a name by one who “rote sarcastic,” since the front windows looked upon a space

in which more villas would probably soon be built, but which at present bore only a rather tipsy-looking notice board, which unconscientiously described it as Desirable Building Land. Below was appended a gracious permission to whomsoever it might concern to shoot rubbish there. And rubbish was shot, so that the cats assembled like so many Irish for a "caoine" over their departed, and bewailed through the sultry nights those repulsive relics of deceased pussies in such heart-broken accents that the unfortunate inmates of Fairview were frequently roused several times in a night by the unearthly sounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun had carefully studied the merits of Fairview before taking the house. They were not a young couple, ready to see an ideally happy home or the makings of it in the first four walls they should be able to secure for their own dwelling. The Colquhouns had been married twenty years, and eight sturdy olive-branches clustered about their table. That was all very well so long as there was plenty *on* the table. "The more the merrier," said Mr. Colquhoun, who liked children (well-dressed and well-mannered children, be it understood), till that evil day when the great bank broke and dragged down many lesser banks, and left middle-aged men with wives and families penniless, to face that worst sort of poverty in which a man, able-bodied and able-minded though he may be, cannot set to work to earn money. What is a man of fifty to do? He cannot get into the army or the navy; he has not the feminine resource of "governessing," because the teaching of boys means when reduced to practice the imparting of two dead languages, with a rough smattering of their native tongue superadded for convenience' sake, and the man of fifty has spent about twenty-eight years in diligently forgetting whatever knowledge of these ancient tongues he may once have laboriously and expensively acquired. As a billiard-marker or a waiter he might earn an honest living; or possibly he and his ladylike wife might obtain the care of offices or of the residence of a single gentleman, did not gentility interfere. So there is little chance of employment for the unfortunate ex-manager of a bank except as the secretary of a charitable society or as an insurance agent, and to this last vocation Mr. Colquhoun resorted, hoping that his gentlemanly bearing would raise to a respectable sum that "commission" which was to supplement the two hundred or so a year which represented his salary. The gentlemanly bearing did prove an advantage, but the gentleman's spirit was sorely tried, and Mr. Colquhoun often had reason to wish he could make an exchange, at least of feelings, with the commercial traveller at The Laurels opposite, to whom successful touting was a joy and the end and aim of all his efforts.

Mrs. Colquhoun and her daughter Mabel came out upon the dusty doorstep of Fairview. Mrs. Colquhoun had been pretty, but she was one of those women on whom trouble has a pinching,

shrivelling effect. Her mouth had become a little drawn down at the corners; her voice had taken a higher pitch and more querulous tone since her misfortunes began.

"You must go to the butcher, Mabel," she said; "remember I went last. Do go, dear."

Mabel hesitated a moment; then she looked up. "Yes, I will go. Don't worry, dear mother," she said brightly.

"Very well," answered Mrs. Colquhoun, with a sigh. "Then I will go to the train to meet Daisy."

"Dear mother, in all this heat!" remonstrated Mabel. "Do let Daisy for once walk home by herself."

"I am not going to have Daisy trapesing about the streets by herself as if she were a tradesman's child," said Mrs. Colquhoun severely.

"Send Jane, then."

"Who is to answer the door? You seem to forget, Mabel, that things are not as they used to be."

"I don't forget it, indeed, mother," answered Mabel, as another great puff of dust came up from the ill-watered road. "That is hardly likely, though one may try to make the best of it."

"It is all very well at your age. Well, I must start at once, and so must you, Mabel," said Mrs. Colquhoun, breaking off with a sigh.

"Mother dear——" hesitated Mabel.

"Well, what is it? Don't, for pity's sake, tell me anything more is wanted from the shops."

"No, I am not going to worry you in that way. But don't you think—just for once in a blue moon—that it would tire you less to let Jane go for Daisy, and let Flora answer the door if anybody *did* ring, which is not very likely, is it?"

"Allow my own child to answer the door? I wonder you do not suggest to me to do it myself, Mabel. Now make haste, and do not talk any more nonsense." And Mrs. Colquhoun went down the steps. Mabel stood and looked after her. That fawn-coloured cashmere and silk had been a handsome dress. But it had been "done up" by a cheap dressmaker, and the consequence was that as Mrs. Colquhoun walked away, a little wave of dust rippled along on one side of her feet, where her skirt was an inch longer than on the other side.

Mabel turned away, and went rather sadly down the street. She was such a pretty girl; it was a pity she should not look brighter. She was thinking at that moment that her mother would have done better to entrust the "doing up" of that gown to her than to the dressmaker who had to be paid for mutilating it. For had not Mabel learnt the scientific system, and had she not pricked her fingers dreadfully over the fashioning of various garments, which of course infallibly fitted, except when the calculations were wrongly done? At least, so the lady agent said,

and Mabel was willing to believe it, for she never had been good at figures, so there was nothing to wonder at if her sums were wrong.

"It was too hot to walk fast," Mabel said when Mrs. Colquhoun remarked on her long absence. Her father had returned by this time, and Mabel had to go and superintend the schoolroom tea of her brothers and sisters.

"The pats get smaller and smaller," grumbled Ralph. "I believe the Mater tells Jane to make them beautifully less daily."

Frank jumped up from the table and fetched his pocket microscope, which he applied to the offending butter. "Just visible!" he remarked. "I say, Mabel, do get us some jam, there's a dear."

"Mamma said I was not to give out any more jam except on Sundays," said Mabel. "Look here, Frank, don't bother about it; you know well enough how badly off we are."

"I know well enough what it is to be a day-fellow at a beastly grammar school," growled Frank, and Ralph, who was Mabel's great ally, kicked his shins under the table, and bade him "shut up, and not talk rot," upon which Frank blew off the steam upon Daisy, abusing her for wearing a lace rag round her throat like a barmaid, instead of a decent collar or frill or whatever girls ought to wear.

Mabel had enough to do to keep the peace, and finally had to fly precipitately to put on the square-cut gown on which Mr. Colquhoun insisted at dinner-time.

It was a wretched meal, that dinner. Mrs. Rounds had sent a very respectable steak, but Jane did not understand the art of grilling, and had put it in her frying-pan with plenty of what Mr. Marvin called his best Darset. Jane was habitually extravagant with the butter. Mr. Colquhoun, weary and sad, and naturally rather cross, tried vainly to eat the unsavoury mess, following some equally unattractive soup. Jane did not understand waiting at table either, and she always brought at least one spoon or fork less than the required number, so she was continually racing backwards and forwards while the unhappy diners solaced themselves with bits of bread.

The partition walls in Fairview were not remarkably thick, and Daisy was practising scales in the schoolroom, while Janie was learning poetry aloud, and Ralph and Frank were playing at "fighting-cocks," with the full allowance of noise required for that peaceful game.

Dinner cooked by Jane, served up by Jane, to a party of three waited on by Jane, whose only apprenticeship to domestic service had been passed as "general" in the family of a boot-maker—such a meal ill replaced the cosy dinners to which Mr. Colquhoun had been accustomed. He must have late dinner; it

seemed to the poor man as if the last shred of his position would be gone if he were to abandon that.

Mabel took her work to the drawing-room window afterwards when the light began to fail. Mr. Colquhoun never tolerated plain work in the drawing-room, so she sat with a bit of bright-coloured embroidery on her knee, and surreptitiously hemmed a handkerchief, looking every now and then anxiously up and down the street.

"There is Mr. Elsdale passing," observed Daisy suddenly. "I wonder why he so often walks along this road ; it certainly is not his way from Chilton to Dinham."

"Nor from anywhere to anywhere else, I shouldn't think," growled Frank.

"Do you think any one would choose to walk along this beastly street if it wasn't his way to somewhere or other ?" asked Ralph.

Mabel fixed entreating eyes on Ralph, for Mr. Colquhoun looked up from behind his newspaper.

"Well, he always looks—don't, Ralph!" finished Daisy, as *her* shins received one of the schoolboy's forcible hints.

"There is the postman," said Mabel, and Frank, Ralph, and Daisy fell over each other in their efforts to get first to the letter-box.

"For you, Mab," announced Daisy, returning triumphant but tumbled, while Mr. Colquhoun scolded all three for making the room like a rabbit-warren.

Mabel read her letter, and her colour rose. Daisy looked curiously at her, but Mabel put the letter into her pocket and waited till her father rose and went away into the room which was schoolroom by day, but sacred to him after nine o'clock in the evening. Then she quietly left the drawing-room and followed him.

It was not a love-letter that she had to show, but one on business. Mabel had answered a lady who advertised for a young companion, offering a good salary and a quiet but comfortable home.

"And you would save my keep, papa, and I could save enough out of the salary to pay Daisy's schooling. And you could let people imagine that I have gone away to pay a round of visits," finished Mabel, answering an anticipated objection.

And at last Mr. Colquhoun gave in, with a sigh, partly of relief at this lessening of his burdens, partly of anxiety as to what his wife would say.

But with her, too, Mabel's strong young will carried the day.

II.

"You can hardly refuse to believe how much I care for you when I have come all this way to prove it," said Herbert Elsdale in rather an injured tone.

"I am afraid you will do mischief by coming," answered Mabel

in a tone rather more injured. "If I am even seen in conversation with you, I shall probably be sent home by the next train."

"What tyranny!" said the young man indignantly. "*Come* home at once, then. An old woman who treats you so doesn't deserve the honour of your company."

Mabel shook her head.

"If I were staying here only for amusement it would be another matter, but, you see, the salary is an object."

"It's too bad that *you* should have to work for bread," said Elsdale, dolefully.

"Not exactly for bread, but for the butter to put on it."

"And you have brothers, too, who ought to work for you."

"They will by-and-by, when they are old enough to be of some practical use."

"It is horrid and abominable," said Herbert Elsdale. "And even I, who love you so dearly, cannot give you a proper home."

" ' Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit ? ' "

inquired Mabel, with a mischievous smile.

"I did not expect that you would laugh at me."

"I am not laughing at you, only at the situation. You will not *always* be at college, Mr. Elsdale."

"Do say Herbert."

"Herbert," said Mabel, colouring a little as she repeated the word. "Well, by-and-by, then, *several* years hence, you can come and——"

"And what?" for she stopped and hung down her head.

"And ask me a sensible question with some chance of getting a sensible answer, if you are in the same mind."

All this conversation passed in the pretty little churchyard of a pretty little village near the Thames. It was Friday, and Mabel had escaped from her duties to the Litany. Coming out, she had been amazed to see Mr. Elsdale waiting at the door, and now she was sitting on an old-fashioned "table" tomb.

"*Killed in a railway accident, aged twenty-two,*" observed Herbert, reading an epitaph in pathetic tones.

"Well, of course life is uncertain, but that is no reason one shouldn't be practical," returned Mabel.

"And am I not to see you again for—several years?" asked her lover.

"That depends. Perhaps I shall get a holiday some time."

"Miss Mirrelies would not allow me to—to pay you an occasional visit, I suppose?"

"Cer-tain-ly not. Do you know that the porter who brought my little all from the station was not allowed to enter the house?"

"Nonsense!"

"It is a fact. Miss Maltseed came out, followed by two maids, and remained to see that there was no parleying with the enemy."

"Who is Miss Maltseed?"

"She is the poor relation whom I came to supplement. She reads like a bee buzzing in a bottle. I think that was what made Miss Mirrelies advertise for a young companion."

"Then she is not wanted any more?"

"Oh yes she is. At least, she takes care to make Miss Mirrelies think she is. She keeps house."

"Fun for the maids!"

"They never stay long. She patrols the garden at intervals after dark in search of followers. Then she chooses the books for me to read aloud."

"Which are of an edifying kind?"

"Pious and biographical. But last night I had my turn!" said Mabel, fairly laughing. "I waited till Miss Maltseed had gone to prepare some arrowroot for the old lady; she will not trust the maids to do it, as she says they burn the milk and use more. Then I began to read 'Called Back' to Miss Dorothea, instead of the 'Remains of the Late Reverend John Trotter, Missionary.' Imagine the Tabbie's horror when she returned!"

"I cannot!"

"She at once went to bed. But it is a remarkable fact that a dark object that rustled now and then was fixed against the drawing-room door, close to me, for a good hour."

"What did the old lady say?"

"She said, 'Go on a little longer, my dear,' every time I left off. And the consequence was that she never retired to rest till half-past one. And when Tabitha (Tabitha is Miss Maltseed's name) remonstrated next morning, she said, 'You are an old goose, Tabitha.' It was nice to see her pluck up so much spirit."

"Why, does she let Tabitha rule her?"

"With an iron rod! She wanted to pay a visit to some old people yesterday when we happened to drive near their house, but Tabitha told her it was quite impossible in that bonnet. She submitted."

"Poor old soul!"

"Tabitha shuts the windows, shutters and all, at half-past seven on these hot nights. I protested the other evening and got one open, whereupon Tabitha retired and reappeared with a mountain of shawls, in which she insisted on wrapping the poor old lady, till scarcely the tip of her nose was visible, all the time reminding her of a certain cold she caught, some twenty years or so ago, under similar circumstances."

"You haven't told me what Miss Mirrelies herself is like."

"Oh, she is an old dear, and so pretty! Quite sensible, too, old as she is, except perhaps on one point."

"What is that?"

"*Men!*" answered Mabel, with a smothered laugh. "She was deceived once, she says. But, oh dear, I must run back, and you had better row back to Oxford, Mr. Elsdale."

"Herbert, please."

"Herbert," with another blush. "Oh, heavens and earth: here is Tabitha come to look for me."

"Curls and a shady hat," observed Elsdale. "I notice that curls have a philosophy of their own. Worn cork-screw fashion beside a woman's cheeks, they imply piety and propriety. Worn fuzzily above her forehead, they are——"

"Good-bye, Mr. Elsdale," said Mabel, holding out her hand. "Will you give my love to all my people when you see them?"

"With pleasure. Good-bye, Miss Colquhoun."

This was for Miss Maltseed's benefit, who scrutinised the two young people sharply as she approached, and stared hard at Elsdale's retreating figure. The two ladies walked back to their house in silence, which Miss Maltseed broke at last by saying as she opened the gate,

"I presume, Miss Colquhoun, you would prefer that your *tête-à-tête* conversation this morning with a gentleman—a young gentleman, dressed, or perhaps I should say undressed, for boating—should not form a topic of conversation."

"If you mean that I don't want Miss Mirrelies to know it for fear of losing my situation here, you make a great mistake, Miss Maltseed," returned Mabel proudly. "Perhaps when I have thought the matter over I may come to the conclusion that it is my duty to tell Miss Mirrelies that I had an offer of marriage this morning."

"An offer of marriage!" gasped Miss Maltseed, turning positively green.

"An offer of marriage," repeated Mabel in the same cool tone. "But as I have not accepted it, perhaps I may decide that the matter concerns no one but myself—no one at all, Miss Maltseed."

And Mabel walked off, with her head in the air. Miss Tabitha Maltseed had never been her friend; but on that and the following days she took care to make Mabel's life a burden to her so far as her capacity as housekeeper and her command of a venomous tongue enabled her to do.

Miss Mirrelies, however, showed an increasing liking for her young companion, who was at once deferential and affectionate in manner to her, and proposed all sorts of little plans for her amusement, which Miss Maltseed had never thought of doing, being of opinion that good works and good books were the only fit occupations for one who had passed the limit of threescore years and ten.

"Wouldn't it be lovely at Hampton Court to-day?" suggested Mabel one afternoon, as she followed Miss Mirrelies downstairs.

"What do you think, Miss Maltseed dear?" asked the old lady, doubtfully and almost timidly.

"You could not possibly go in that bonnet, for one thing," replied Tabitha curtly; "besides, it would tire you to death in this heat."

"Oh, but it is so cool and shady in Hampton Court, in the gardens. And it is only the flower in your bonnet that is an atom crushed. Look at yourself now, dear Miss Mirrelies." And Mabel, as she spoke, pinned two beautiful tea roses from her own dress in the old lady's bonnet.

Miss Mirrelies looked at herself in a mirror close by. Yes, the delicate flowers suited well with her white hair and soft Dresden china complexion, that crowning beauty of old age. She smiled, and Mabel had her way; but Miss Maltseed turned away, refusing absolutely to go "on such a wild expedition," and went into the garden instead.

There it was that the most wonderful event of all Tabitha Maltseed's life befell her. She took a shady path which led to a seat looking upon the river, though sufficiently screened by trees to conceal any one sitting upon it. There she meant to sit with her knitting, and devise, if possible, some plan by which she might elbow this objectionable girl out of the house. But as Tabitha, full of these amiable intentions, reached the seat, she started back in horror, for it was occupied by a MAN.

"These grounds are private," said Tabitha with emphasis, gathering courage to approach quite close to the dread object. The gentleman rose and lifted his hat,—a good-looking, fashionably-dressed man of five-and-thirty or so.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I fear I have trespassed."

"Strictly private," repeated Tabitha severely.

"I have to apologise." The gentleman looked round for the nearest means of exit. He sighed heavily, and looked quite cast down.

"I daresay you were not aware——" began Tabitha, mollified.

"I fear I cannot plead that excuse." This in the same melancholy tone.

"Then I need hardly ask you at once to leave, and never to think of returning," said the indignant maiden.

"If *you* bid me, Miss Maltseed, I obey at once."

"Good afternoon," said Tabitha. She bowed stiffly and walked away towards the house, but her heart was beating violently. What did the creature mean? After Miss Colquhoun's adventure so recently, too! She glanced over her shoulder. The man had moved away a few steps, but now he was standing looking after her with a melancholy, appealing gaze.

Miss Maltseed walked on a step or two further. Then she looked back again. The same attitude, the same gaze. She turned.

"Perhaps, sir, you were greatly enjoying the scenery; the—the shade is very pleasant. If so, there would perhaps be no

objection to your remaining here for half an hour more—not longer.”

The gentleman smiled—a touching smile, expressing sadness rather than mirth.

“Scenery,” he said, “loses all its charms when we have only sad thoughts for company. I am a lonely man. You doubtless do not know what it is to be lonely.”

“Yes, I do indeed,” said Tabitha; “I am lonely to-day myself.”

“Ah, a little solitary, I presume. Miss Mirrelies has driven out with the young lady.”

“You seem to be familiar with our names, sir,” said Miss Maltseed, not feeling certain whether she ought not to disapprove of this person. But how handsome he was, and how distinguished-looking! And if that chit Mabel had offers in the churchyard, why should not she too be admired?

“Will you not sit down, Miss Maltseed?” he said, pointing to the rustic bench. “Pray oblige me,” and Miss Tabitha, who had not meant to do anything of the sort, found herself comfortably settled in a corner, while her new acquaintance stood before her, showing his good figure in an attitude of easy grace.

“You seem to wonder that I have gained so much information, Miss Maltseed,” he said. “But when I tell you that ever since one memorable Sunday evening when a lady handed me a hymn-book ——”

“Ah, it was you! I had quite forgotten!” cried Tabitha, with a flash of recollection. “You sing so well; the least I could do was to hand you a book.”

“You had forgotten!” sighed the stranger. “Sometimes it is easy to forget. Sometimes it is impossible.”

Tabitha began to tremble from head to foot. It had come late, this that all women hope for, but it had come at last!

“I—I ought to go in,” she said, starting to her feet.

“So soon?” asked her companion reproachfully.

“Almost directly, at all events.”

She sat down again, hesitating. “*Ville qui parle; femme qui écoute.*”

“What a pity it is,” said the gentleman thoughtfully, and as if speaking to himself, “that the girls, the *younger* girls, at least, of the period, have not prettier feet! An arched instep, a slender ankle——”

Miss Maltseed positively glowed with pleasure. She had a pretty foot; in her youth it had been her one beauty; of late years no one had cared to glance at it—till now.

“They flatten their feet with taking too long walks and playing tennis,” she observed, and there was another pause.

“With Miss Mirrelies you lead a somewhat retired life,” observed the stranger. By this time he, too, was sitting on the seat.

"Very much so," sighed Tabitha.

"She might entertain handsomely, too, with the money she has. What a pity to keep it locked up like that in her drawing-room!"

"Her bedroom, you mean," corrected Tabitha, looking at the gentleman's hands with as much interest as he had looked at her foot. They were so white and so well-shaped. "How do you know?" she added, with sudden suspicion.

"I don't know anything about her affairs, of course," he answered with a smile; "but once I went over the house, when it was to be let for a month or two in summer, and I was struck by the look of that curious old piece of furniture, iron-bound, in the lady's bedroom. I knew it must contain family jewels, and I thought what a pity it was that they should not be oftener seen. A lady may lend her ornaments to her younger friends, for instance."

Tabitha made no answer but a grunt.

"Amethysts now, how perfectly they would suit your complexion," continued her admirer. "I am sure if Miss Mirrelies had any of those, she could not help seeing how they would show to advantage."

"It never occurs to her to take them out, nor her ruby and diamond set. Not that I want jewels."

"You do not *need* them, at all events," with a meaning glance.

It was not till the wheels of the returning carriage were heard on the gravel that Miss Maltseed was able to tear herself away. Before she did so she had promised again to meet Mr. Alured Horatius Montresor next day at the same spot. Such a name was almost enough by itself to win a woman's heart. Tabitha rejoined Miss Mirrelies and Mabel with a bosom heaving with emotion. Through long wakeful hours she pondered over this strange scene, at one time thinking she must be a fool to believe in any man, but again, and finally, concluding that she had indeed inspired a deep and real passion. She did not know where Mabel Colquhoun's lover had sprung from, but if that chit could have offers, why not she? And she had read that Helen was sixty when they took Troy.

III.

"The gentleman's compliments, m'm, and he is a photographer. He is doing all the houses down the river, and he says, please may he do yours for nothing to complete the set." This was the explanation of a ring at the door-bell a few days later.

"For nothing!" echoed Miss Maltseed, and Mabel cried—

"Oh yes, Miss Mirrelies, do have it done, and yourself in a garden chair in front of it. And do let him do you besides, for your only recent photograph is such a caricature!"

Miss Mirrelies had often wished, it so happened, for a photograph or drawing of her pretty house; but she could not make up her mind to call in a MAN to do it. That was against all her principles. However, since the man actually had come to her and had entreated to be allowed to do the work gratis! In short, Miss Mirrelies consented to admit the gentleman and speak to him. And the gentleman proved to be none other than Mr. Herbert Elsdale, to Mabel's anger and vexation—emotions which were not lessened by Miss Maltseed taking her hand when she found a convenient opportunity and hurriedly whispering—

“Don't alarm yourself, Miss Colquhoun. I won't betray you!”

She bestowed a withering glance upon the officious Tabitha, who, conscious of having meant well, being actuated by that “fellow-feeling” whose effect on the mind is proverbial, felt a good deal aggrieved.

But Tabitha had not much time to brood over a grievance. Her mind was too full of a promised interview with Mr. Alured Horatius Montresor. She had had several interviews, of the same romantic kind, always in the same place, where lovers were quite safe from prying eyes, at least at certain hours. She had not gathered very much about her admirer, except that he was rich (so he said, and so the ruby brooch he gave her seemed to imply), and that he lived in London. These stolen interviews already, though only three days had passed, were having a strange effect upon Miss Maltseed. She sewed lace collars into her gowns, and hunted up small trinkets of her youth, and instead of poring over the “Remains of the Late Reverend John Trotter, Missionary,” she was found reading poetry.

Mr. Alured Horatius Montresor liked particularly to talk about the house and Miss Mirrelies' domestic arrangements, with reference of course to their effect on Miss Maltseed's position and comfort. He was immensely interested to hear of the photographs that were to be taken. Perhaps it was he, perhaps it was Tabitha herself, who first thought how nice it would be if the inmates of the house were done in a group in the garden, Miss Mirrelies in the centre, the maids behind. Tabitha sat in a dream of utter felicity, with his arm round her slim waist, till the gong sounded for luncheon, and she rose and fled hastily.

* * * * *

“Do tell Miss Maltseed to come, Mabel,” said Miss Mirrelies a little impatiently. The photographer had got the group and the house into focus more than once, but Miss Maltseed was missing.

As she spoke the delinquent arrived, flushed and flurried and full of apologies.

“You have not seen the keys, Miss Mirrelies' keys, Miss Colquhoun?” she asked. “No? Then I suppose they are in the drawing-room. I have hunted everywhere else. I forgot to give them back to her after taking out the stores.”

The keys were in the drawing-room on the centre table when the ladies went in, a good hour later. The photographer talked so pleasantly and made so many groups and studies that the time flew. He treated Mabel as a complete stranger, and made conversation almost entirely to Miss Mirrelies, whose prejudices against the genus *vir* began quite to soften.

He might come again, when he had developed his photographs, and show them to Miss Mirrelies, and Herbert Elsdale went back to Oxford very proud of his little ruse.

The rest of the afternoon passed quietly and pleasantly. Miss Mirrelies was happy, for she had been amused, and Tabitha was happy, for her fright about the keys had proved groundless, and, moreover, she was to see Alured Horatius again to-morrow. And Mabel was happy, for Herbert Elsdale had certainly proved his affection for her, and if her present life was sometimes dull and her duties irksome, she had at least something to look forward to.

So all went well until six o'clock, at which time Mary proceeded to lay the cloth for tea. Then a fearful shock was given to the peaceful household. Not a spoon was to be found, nor the silver sugar-bowl, nor the teapot, that priceless heirloom, nor one bit of real plate. The electro tea-urn was there, though.

Stupefied by the shock, Miss Mirrelies was supported upstairs, for she could not intermit her evening toilet.

"Give me the keys, just for safety's sake," she said. And Tabitha Maltseed, with trembling fingers, opened the iron-bound safe.

Diamonds, rubies, amethysts, family jewels of much value were all gone. So were securities to the value of some £20,000. The drawers were locked, as usual, but they had all been rifled. Words fail to express the consternation of the household. The police were set to work, of course. Suspicion fell first on an evil-looking tinker who had been seen about, also upon the man who cleaned knives and boots, and who had once been in jail.

Two days passed. No one spent them in greater anguish than Tabitha Maltseed. To crown her misery, Alured Horatius Montresor came to his trysting-place no more.

The evening of the second day brought Herbert Elsdale.

"Miss Mirrelies, I have something to show you—something very wonderful."

The old lady roused herself with a sigh from the silent grief in which she had been plunged.

Elsdale spread before her a photograph of the house and pointed to her bedroom window, saying, with a smile at Mabel,

"Only a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more,
For if ever it had any legs,
They must have walked out at the door."

Miss Mirrelies adjusted her spectacles to see. But Tabitha Maltseed, looking over her shoulder, gave a loud shriek and fainted. And well she might.

For the photograph had caught the face of a man who stood at the open window, a box in his hand. And the face was the face of Alured Horatius Montresor.

* * * * *

"We calls 'im Fullerlove, ma'am," said the intelligent official from Scotland Yard, who had gently but firmly drawn forth from the miserable Tabitha the story of her relations with the handsome deceiver, "Merton Hamblyn, alias Montresor, alias John Snooks, alias Winking Willie. Oh, we know him well enough, and it ain't the first time by a long way that he've played that game. But we've got him now."

Tabitha Maltseed has sought employment as matron in a penitentiary. A little wholesome acidity of manner does no harm there. But Miss Dorothea Mirrelies has taken a new lease of life under the cheerful roof of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Elsdale. She it was who smoothed for them the path of perfect felicity.

"The least I could do," she said, "since but for them I should never have known of the Face at the Window."

LOUISA F. FIELD.

SELF.

WHISPER Love's banished name with bated breath,
Own not her sway—renounce her sweet control :
The cynic world has judged her to the death,
And torn her image from the human soul.
Welcome the King of Self, who mounts the throne
Where late the Queen of Love held gentle rule :
Laugh dead the hearts that love for love alone,
Brand Friendship as the phantom of the fool.

Bow down to rank and riches ; fix your eyes
Where Folly ambles in a golden dress ;
And let the incense of your homage rise
Before the gilded altar of Success.
Thou youth, beneath whose hand Life's opening scroll
Awaits thy record on its mystic page,
Cast out unselfish passion from thy soul,
And learn the wisdom of a heartless age.

Be worldly gain thy dearest, noblest prize,
All other hopes in life or death above ;
And the wild ravings of the fools despise
Who babble of disinterested love.
Love !—a long pain, a dream of hopeless joy,
A faithless marsh-light dancing through the air,
That leads the heart, its captive and its toy,
Through twilight Doubt to ever dark Despair.

Smile, charm, and flatter ; though old friendships die,
Fortune's full tide will sweep away Regret ;
On to the goal—and seek without a sigh
To sell thy Conscience for a coronet.
Whisper the banished name, but shed no tear,
Forget the happy days for ever fled ;
Force back that sob, or hide it with a sneer,
For Self is King, and Love—poor Love—is dead !

ALFRED BERLYN.

MR. ATTERBURY'S DUEL.

BY F. LOWREY.

MR. JOSEPH ATTERBURY was the junior partner of the well-known firm Grinder, Grabbe, & Atterbury, solicitors of Lincoln's Inn. He was a very hard-working, sedate, and somewhat priggish young man of five-and-thirty or thereabouts. Mr. Atterbury had nearly the whole work of the firm to attend to, for Grinder was dead, and Grabbe was past seventy, deaf and stupid, and hence it came to pass that he very rarely indeed indulged himself in a holiday of more than a couple of days' duration. He now and then ran down to Brighton, Eastbourne, or Margate from Saturday to Monday, or spent a day on the river at Richmond or Hampton Court; but for years he had not been fifty miles from London, and never in his life had Mr. Atterbury crossed the Channel.

It was a sweltering morning in August, and Mr. Atterbury sat in his sanctum opening his letters, and wishing devoutly that he could manage to let the affairs of Grinder, Grabbe, & Atterbury look after themselves for a season, until the weather had become somewhat more endurable. One of the epistles before him bore a French stamp, and Mr. Atterbury wondered languidly who his foreign correspondent could be. He opened and read. It was from the eldest daughter of a certain rich old gentleman, a Mr. Chequerton, who had long been one of the most profitable clients of the firm. Miss Chequerton wrote in great distress; her father had had a paralytic stroke, and was not expected to recover. He was, however, conscious, and in no immediate danger, and he wished Mr. Atterbury to come over at once if he could possibly be spared. The letter was written from the Grand Hotel, Dinard, where, it appeared, the Chequertons had been staying for several weeks.

Mr. Atterbury twisted the letter round his fingers as he thought the matter over. Here was certainly an admirable opportunity for his holiday. He had no very clear idea where Dinard was, or what sort of a country it was situated in, but he remembered that Tom Burton, one of his articled clerks, had spent his summer holiday in Brittany, and determined to ask his advice on the subject. So he rang the bell and summoned that young man to his presence.

"What sort of a place is Dinard?" he inquired.

"A 1—that is, very nice indeed," answered Mr. Burton; "lots to do, dancing, tennis racing; lots of pretty—I mean very good society," he added with a cough.

Mr. Atterbury glanced somewhat sternly over his glasses.

"Can you speak French?"

"Pretty well, sir. I can order a dinner and a bed, find my way about the country, and all that."

"H'm; I see there is a boat from Southampton to St. Malo to-night. Get ready to go with me; we shall probably be away a week or ten days."

So Mr. Burton left his superior's room delighted at the prospect of an extra holiday, while Mr. Atterbury also departed to prepare for his journey. He was a bachelor, so his arrangements were speedily made, and on the following morning he and Burton arrived at St. Malo, with the dirty, uncomfortable feeling which ever accompanies the absence of razors and a bath. They crossed over to Dinard and put up at the Grand Hotel, where they found Mr. Chequerton anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Mr. Atterbury spent a sufficiently wearisome afternoon. The old gentleman wanted to make some important alterations in his will, but he was fretful and undecided, and the solicitor found the greatest possible difficulty in preventing him from wandering from the point, and in comprehending what his wishes really were. By dinner time, therefore, he felt somewhat disposed for a little relaxation, and consulted Mr. Burton as to the best means of spending the evening. "You had better come to the Casino," suggested that young man. "I can easily get you an introduction, and it's not half bad fun. They are mostly English people, so you won't have any trouble about the language." So the pair dined judiciously but well, and went on the Casino, after smoking a cigar on the beach.

It was a sufficiently lively scene. A very fair band was playing a waltz, and twenty or more couples were dancing with much spirit on an excellent floor. The room opened out on a large verandah, in the dark corners of which various couples could be indistinctly seen holding sweet converse under the moon's unobtrusive rays. There was a refreshment bar and a card room, and further off could be heard the click of billiard balls. Mr. Atterbury noticed that every variety of costume was permissible. There were men attired like himself in the solemn dress coat of his native land, others wore broadcloth, and not a few loud-patterned tweeds and homespuns. Some ladies were resplendent in diamonds and full ball costumes, but the majority had evidently not troubled to change their walking dresses, and many retained their hats. There was a sort of free-and-easy air about the whole entertainment that struck Mr. Atterbury as affording a somewhat welcome relief to the gruesome respectability of the entertainments in his own neighbourhood of Brixton.

"If you'd like to dance, I'll introduce you to lots of people," said Mr. Burton, whose manner towards his superior had grown considerably more familiar.

"Certainly," said Mr. Atterbury, who was in the habit of being rather run after by the fair sex, quite as much, it is to be feared, for the sake of his money and prospects as for his personal advantages. Burton was as good as his word, and the worthy solicitor was speedily provided with plenty of partners, whom he found extremely easy to get on with, and utterly devoid of diffidence. He began to enjoy himself vastly, and paid several visits to the refreshment bar.

"Who is that very handsome tall woman in the corner?" he presently asked Tom Burton, "the one talking to the little Frenchman in uniform."

"Oh, that is Mrs. Titus Higginshaw, widow of a Yankee pig-jobber or cats' meat man or something. I believe she's very rich; all the Frenchmen run after her like mad."

"Do you think you could introduce me?" asked Mr. Atterbury, upon whom the widow's fascinations had produced a great effect.

"I don't know her myself, but I can easily get some one else to do it," replied Tom, and so the ceremony of presentation was performed; the little French officer went off in search of a partner, and Mr. Atterbury was left to ingratiate himself with the lovely American.

Impressed though he already was by her appearance, the worthy solicitor was completely conquered by her manners and engaging conversation. She seemed to have been everywhere, and to have seen everything; to be on the most intimate terms with half of the distinguished personages in Europe, and to know very nearly as much about London as Mr. Atterbury did himself. At the same time she affected no airs of superiority, listened attentively to Mr. Atterbury's comments on men and things, always laughed in the right place, and even permitted him to flirt with her in a mild and harmless fashion. Mr. Atterbury was enraptured. He monopolised her society for the evening, in spite of the murderous scowls of the French officer, and other truculent-looking foreigners, and went to bed to dream ecstatically of winning at once the relict and the millions of the defunct Higginshaw.

A fortnight passed, and Mr. Atterbury showed no signs of moving. He had long since set in order the affairs of Mr. Chequerton, and one or two messages had already reached him from London suggesting his speedy return to the office. But Mr. Atterbury's feelings were too much for him. He was, in fact, desperately in love with the fair widow, and was determined not to leave Dinard without putting his fate to the touch. She, on her part, by no means discouraged his devotion, but, with the ingenuity of her sex, contrived that one day he should be buoyed up with the most sanguine hopes and another cast into the depths of despair

Nevertheless he was decidedly the most favoured of her many suitors, and the desperate fits were of comparatively rare occurrence. Mr. Tom Burton, naturally enough, took the deepest interest in his patron's love affair. Mr. Atterbury confided to him every detail; and poured into his sympathising ear his hopes and fears, his successes and his failures. Tom did not seem in the least bored; in fact, his services came in very useful, for Mr. Atterbury employed him to look after Mrs. Higginshaw whenever he himself was absent, and to keep at a safe distance any insidious and fascinating Frenchman who appeared to have designs upon her hand. Tom was a clever young man, and very discreet. Several elderly sirens endeavoured to lure him to play baccarat with them, but he manfully withstood the temptation, and devoted himself to advancing his superior's suit. As a matter of fact, he had played baccarat at Dinard before, and did not find it a profitable speculation.

And so matters went on smoothly enough until there appeared on the scene a certain Marquis de Roulz, who drove a tandem, talked very big, and wore a diplomatic uniform in the evenings, covered with gorgeous orders. He was a tall man, this marquis, with black hair, shining teeth, a magnificent moustache, and an obtrusive imperial, whereas it must be confessed that Mr. Atterbury was of small stature and insignificant appearance, wore a double eye-glass, and was getting a trifle bald. The solicitor took a profound dislike to M. de Roulz from the moment he set eyes upon him, and before long he discovered that his instinct had been only too correct. For the Marquis had scarcely arrived in the hotel before he got introduced to Mrs. Higginshaw, and the ceremony had barely been accomplished before he began to make fierce love to her, utterly regardless of the prior claims of Mr. Atterbury or of any other rival whatsoever. The widow apparently looked upon him with favour, and the unhappy solicitor endured torments. Despair was now his ordinary frame of mind, while intervals of hope became rarer and rarer. Burton watched his patron's agonies with the deepest interest, not unmixed, it is to be feared, with amusement.

"I'll tell you what it is, my boy," groaned Mr. Atterbury, "that infernal Frenchman, with his airs and graces and his orders, is cutting me out. I don't believe he is a marquis at all, but women are so silly. Oh Lord, what am I to do?"

"Well, you know, you might have a row with him," suggested Tom.

"What do you mean? He's bigger than I am."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter; they fight duels in this country."

Mr. Atterbury's face assumed an expression of mingled horror and amazement. He was a man of peace, and, sooth to say, somewhat of a coward. He had a righteous horror of firearms, and knew as much about swords as of ballooning.

"Am I to understand, sir," he inquired with much solemnity, "that you dare to counsel me to risk my life in combat with this beastly foreigner?"

"I don't mean that exactly," stammered Tom, smothering a grin, "but if you come across him in any way he's pretty sure to challenge you, and if you don't go out Mrs. Higginshaw will never speak to you again."

Mr. Atterbury made no answer. He was buried in thought, which seemed to be of a decidedly unpleasant character.

A week after this conversation there were some races in a neighbouring town, and the rank, beauty, and fashion of Dinard turned out to view the sport. This was certainly the Count's opportunity. Not only did he drive over in his tandem, but he had the audacity to offer Mrs. Higginshaw the vacant seat beside him, which she, to the profound disgust of Mr. Atterbury, accepted with alacrity. The solicitor determined at first that he would not add to his rival's triumph by appearing on the race-course at all, but Tom urged him so strongly not to give in that he changed his resolution, and drove over, silent and miserable, in a "breack" (so spelt in France) with a party from the hotel. Arrived on the course, he found Mrs. Higginshaw in an extremely bad temper, and the Marquis sitting beside her, his expressive face overcast with gloom. She greeted him warmly.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Atterbury," she said; "please take me for a walk."

The Marquis looked quite murderous as the favoured swain helped the widow to descend from her eminence, and strutted away by her side.

"That stupid man!" she exclaimed, as soon as they were a safe distance from De Roulz; "he can't drive a bit! We were nearly upset half-a-dozen times; nothing will induce me to trust myself with *him* again."

Mr. Atterbury grinned with delight; hope was dawning once more.

"These foreigners never can drive," said he, with true British pride.

"I don't believe he can ride either," she continued, "but he has entered a horse for a steeplechase, and says he is going to try his luck."

Mr. Atterbury's feelings were too deep for words, but he prayed that the Marquis might break his neck.

The steeplechase came on. The Marquis donned a gorgeous jacket, and mounted a capering black horse. Mr. Atterbury thought he looked pale, but the "*obstacles*" were so very low that he almost despaired of seeing the Frenchman come to grief. However, he conducted the widow to a spot which commanded an excellent view of the first jump, and hoped for the worst.

The preliminary canter was over, and the competitors started.

The black horse evinced a disposition to bolt, and the Marquis tugged at his reins with the energy of desperation. They neared the jump, a hurdle about two feet six in height, Mr. Atterbury's heart was in his mouth, and the Marquis looked as if he did not like his position. But the black horse meant business; he rushed at the hurdle, cleared it by a couple of feet, "pecked" as he landed, and the Marquis shot clear over the animal's head, and alighted in a soft and muddy spot on his back.

"Good gracious!" cried the widow, with a pretty little shriek, "I hope he is not killed!" Her companion said nothing. He was glaring at the prostrate marquis with hungry eagerness. A couple of soldiers rushed up and restored the fallen hero to a perpendicular position. He was evidently not much hurt, but the disgrace made up for any absence of mere bodily injuries. His face was white with fury, except for a few patches of mud, which by no means added to his beauty. His lovely jacket was in a pitiable condition, and his cap was crushed into a shapeless mass. As he walked off Mr. Atterbury could not refrain from a chuckle of triumph. The Marquis heard the jeer, and transfixed the solicitor with a murderous glare which caused a shiver to run down that worthy's back. But the widow's favours atoned for everything, and Mr. Atterbury felt that so long as he basked in her smiles he could defy a dozen marquises.

That evening there was an unusually elaborate ball at the Casino. The special nature of the occasion was made manifest by the fact that the price of admission was doubled, the room decorated with a few decayed-looking plants, and an extra instrument of torture added to the band. Mr. Atterbury felt that that night he must take the decisive step in his wooing. Mrs. Higginshaw had been charmingly gracious; she had allowed him to remain near her until the races were over; he had sat beside her in the *breack* coming home, Burton discreetly taking the seat beyond; he had even squeezed her hand without any positive discouragement. So he attired himself with unusual care, and drank a great deal of champagne at dinner. At the ball everything went well. Mrs. Higginshaw wore a bewitching costume, greeted him most cordially, and gave him more dances than he dared to hope for. The Marquis was there, scowling horribly, and seeming as if he, too, had dined somewhat too well. It was about the middle of the evening; Mr. Atterbury was piloting Mrs. Higginshaw through a waltz, wondering if he dared to propose in the verandah, when the couple suddenly ran up against some one with a tremendous crash. It was the Marquis and a muscular Scotch girl with whom he was dancing. Mr. Atterbury gasped, glared at his rival and resumed, but scarcely had he taken half-a-dozen turns more before the same incident was repeated. The affront was evidently intentional, and Mr. Atterbury strutted out of the room, boiling with indignation.

"What a ruffian that man is!" said Mrs. Higginshaw; "see how he has bruised my arm."

And the enamoured solicitor inspected a microscopic mark upon the widow's lovely skin, and felt as if he could strangle De Roulz on the spot.

Mr. Atterbury drank several more glasses of champagne at the buffet, and presently returned to the fray. The Marquis cannoned against him once more.

"Did you do that on purpose, sir?" he cried, casting prudence to the winds.

"What if I did, sare?" responded the Frenchman, with a vicious grin.

"You're a beastly cad, sir, that's all!"

"Do not make a disturbance *here*," said De Roulz significantly; "you shall hear of me again." And he left the ball-room.

The rest of the evening did not seem quite so delightful to Mr. Atterbury. He felt an unpleasant foreboding of the consequences of his audacity, which no amount of champagne could banish, and the widow, too, had grown curiously silent and preoccupied. Moreover, the solicitor began to feel that he had drunk too much wine; the room spun round him when he danced, and his head ached very badly. So before the dance was finished he took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Higginshaw and went off to bed.

"Look after her, my boy," he whispered to Tom Burton.

"I will, sir," said Tom fervently; "and I'll see you in the morning."

The next morning Mr. Atterbury awoke feeling excessively sick, and with the dismal foreboding intensified a hundredfold. Presently there was a knock at his door, and the hotel boots entered.

"What's the matter?" cried Mr. Atterbury, jumping up in alarm.

"Two gentlemen desire to see monsieur," replied the boots.

"Oh Lord!" groaned the unhappy man, "I'll be down directly." And he got up and huddled on his clothes with shaking fingers. Two officers in uniform were seated in his private room. As Mr. Atterbury entered they rose and bowed profoundly.

"We have come, Monsieur," said one in very bad English, "to inquire what is the name of your friend."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Atterbury, his teeth chattering in his head.

"I am the Capitaine Girard, and my friend here is the Lieutenant Boirot; we are *témoins* of the part of the Marquis de Roulz. Will you have the goodness to inform us where we can find your friends?"

"I haven't got any friends," stammered the solicitor. "I don't know what you mean. I won't fight your d—d Marquis. I'll see you blowed first!"

Fortunately neither of the Frenchmen understood what Mr. Atterbury meant. They rose to go.

"My address is here," said the Captain, laying a card on the table. "I sall hear from your friend. Good morning, Monsieur."

Mr. Atterbury sank into a chair with an expression of abject terror. Scarcely had the door closed behind his tormentors when Tom Burton entered the room.

"Why, what's the matter? You look ill."

"Tom," said Mr. Atterbury apprehensively, "shut the door. Come here. That infernal Marquis wants me to fight him. When does the boat start?"

"Why, you don't mean that you're going to bolt?"

"I am though."

"And leave Mrs. Higginshaw?"

Mr. Atterbury winced perceptibly.

"I won't fight that ruffian for twenty Mrs. Higginshaws. Why, he'd shoot me through the head or spit me like a lark!"

"Well, it's very awkward. I've brought Colonel Coffin round to arrange the business."

"Colonel Coffin be hanged!" screamed Mr. Atterbury. "I'm not going to be murdered to please him. Why——"

At that moment the door opened, and the gallant Colonel himself appeared. He was a big man, with a hoarse voice, and very bristly grey hair. He had a long moustache and a ferocious imperial, and spoke with a very strong Irish accent. Mr. Atterbury knew him slightly, and was aware that he had the reputation of a practical duellist and manager of affairs of honour.

"Good morning, sor," he began; "me friend here was a long toime, so I thought I'd come in and see ye meself. And which is it to be, Mither Atterbury, pistols or swords?"

"Neither, sir, neither! I am a solicitor, and I don't fight duels. If I hear anything more of this I'll—I'll—have you all bound over to keep the peace!"

"Kape the peace, is it?" said the Colonel, tugging his moustache grimly, "but ye *must* fight. Ye wouldn't disgrace the English colony, would ye now?"

"What do I care for the English colony? I am going back to Southampton!" and Mr. Atterbury made a move for the door.

"Sor," ejaculated the Colonel, putting his back against it, "Oi will not allow ye to disgrace your counthree! If ye will not meet this blagiard Oi will fight him meself—but Oi'll horse-whip ye first!" And the Colonel placed a chair beside the door, sat down in it, and folded his arms across his chest with an air of unalterable resolution.

"Is there no law in this awful country?" cried Mr. Atterbury, in a state of intense perturbation; "must a respectable man take his choice of being shot or brutally beaten?"

"Precisely," remarked the Colonel; "ye'd better go out, sor; it's

nothin' when you're used to it. The last toime I had a quarrel with one of these gentry, bedad, I wanted to put him up at five paces, but he wouldn't come out at all."

"By Jove," suddenly interposed Tom, "suppose you say you won't fight except with pistols at four paces! I'll bet a monkey to a mousetrap that De Roulz will funk!"

"It's right ye are Oi'm thinking," said the Colonel; "but it's a mane way of doing business. But we can thry it."

"Good God, I'm not going to fight at four paces!" cried Atterbury.

Tom nudged his principal in the ribs. "Leave it to me," he whispered, "there won't be any duel. Well, Colonel, I think we can now go to Captain Girard."

"Good-bye, Misther Atterbury," said that gentleman as he left the room; "remimber Oi've got me oi on ye. Ye'd betther be stayin' here until we get back," and he locked the door. Mr. Atterbury was too dazed to resist; he sat there the whole morning in a condition resembling nightmare. About twelve the door was unlocked, a waiter brought him some lunch and wine, and the Colonel stalked solemnly in.

"Oi've taken the message," he said; "the Captain says it's murder ye want, not duelling, but he'll ask the Marquis."

Mr. Atterbury began to feel better. What honour and glory would be his if De Roulz refused to meet him! What a hero he would become in the eyes of Mrs. Higginshaw!

Meanwhile the Marquis de Roulz had received the alarming news that the bloodthirsty Englishman, being ignorant of the use of swords, insisted on fighting with pistols at four paces. The Marquis, like his rival, was suffering from a bad headache; it happened, too, that he was no marquis at all, but an ex-head waiter at a *café* in London who had come into a fortune of a few thousand francs. His valour was accordingly very skin-deep; and when he heard Colonel Coffin's astounding proposition, he made up his mind to take the first train to Paris. But Captain Girard resorted to diplomacy; and after much argument and much bluster from Colonel Coffin a *procès verbal* was drawn up, in which the honour of both parties was declared to be completely satisfied. This desirable consummation was not arrived at before an advanced hour of the day, and Mr. Atterbury was not released from his confinement until dinner-time was long over.

However, he entertained Colonel Coffin and Tom Burton, for whose combined abilities he had conceived a profound respect, to a little dinner in his own room, where all former differences were forgotten, and mutual admiration was the order of the day. The Colonel told amazing stories of his prowess in the field of honour, Mr. Atterbury grew sentimental about the widow, and professed his entire readiness to fight any number of Frenchmen on the same or any other terms, and Tom proved an appreciative

and attentive listener. The worthy solicitor went to bed gloriously happy. One thing only was wanting to complete his felicity, and he felt sure of success with Mrs. Higginshaw now.

Mr. Atterbury was rather late the next morning. He slept soundly after his anxieties, but lost no time in looking for the object of his adoration. He found her on the beach with Burton. "Good boy," thought the solicitor; "how well he looks after her!"

It was a splendid morning. Playful little waves danced and glistened in the sun. Lovely creatures, lightly attired in satin tunics and *caleçons*, with much lace and embroidery, and high-heeled shoes, paddled about in two feet of water, and pretended to bathe, assisted in their proceedings by scantily-clad French exquisites, and ogled by the possessors of many opera-glasses. Mr. Atterbury thought that all nature was smiling at him and urging him to victory. He walked up to the widow and greeted her with respectful tenderness.

"Dear Mr. Atterbury," she murmured; "so *charmed* to see you safe and well. I have heard all about your affair with that horrible De Roulz. How splendidly brave of you! And to think that it was all on account of poor little me!"

The solicitor felt himself swelling with importance. He would make Tom a partner.

"And oh, Mr. Atterbury!" she continued, modestly casting down her splendid eyes, "I have a piece of news for you; I was determined you should be the first to congratulate me. Let me present to you my future husband, Mr. Thomas Burton!"

* * * * *

Mr. Atterbury is still a bachelor. He abhors widows more fervently than did the late Mr. Weller, and he denounces all foreign watering-places as dens of infamy. Another clerk occupies Tom Burton's stool, for his wife's money has enabled that young gentleman to discard the drudgery of law in favour of more congenial pursuits.

F. LOWREY.

CRADLE AND SPADE.

BY WILLIAM SIME, AUTHOR OF "KING CAPITAL,"
"THE RED ROUTE."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PLANS OF TRAVEL.

THE sheriff gathered his ward up in his arms from Usher's rug, called out for cold water, felt in her pocket for a smelling-bottle, applied it, and brought her round.

"Mina," he said, "how is this? You have never been like this in my experience of you. You are seriously ill, my pet."

Usher stood by, conscience-stricken. He wished he had not spoken so strongly to her. He regretted that he had made any allusion to Joseph at all, and was sorry that he should have allowed himself to plead his own cause by depreciating his rival. Did he need to do so? Was he not the stronger man? Was there not a want of self-respect in supposing that, in the long run, he could not put himself into the centre of her heart to the exclusion of Joseph? He flattered himself there was, as he saw the girl sit down, agitated, pale, and speechless. By-and-by she recovered the use of her tongue, however. She looked up and said—

"I felt it coming on in church. It is the electricity in the air. It is the warmth and closeness which has done it. I shall be better immediately. Indeed, I am better now. See, there is a flash of lightning. My nerves somehow seem to have felt it by a kind of prevision. Please not to look at me or think of me, either of you. Go on with your conversation. I shall ask your housekeeper to show me to a room, Mr. Usher."

She tottered as she left the room, but would accept no support from either of the men. The sheriff stood at the table, distressed and wringing his hands.

"I never saw her like this before. I must call on Dr. Christison at once and explain her symptoms to him. It is most alarming. She may die any day. Did you ever look on such a distressing picture of fragility?"

"She certainly looked weak. She is so sensitive to every outward impression."

"God knows what I should do if I were to lose her!"

"You will not lose her."

"I must see Christison at once. My poor pet! Go out and hear from the housekeeper how she is."

"Usher went out, and came back to find the sheriff turning over the leaves of an atlas.

"Well?"

"Miss Durie says she is all right again, and will join us directly."

"Why, what in the world led up to it? Did she drop off suddenly without any note of warning? Were you discussing anything that agitated her?"

"We were discussing trifles."

"It is inexplicable.

"Not if you take the state of the atmosphere into account."

"But it is the first time it ever occurred. I shall have to take her away somewhere. Indeed, I will have to alter all my line of behaviour about her. Good heavens! To think of it. I have told you that I have hindered her from corresponding with Nixon, or him with her. Do you think that may not have induced the state of mind which has brought on this attack?"

Usher did not answer, and as the sheriff was talking as much to himself as to him, the question did not demand an answer. He proceeded.

"It was a wrong decision, I am afraid. I did it for the best. I must start afresh. I shall write Nixon and tell him to correspond. Hang the fellow! If he had been really in love, I believe he would have corresponded in spite of me. He has been a trifle too obedient to the letter of my request."

"I think, sheriff, it would be a very ill-advised way of finding health for Miss Durie, to recommend her to open such a correspondence.

"I am not so sure of that."

"You have changed your mind, then?"

"Perhaps I have."

"Changed it upon a panic. You see Miss Durie taken ill of a sudden, and you jump to the conclusion that it's love for her Joseph Nixon. It isn't—it isn't. I have been to Ruddersdale, Sheriff Durie—have been, and am just returned, and her lover is paying attention to a shepherd-girl, and is thinking nothing of Mina."

"Come, Usher, be fair. You are rivals. You have no right to bring reports to me of that sort."

"You dragged it out of me. Besides, am I not entitled to speak the truth when you have encouraged me to pay attention to Mina, with the prospect of marrying her, if she prefers me to Joseph, after a time?"

"Perhaps I have been a little unscrupulous. Perhaps I am

sorry. Perhaps I had no right to throw you in her way. What were you doing in Ruddersdale?"

"Investigating."

"And were you in time to hear that my ward has been thrown back upon the Infinite by the discovery of a new fragment of the strip of deed of conveyance, and that the unique discovery may be presently made that Joseph Nixon is laird of Dunbeath?"

"That is an impossibility."

"Why so?"

"I spent the night with Leslie—you know Leslie?—and he opened up about Nixon. He didn't precisely say that he knew his origin, but he intimated that he might know it if he liked. But what is this new evidence?"

"Only a bit of the old deed posted to me by some one in Ruddersdale. I reposted it to Nixon, as it seemed most to concern him, and I've determined to dismiss the subject from my own, and if possible, from Mina's mind."

"You are trifling with a great question, sheriff—one that may affect her whole future life."

"But this crisis in her health brings me to say that I shall take her abroad. At one time I thought of going north. I will not, however. I will take her south. I will show her a little French life, perhaps a little Italian life too. She has never been abroad, and it will do her good. It will put her mind into new channels."

"Take her to Paris," said Usher suddenly, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"I don't mind if I do."

Mina came in again, and all through the afternoon was grateful to the men for their tenderness to her, and their attention. For they vied with each other in saying pleasant things, and in seeming to devise happiness for her future. The thunderstorm went on outside, and after dinner Usher had them into his little drawing-room. He put Mina into the chair which looked most like a throne, and while the rain pelted at the window, he brought her albums and little bits of porcelain, and curiosities which he said belonged to his grandmother, though that relation was unknown to him, being a personage not in a way of life for acquiring domestic objects capable of being handed down to sons' sons. She brightened up considerably under the sympathy, and when the sheriff said to her—

"Mina, I'm going to take you to Paris," she answered—

"It is the place of all places in the world I should like to see."

"Why didn't you say so sooner?"

"Because you seem to prefer going to some distant waterside to whip it with a rod. I hate rivers and rods."

"Why?" asked Usher.

"Because I have to crawl along the bank with a lunch-basket and an easel, and when I am just sitting down to paint beautifully and have got the beginning of an exquisite scene on my canvas, up comes a shout, 'Mina, Mina, where are you, Mina? These confounded'—sometimes the adjective is stronger than that—'flies have grasped a bramble at my back. Would you mind taking them off?' Or it is, 'Mina, Mina, what have you done with my flask?' Or, 'Mina, Mina, I begin to feel hungry now.' Or, 'Mina, Mina, you should have been here a minute ago—an enormous fish wheeled over at my third fly.' There is no rest for the poor pilgrim who has to follow an angler."

"I didn't think of it in that light," said the sheriff remorsefully; "there certainly is not much fun in angling—for you. Well, we may do better abroad. I wish you might come with us, Frank."

"I should give my head to be able to start off with you."

"Is it impossible?"

"When do you propose to go?"

"When, Mina?"

"How can I say what your engagements are, papa dear?"

"I sha'n't put a date on it to-day, but we shall go very soon—just as soon as I can make all my arrangements with my substitute at Oiley."

"To Paris—it sounds too good news to be true. I have dreamt of seeing it, and being in it. I am quite glad I should have seemed to break down in health if this is to be the result."

The thunderstorm went by; the rain ceased; the sounds of footsteps were heard on the street again.

"I shall not despair of seeing you in Paris," said Usher, as they rose to go.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FISHING.

AFTER Usher's return to the south, Leslie made up his mind to adopt a new policy with Nixon. He dropped his feeling of personal resentment. He had not spoken ten minutes to Frank Usher before he thanked his stars that that brilliant young gentleman was not the destitute miner. Usher put so many questions to him, under cover of genial conversation leading to nothing, about Mina Durie and the incident he most of all wished to wipe out of his mind, that Nixon's downrightness seemed to him innocence and respect compared to it. He came to the conclusion, however, that Usher's interest in Mina was such as he might have had in a Pictish ruin, or an old chapel, or a battle-field covered over with moorland. At the same time he was glad to see his back turned and his head looking out of Mr. Laggan's

coach. An advocate in full practice was a very different sort of animal from an advocate with no practice at all. Thus it happened that the morning Usher left he sat down in his parlour and indited a short epistle to Nixon.

"My Dear Sir (he wrote), "I had intended you to have some fishing before this time in the Rudder. I fear your search for gold has not been accompanied with all the success you could have wished, It cannot be found, except by rare good luck, unless in company with experienced diggers who know where to look. I have a fourteen-feet trout rod that I can put at your disposal this afternoon, if you have any taste in that direction. The river is in good condition, after flowing down rather heavily from Cnoc Dhu. The kelts have all gone to the sea, and we can depend upon getting clean fish. If you are agreeable, you can come over my house and lunch."

Nixon was surprised beyond measure to receive the little letter. He was beside himself with vexation at times that he had neither rod nor line, nor the means of getting them; for the Rudder seemed to his eye to be teeming with trout and salmon. It was so well preserved by Leslie during the greater part of the year, that, except when his own friends went out fishing on it, nobody fished—at least on the lower reaches. Shepherds and foresters were privileged by distance, and might do what they liked.

Nixon was all the more surprised because of Nancy's warnings to him to beware of Leslie, to keep out of his way; and the same forenoon he had been startled by a little packet from the sheriff, and a short letter.

"Dear Nixon (wrote the sheriff), "The enclosed bit of a deed dropped in on me the other morning, addressed by an unknown hand, the envelope bearing the Ruddersdale postmark. You may know something of it, and you may not. In any case it will interest you, particularly if, as I suppose, it is a portion of these wonderful fragments upon which we have all been building such strange imaginings. You will observe that the important letters e-p-h N-i occur. That seems to have some personal bearing upon yourself. No doubt it will heighten your interest in the search."

No allusion to Mina; not a word of old cordiality, nothing but the bare cold enclosure. Nixon was in a mood, therefore, to be grateful to the factor for his invitation. The need for a little human sympathy was strong upon him, for he was beginning to despair. Elspeth had gone back to the mountain. The miners were away. He had not joined them, and he did not know whether he ever should. A little of them had gone a great way. They were amusing at first; then they became embarrassing; then they were irritating. Yet he supposed if his cradle did not rock to the tune of nuggets on his own account, he must join

Russell sooner or later, and take Leslie's wages. He turned his letter over and over, and wondered why he should have been asked to fish with him. He did not quite understand why Leslie should be his enemy, though Nancy insinuated that he was; still, this sudden development of hospitality was just as incomprehensible. He had done nothing to bring it round. He could think of no reason to account for it. But he determined to accept. He hungered and thirsted for a fourteen-foot rod, and he missed the swing of the arm and the velvety laying of the flies on the surface of the stream, and the boiling over of the fish, and the rushing out, and the bending of the point of the rod, and the scream of the reel, and the slow winding up and retreating and advancing upon the bank, and the tired fish brought to the edge, landed, killed, and put into the basket. Yes, he would go over and lunch with the potentate, though he did not like him, remembering that he had narrowly escaped from death at his hand. He did not blame him for intending to shove him into the stream; still he recollected that it was Leslie's elbow which had almost achieved that result. When he went up to the bank, the banker was already equipped for a day on the stream; he received him with extended arm and a broad smile on his face.

"I thought you would come," he said.

"Yes, I couldn't well avoid coming on the back of so kind an invitation. You are very good to offer me a rod and free fishing on a preserved stream. I've been dying to fish ever since I came."

"You should have asked me sooner, and I would have supplied you. I keep the town off the water, of course; but I am not so exclusive as to shut up the Rudder from a stranger, well accredited and a visitor. You may fish, as you may dig, when, where, or how you like. There's your rod. It's not quite as tall as mine. Mine is a salmon-rod. Yours has caught salmon, too, but on trout-flies, and with a great strain on the point. We have a chance for both to-day."

They sat down to lunch, and discussed all the flies of all the Scotch rivers, which Nixon knew by heart. He surprised Leslie by telling him what he thought the flies ought to be for the day on the Rudder.

"You've been up and seen them?"

"No, not I."

"Then you've fished before?"

"Many a time. I've fished all over the place. We are only a county now, you know. A county, as a serious Presbyterian fate would have it, for English people to amuse themselves in. The natives don't believe it; but it's very much of a fact all the same. And I know the county sufficiently well, and its flies too."

"I don't like that flippant style of discussing a great historical

country. It's no county; it's a nation; it's a great nation—at least the people who are in it and reside in it permanently are great; the poor wretches who are driven out of it by stronger men, and who turn round and shoot out their tongue at it, they are not great, they are mean, and contemptible, and small. Don't you call Scotland a county again, and a pleasure-ground for England. I know Scots who are willing to march across the border and beard England in the teeth, as their ancestors did at Bannockburn."

"Yes, they beard England in Lombard Street, in the Lane, and all over London. Somebody told me the banks——"

"Now we're talking business; if so, let us talk it seriously. You led me to suppose, some time ago, that the law had failed you, that you were no more intending to practise, but that you were open to a job."

"It depends upon the job."

"When a man is hard-up he shouldn't be nice."

"But I am rather nice in some things. I wouldn't thief to oblige a man who was good enough to open his streams to me. I'm obliged to him for the opportunity to fish in a fair way; but if he wants to purloin, he must get a hold of some other dirtier fist, or, being to the manner born, he can purloin himself."

"With your opinions a man will never get anything but scraps to live on. But that's not what I meant to say to you at all. I don't want you to purloin—I don't want you to steal. I was going merely to ask you if you had any disinclination to go abroad."

"Abroad?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"No very great way off."

"Over the North sea?"

"No."

"Where then? Across the English Channel?"

"No."

"Where?"

"To Australia."

"Well, if I know any geography, that's about as far off as I could go."

"But it's easy reached. Fine ships—clipper ships from the Clyde river nowadays. A floating hotel all the way, any of them."

"And what would you commission me to do?"

"To go to Melbourne in the first place."

"Yes."

"To go to Ballarat in the next place."

"Yes."

"To look up the old seat of the gold-fields. Some of them

are covered with bush and grass already, I know, but some of them are not; and there are graveyards and registers of the buried still in existence."

"Yes."

"Go out to Ballarat, and find if there is still a cross over a grave with H. D. on it. Find if there is any record of who H. D. may have been. See what name he was buried with——"

"You want me to verify a lying miner's romance?"

"You will be well paid for it. You will be better there than here. It's a fair offer. Help yourself."

"Give me a little time to think it over. I'm not greatly in love with the offer, because the colonies don't much attract me. I don't say I will refuse it, however, if you will make it worth my while."

"If you execute the job to my mind, you will get £1,000 for it."

"I can do it in fifteen months, I suppose?"

"Perhaps in less."

"Then I won't say yes right off, but I think it's very likely I will say it before long."

"Then, if you're ready, we'll take our rods and baskets and go."

They went out together in high, friendly key. Nixon was ever friendly when he had the chance. He naturally supposed that other people wished to be so, and he knew no reason why this man should not; and really, now that he was obliging and genial, and offering him £1,000 for fifteen months' travel, or perhaps even fewer, he had a great mind to accept. In the meantime he followed at his heels on the river, and talked to him in response to words thrown over his shoulder, and they stood on the bank together at a deep pool beneath a cruipe, pulling their lines through the rings of their rods, helping each other to untwist refractory coils of gut, comparing flies, and snipping knots with their teeth.

"Do you wade?" asked Nixon.

"Higher up I do."

"Then I'd better get above you."

"Not at all."

"But I don't wade."

"No matter for that."

"I have a superstition somehow that a man who gets into the water affects the nervous system of the trout for three hundred yards beneath him," said Nixon.

"Then you know nothing about fishing."

"We'll see about that when we come to weigh our baskets."

"I won't wade here, because it's ten feet deep, and I haven't a salmon fly suited for the pool."

"Then I'll lead off and get above you."

"I can't stand a man fishing above me."

"Why?"

"I have a feeling that I'm getting the miserable rejected remainder who jump on a last shift."

"Then you won't wade," said Nixon.

"I will wade."

"Very well, we shall part company. I must stick out for my rights."

"There are no rights on the river bank."

"There are; and one of them is, that the man who doesn't wade gets the option of walking on before, and fishing the stream before the wader. Why, don't you see that my end fly may be playing at the heel of your boot, while you are in the middle of the stream playing for a quiet spot beneath the opposite bank."

"That's nothing."

"Then I shall hand in my rod."

"Hand it in, and be hanged to you."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A RISE IN THE RIVER.

NIXON no sooner heard the factor's exclamation than he recovered his good humour.

"No," he said, "Mr. Leslie, I sha'n't be such a baby as hand you my rod. Don't let us quarrel on the river bank. They are sensitive in these deep pools, and, overhearing remarks, they are apt to sulk."

The factor followed suit, and became agreeable also.

"You see it's no use," he replied, "your pitting the experience of your life against mine. I have had Lord Stroma fishing here, and while I waded he plied the fly at my back. Lord Stroma knows fish better than any man in these parts, and it's his opinion that the effect of wading upon them is as nothing to a noise upon the bank. I've had the Hon. Mr. Dirlot too, with that rod you have in your hand, fishing on the bank while I waded, and he has landed a three-pounder from the heel of my boot."

"All right, then. Don't mind my expostulations. Having lodged my protest, I feel comfortable, and can go to work with my conscience eased."

"Away you go, then, ahead of me, and lash the water till you get to the broad corner at the head of the valley. You will see an island there. If you can manage to reach that island, and fish with the current which flows between it and the opposite bank, I promise you a basket."

"We can weigh baskets at the store in the square as we come back."

"Very good."

Nixon was not sorry to wander away in advance of Leslie. He began to feel uncomfortable in his presence for no particular reason. It could not be the domineering tone he adopted. That did not disturb him; it was the lowering look he bestowed upon him from time to time, as of enmity striving to be friendship. Then the proposal to go to Australia—what could it mean? It was a munificent offer, and one not lightly to be set aside. Yet it was suspiciously munificent. The information might be acquired at much less cost, if Leslie chose. Why should he want to give him so large a sum? There was something behind it which he did not understand. He walked slowly round the valley, laying his flies softly on the brown stream, now behind a stone, now at the quiet spots in the lee of a little island of sedge, now in the main current. But he seemed to have lost his cunning. There was an unusual tremor in his arm, and he did not succeed in raising a single trout. Looking back, he saw that Leslie was playing something in the deep pool of considerable weight, for his rod was curved and his line taut, and his reel working. He must get to the island at once, if he hoped to match his basket against his opponent at the end of the evening.

But it was no such easy matter to reach the island. Where the river turned the corner towards the mountains the water flowed deep on the side on which Nixon found himself. Unless he jumped from a rock at the edge to a submerged rock in the centre, and trusted to finding shallow water nearer the island through which he could splash to the strand, there was no means of reaching it. He looked twice before he tried it, but the third time he sprang, and, with five or six bounds and a splash, he was among the pebbles of the island, raising the sand-pipers from the rushes as he strode towards a point which commanded a broad sweep of water at the other side. Coming round the high banks behind him was a slight breeze which raised a ruffle upon the water.

The stream hardly seemed to move till it got farther down the island, but he tried a cast in the quiet water, and at his first throw had the agreeable sensation of a jerk at his casting-line, a dive, and a wheeling of his reel. His nervous tremor instantly departed; he had hooked his first fish. It took him no great time to reel him to his feet, for he was no great weight, but as he brought him to the beach, and witnessed his gambols among the shingle, he had the edge of his anticipation whetted. He tried another cast with precisely the same result, and before he had stood an hour he had managed to land something every three minutes. Then his arm got tired, and he paused to look about him. From the corner of the valley he could make out Cnoc Dhu in the distance.

What could Elspeth be about? Singular girl! To be born

and brought up like a lapwing, and yet to have so much individuality, so much originality, so much that attracted him and made him love her. He wondered when he would see her again. He turned and saw Leslie standing high over him on the steep bank of the river.

"I've been watching you," he roared down. "You are doing very well, but you haven't got anything like this," showing the tail of a grilse at the mouth of his basket.

"No. My flies won't bring up anything like that, but I am quite pleased. I am rapidly filling my creel—all half-pounders. I say, what's the matter with the water?"

The question was natural enough. Quite suddenly the strand where he stood became submerged, not with a slow ascending tide from the sea, but with a wave of brown wood from Cnoc Dhu.

"It comes down like that sometimes," cried Leslie. "There's no danger. It will pass and go by. An overflow from Dirlot. Fish away; I'm pounds ahead of you."

Nixon did not like the aspect of the water, but he returned to his place without looking back, and, as luck would have it, a magnificent three-pounder bolted his second fly and fled deep into the river. He saw there was something going on with the water, that it seemed to be heightening; but his three-pounder went away with twenty yards of line, and showed such a resolute pluck and will of his own, that Nixon concentrated all his attention upon his movements. It was a superb trout, as he could see, reeling him up to the surface, and as he could feel when he bolted deep into the water, and sulked at the bottom like an eel beneath a stone. Shortly he forgot the rising in the river, as his trout ran away with half his line in his teeth, and he felt himself obliged to wade a little. He waded deep, the water advancing to his thighs and to his middle. He began to feel, when there was an impulsion which almost lifted him from his legs, that he had gone too far in. But his trout was sulking, and he was bound to have him. He did not retreat, therefore, but slowly reeled him to the surface and towards him, when a wave of water, extending from bank to bank, increasing the run of the stream from three to four inches, lifted him from his feet. He was an expert swimmer, but he had a rod in his hand, and a desirable trout at the end of it, whom he had no intention of abandoning. He kept a firm finger on the reel, and the result was that he was carried off his feet, and, for a moment or two, had the sensation of being choked with a sweetish kind of water.

As the wave carried him his eye rested on the clay-bank opposite him, and he had a vivid picture impressed upon his mind of swifts flying over the stream, the wave of the river reaching to the holes in which their nests were. They flew and screamed and darted—he saw that; then he found his feet again, and was on the island, with the trout still at the end of the line.

But the overflow had taken all the spirit out of the trout; he made no more resistance. Nixon gathered up his line and brought him to his feet, as he turned the white of his belly to the light and put him in his basket, from which he found that a fly-book and all he had caught had been washed out and away. Having found his feet again, he saw that he was surrounded with danger. The roomy island, rising from shingle edges and rushes into a green carpet of grass and ferns, was submerged, except at one point—the little patch to which he had retreated. The rock from which he had leapt was invisible, and the water circled and rushed with a rapidity which made him giddy to look at. Anxiously he gazed towards Cnoc Dhu; there was a black cloud concealing the summit; it had been there all the afternoon, and now red light was flashing out of it. Rain must have been descending in a deluge up there. He turned on the unsubmerged patch and looked up the bank. Leslie was leaning on his rod staring at him. He put his hand to his mouth and called up—

“Am I safe here?”

But there was an intervening roar of water, and Leslie, putting his hand to his mouth and shouting down to him, he heard nothing. In despair he looked up the tumbling pathway of the stream; he saw a higher ridge of water bearing down, and it must submerge the island and carry him off. He flung the basket from his shoulder and dropped the rod from his hand; unfastening his boots and kicking them from him, he tossed away his jacket and waistcoat, and waited. He could swim, certainly, but this would be swimming in a rushing and choking torrent; but he would not give up hope. The forked lightning played about the summit of Cnoc Dhu, and the clouds blackened to a deeper intensity. What a desire for life he felt as he saw the new wave of “spate” descending. Downwards, with a serpentine and curling motion it came; he stood on tiptoe on the highest point of the island; it swept over the island, but he found himself, after all was over, only surrounded to the knees. Every trace of green earth was now removed; on every side of him the river raved and raged, and began to overflow its banks into the neighbouring stretch of moor. Again Nixon looked up and saw Leslie gazing down at him. He made no effort to help him. He seemed to be transfixed.

“Good-bye!” roared Nixon through the rushing of the waters. “The next wave will do it.” But no response came back; the factor neither spoke nor waved an arm at him. From time to time Nixon was obliged to shut his eyes, the whirling of the water had such a sickening effect; but on one of these occasions half a gate came reeling down on him and drove him off his pinnacle. He regained it, weak, and, as he thought, injured in his ribs; he began to feel as if he could not swim, should the

worst come to the worst. And that the full force of the torrent had not come upon him, he knew from the lambent fires among the mountains and the horrid masses of deluging cloud. Yes, there was more to come, and with it came all sorts of *débris*, flying on the face of the current to the right and to the left of him, and death might be in the next blow. He kept his eye fixed on the upper waters—yes, the next wave must do it, and it was coming. It rolled down like a cataract, filled up the bed of the stream, ran far over the banks and up the whins and furze at Leslie's feet. Nixon was submerged to the armpits; still he kept his place. It was desperate work; it fatigued him, and he believed it would soon drown him. There was another wave coming, higher than any of the rest; but what was this in mid-stream? A boat borne along with the flood, and some one in it—but a boat unmanaged, whirling with the current; no oars out. It had broken loose in the upper reaches. Nixon looked at it descending, and turned up his head to the skies, with an unuttered feeling of thankfulness. He was saved. God! was he? The wave came; he was borne off his feet with a violent rush; when he rose the boat was passing him. It was beyond his grasp. He shrieked, and the next moment found an oar at his hand, but he made a dizzy circuit, thrice round with the circling boat, before he reached the gunwales. He was helped in by Elspeth Gun. They spoke not a word. Elspeth was pale, and, like himself, as he saw at a glance, prepared for death. It was the coble she had rowed in Loch Dirlot when he first met her. No sooner did he tumble into it, helped by her nervous right arm, than he sat down at the oars.

"You have saved me, Elspeth. Now I will try to save you," he said, leaning to his oars, and stopping the giddy gyrations in which the coble spun.

"I had given up hope," she said, clasping her hands, and dropping on her knees at the stern. "I shut my eyes and thought I would die."

Nixon did not hear her. He thought she was praying, for she covered her face with her hands. In another moment he knew they would have to shoot through a cruive, and beyond that keep the centre of the stream, if they were to avoid gaping cliffs of iron. Yes, there was the cruive, and one opening; would he strike the centre? Another inch, and the coble would have been broken to pieces on the edge of the stone key, but an inch was as good as a mile, as Nancy sometimes said on less critical occasions. Nixon remembered the saw, however, as they dashed out into the water, and were sucked into the rushing current between the rocks. "An inch is as good as a mile," he said aloud to Elspeth, whose right hand pressed her eyes. She did not look, she did not speak; she seemed resigned to any fate that might await her.

The coble wheeled and spun down through the cliffs and rushed violently into open water. Nixon thought he might try to beach her, but he concluded, as they swept along, that the chance of capsizing was less by trying to shoot the town bridge and reach the sea. He saw the town-people, with hoes and poles, standing on the edge of the bank, gathering the flotsam which the sudden rise of the water had given them. They looked in amazement at the coble, shouted advices to him which he did not hear, ran along the bank waving their arms; then there was the gate of cliff behind the town. The danger was the central arch of the bridge: the water whirled violently into it and threatened to break the coble in splinters. Safe by an inch again! A giddy shouting on the bridge above him, and the stream broadened out and became more easy to row in. Right out in front of him was the harbour bar, with the waves moaning on either side. He turned once to see his way through, and in a few minutes was able to say to Elspeth—

“Elspeth, you are saved. We are in the Marnock Firth. The sea is quite quiet, though Cnoc Dhu has sent down all this water.”

Elspeth removed her hand from her eyes. They were dry.

“Will I ever forget this day, think you?”

“I sha’n’t. I’m half inclined to think that worthy banker prepared a trap for me.”

“He couldn’t make the thunder and lighting and rain at Cnoc Dhu.”

“No; but he brutally deceived me. But the thunder-cloud is coming down over the town. The sooner we are in the harbour mouth the better.”

“I will take an oar,” she said, sitting down beside him.

His wrist was numb and fatigued. He let her take an oar, and they rowed together toward the mouth of the harbour, where as yet it was calm enough.

In a few minutes they had reached the stairs inside, and he was helping her up.

“I must away home again at once,” she remarked, not looking at him, and shaking her dress. “My poor father and mother will die of fright when they know the coble is gone, and me not to be seen.”

“You will do nothing of the sort. You will go up to Nancy’s and rest, and I will send somebody into the mountain for you.”

“But you are taking great care of me.”

“You saved my life.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DANCING.

THE sheriff could not explain Mina’s collapse that Sunday afternoon, but he was glad to observe that it did not permanently affect her health. He judged it was something about Nixon, for

whenever his name came up she changed the conversation, or found something to do in another room. The sheriff was not quite certain whether she did not feel that she owed Joseph a grudge for the new claim established upon these wretched fragments of parchment. He did not mind very much unless it really turned out, somehow or other, that he was heir to something as extraordinary as the baronetcy from which Mina seemed suddenly to be ousted. Now that he made sure her heart was not going to break, he felt that a little alienation from Joseph was matter for congratulation rather than anything else. Nixon's difficulty was Usher's opportunity, and, on the whole, that was of vast importance. Usher was succeeding, and everything seemed to point to his reaching the highest expectations of his friends and frustrating the hopes of his enemies.

"I shall put nothing in the way of circumstances," reflected the sheriff again, "let them lead where they will." The reflection was made inside a heather-house, where he sat idly glancing from some manuscript pages of his great work at Mina bending over a flower-bed which she watered tenderly.

"I am not going to interrupt you, papa dear. Don't mind me in the least. Don't look, even."

"Oh, I am not a small boy at school, bound, poor fellow, to have 'jam satis terris nivis atque diræ' all by heart against the day after to-morrow. I may look, if I like, Mina. What are these you are watering?"

"I'm ashamed to say that at this moment I don't know."

"How do you know you aren't killing them?"

"No; they are annuals, and the ground is dry and parched, and if Nature won't give them a shower, they must have it from me. But you don't need to talk, papa. I wouldn't interrupt the life of an eminent Scotch sheriff for a great deal. I would rather lose half the annuals in the bed."

"Allow me, Mina dear, to know when I may lift my head from my great work and talk. I was going to say, you will have to be ready about eight to drive into Hopetoun Rooms. Dancing will commence a little before ten. I sha'n't dance myself, but I shall be very glad to see you at it."

"Dance!" exclaimed Mina, holding up her watering-pot. "No. Nor shall I dance. I shall go and see how it is with those who are young and happy. I shall put myself against a mirror in the third room up, and wipe the breaths off with my back, and the back of my head sometimes, and turn round and see their reflections in it, how they like it. I am a wallflower. I always liked the wallflower as a flower. I shall be one now with perfect and absolute enjoyment."

The sheriff elbowed his great work into a corner, came out with his abominable hat, which no hawker would have picked out of a puddle, under his elbow, placed it on his head, looking

like an old-fashioned descendant of Abraham who had got into an absurd trade, whose prosperity depended upon the accentuation of "O' clo'."

"Wallflower!" said the sheriff. "You'll go and find out the little bit of *chiffon* I like best, and be ready to shake hands with the old colonel and all his officers. It's a farewell little dance. The 199th have been suddenly ordered out of the Castle. They are going to Ceylon. Governor Oliphant has just been appointed, and has written for the cheapest regiment, and the cheapest is the 199th. But they all dance, and they are all very good fellows, Mina, and if our system, our iniquitous system of purchase, were abolished, some of the 199th would be in the Guards, not where they are."

"I don't deny them the possession of intellect and skill in war, and a desire to slash. No. What I do deny is the desire in myself to dance."

"Mina, you are interrupting me seriously. You have watered your flowers. I am going to this little ball. You will, if you in the very least degree care for my happiness, go too."

"Very well, papa dear."

The sheriff went back to his great work. Mina went into the house, to her bedroom, to her wonderful closet, where, with all the colours of the rainbow in them, her dancing dresses stood arranged on pegs.

"Nellie," shouted Mina.

"Yes, Miss Durie."

"I am going to dance."

"Yes, Miss Durie," looking at her, all the same, with a regretful expression.

Nellie read all Mina's letters, heard all the sheriff's conversation, understood day by day to a certainty what the state of her mistress's heart was. She liked Mr. Nixon better than any other body. She thought and wished her mistress would marry him. She looked at her and asked—

"Miss Durie, has Mr. Nixon come to town?"

"No, you stupid thing! He has *not* come to town. And what if he had come to town? Is that of the least interest to you or me?"

"It used to be, Miss Durie."

"Yes" (bitterly), "it used to be. But a few weeks is a long past for a man. A long past, which blots out years of the future."

"That's beyond me, Miss Durie."

"Very well, so it ought. The sheriff insists that I shall dance to-night—to-night! Think of that, Nellie! And Joseph—Joseph Nixon—not there to look at me."

Mina wept on her maid's bosom, and the maid, raising her apron, applied it to her mistress's eyes.

"Pooh!" said the maid, in a soothing accent, "pooh, Miss

Durie, the 199th is a splendid regiment. I may say that Corporal Macdougall comes out here regularly to see the daughter of——”

“*I am foolish to give way like this. I hate emotions and scenes, and I like dancing, and I will dance. Yes, I will dance, Joseph or no Joseph.*”

Again she put her head down upon her maid's shoulder, and wept.

“Dear Miss Durie, I know you will dance, and I only said that Corporal Macdougall come out here to court a girl—sister to the Misses Finlay's maid—and he brought Sergeant —— Dear Miss Durie, don't cry!”

“Go on, go on. Tell me about Sergeant Corporal. I am sure he must be a very nice fellow, Nellie, if you say so. I have no objection to him in the world. I don't want you to marry just yet; but if you insist upon it, I shall be very happy to make a present.”

“Dear miss, you are quite wrong. I wouldn't marry any of the 199th. But they are very nice to dance with. Only I am told they are a cheap regiment, and have to go abroad to a bad climate to save money to retire upon. Governor Oliphant has written for them, because they are cheap and willing to die.”

“Nellie, what would you advise me to wear?”

“Well, Miss Durie, you have only seven choices. The other seven dresses couldn't be ready for a dance to-night. But the other seven—yes, any of them; and I would advise, miss, a dress to conceal what you were feeling.”

“You are a hypocrite.”

“I would say a cream-coloured satin with some Spanish lace, miss, and as little crinoline as possible. Indeed, Miss Durie, I may say that Sir James Smeeson sent an old lady round to Mr. Hope's for three days, and she said that crinoline was obstetrical, and that if young ladies knew, they would let it alone—she said so, indeed.”

“Goose!”

“I do think, Miss Durie, that a cream-coloured satin—this one—and the lace I mention, would do very well.”

“I shall do nothing of the sort. You seem to have Sir James Smeeson and his army of old women on the brain.”

“It would be a protest against it, Miss Durie.”

“Ah, well, in that light, Spanish lace! No, I shall have Chantilly. Can you take it off this dress in time?”

“Yes, indeed, Miss Durie.”

“Now, Nellie, lock yourself up. You have only three hours without interruption to work in, and after that I must be dressed for the Hopetoun Rooms.”

Mina went out and watered her flowers again. The Sheriff was really writing this time. He saw her, but did not look up. She looked at her watch.

“Plenty of time, Mina dear,” said the sheriff, his quill between his teeth and his blotting paper applied to his page.

“You don’t require to speak.”

“No, but I will if I like.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOPETOUN ROOMS.

JUST before the sheriff had arrayed himself in his plain suit of black he had the pleasure of seeing Mina come into his library, fully equipped for dancing. He saw her with a throb of affection and regret, for she looked to his eyes exceedingly beautiful, and he thought she must necessarily be irresistible to every young man in the ball-room. She was a little pale, with the least indication of a flush of excitement; her dark eyes sparkled as she spread herself out for his approval, and her head was slightly thrown back, as if her spirit were contending with some unrevealed annoyance—as indeed it was.

“Will I pass muster, papa dear?”

“Let me look you all over,” said the sheriff, raising his *pince-nez*, and gazing, without accurate comprehension, upon the *chiffon* in which she was enveloped.

“Pass muster! You will pass it so well that I must put you through the form of an oath, that no bumptious little lieutenant may induce you to run away with him.”

“Run away, papa dear! And with a little lieutenant! I am glad you approve. Nellie has a quite exquisite taste, I think. She throws herself into her work as if she were painting a picture. She looks on me, when it is all over, as if I were a work of art, all of her own devising. So, to a certain extent, I am. I mean to dance everything to-night, papa dear.”

“Heaven forbid! I know the precious regiment departs in the morning, and the poor wretches ought to have a little respite to pick themselves up for their journey.”

“No respite. They are soldiers. What have soldiers to do with sleep?”

“Think of me. How shall I remain on the ground all night? You know it is all I can do to stand up to a quadrille without losing my head, and that if I don’t pick my partner with the greatest care, I inevitably put my foot in it to the distraction of a whole group. Wherefore, I never dance. And, though playing whist is amusing up to a certain point, the charm of it departs after three o’clock in the morning.”

“I shall send you home with Mrs. Gibson or Mrs. Finlay. I know they are both going. She has—Mrs. Gibson I mean—been invited because her sister Maria’s fourth daughter, who is bewilderingly pretty, happens to be living with her. Mrs. Finlay takes Bessie and Gerty.”

"Thanks, my dear, but I had rather play whist till the morning light is coming in at the upper windows of the rooms, than accompany that unwholesome and entirely obnoxious woman some yards on her way home. I never exchange more than a small nod with her. I never shall, if I can help it."

"Well, papa dear, I did not want to go, but now I am going I must dance. Dance! dance! Why, I feel as if I could lead a ballet. I feel as if there was nothing for me to do in this life but dance, wheel, turn—like the poor little top which thought it was the solar system."

"My dear, you are not the solar system, nor are you the top of ancient story, though you seem to be determined to wheel to Cupid's whip."

"Cupid! No! I shall do it in defiance of everybody, in wild, delirious rebellion. Papa dear, we want all our time."

"Then I shall dress."

The sheriff dressed, and before ten o'clock the pair had appeared at the end of Queen Street, where Edinburgh was depositing carriage after carriage, cab after cab, the guests of the departing regiment.

Mina and the sheriff passed through the outer corridor among a grove of hanging plants, whose perfume mingled with the aromatic scents of other climes distilled from the dresses of the ladies. Mina did not use scents, having read a certain essay in Montaigne greatly to her advantage. She did not approve of them, though a slight bouquet in her hands, with a suggestion of red, white, and blue in it, at once recommended her to every lieutenant who saw her enter the rooms and go up, alongside the sheriff, to the innermost circle, where Lieutenant-General Lady Macallum was discoursing to Mrs. Gibson after her first quadrille.

"Hang it!" said the sheriff, as he led his ward between a lane of silent wall-flowers and a bewildering *frou-frou* of wheeling petticoats, which now approached, now retreated, nearing and disappearing from his legs and person. "Hang it! Sit down anywhere; that old woman is certain to expect me to dance with her."

"No, papa; you must go straight on to Lady Macallum—straight on: they are looking. How d'you do? how d'you do? how d'you do?" (*en route*). "She will not expect you to dance. Besides, you can excuse yourself if you like, in any way you like."

"To be sure, sheriff, you deserve to be congratulated on your appearance," said her ladyship. "But only look at the general, and be ashamed of yourself. He really is wonderful for—— No matter what or how many years."

"He must have deuced little inside his ancient pate to whirl like that," thought the sheriff, as Mina congratulated Mrs. Gibson on looking so well.

"I was just saying to Lady Macallum that if the sheriff left his studies I would insist upon a dance—a reel if you please, Sheriff Durie."

The sheriff looked aghast, gazed into his bouquet, sniffed, and pretended not to hear.

"There are reels, Lady Macallum?"

"Yes, of course; do you suppose the 199th are to be ruled by any but Scotch traditions? Not they, indeed; if you wait long enough, when the programme is exhausted, you can improvise such dances as you may care about."

"But that will be very, very late," said Mina, pitying the poor sheriff, who had drawn the line upon dancing at three o'clock in the morning.

"Who is speaking?" asked Mrs. Gibson sarcastically.

"Ah, that reminds me," said Lady Macallum; "that reminds me—a thousand congratulations, Miss Durie. When you come into your kingdom, remember—not the 199th, they will be far over the seas—but remember your friends with game. Don't sell your game. I think it quite the most demoralizing thing that our landed people have invented—setting up as poulterers on their own account. It isn't as if they hadn't friends enough to eat their game. They have plenty of friends—a friend for every grouse, partridge, red deer, or hare they might shoot. I believe it's America that's doing it. These Americans are beginning to be the fashion, and they have no shame whatever in the gain made over a counter. Don't sell your game, my dear. Give it away."

The sheriff stood, with his back turned upon the trio, miserably looking through the *pince-nez* at the rolling wave of brocade, velvet, tarlatan, tulle, and gauze.

"You are longing to dance," said Mrs. Gibson. "I have been laid up very bad indeed, with a plaster on my back; but I'm all right now."

"God bless me, madam!" said the sheriff, looking at Mina, and morally intercepting the word "plaster" with a reproachful glance of his eye, "I never dance. It doesn't agree with me. I say, here's the Lord Advocate and his wife. I thought he was in London. He's run up on purpose."

The Lord Advocate tried to achieve a military bow to Lady Macallum, but only succeeded in making a despairing bend as if he were looking at an unlearned brief; his wife did not bend at all, but only shook hands condescendingly. She hoped to be Lady something or other herself in a few weeks, if a certain bill passed in which her husband was greatly interested, or if the Government, of which he was Scotch director, was not bowled over in the meantime.

"My Lord Advocate," said Mrs. Gibson, "this is leap-year, and I've asked the sheriff to dance, and he doesn't like it. Now,

my Lord Advocate, I think there are times when we should all look to supporting our old Scotch customs. The waltz, you know, that's not Scotch—that came in in the year 1812, for reasons well known to you, not creditable to any one. It's a dance I would banish. 'There—there, that's my sister Maria's fourth girl. She's not so giddy as she looks. That's Captain Bramwell with her. He's a Newcastle man—Coal and Coke Bramwell. If he gets her, he's got a gem: if she gets him, she'll get a poor thing with three thousand a year of his own. And I'll insist on his selling out."

Mrs. Gibson had been talking away to herself for some time. Lady Macallum, the Lord Advocate, the sheriff, and Mina had crossed the upper room, beneath the regimental flags and under the regimental band; and all of a sudden the music ceased, and the dizzy whirl ended in a general parting to right and left of the gauze, tulle, tarlatan, velvet, and brocade.

Lieutenant-General Macallum, wiping his moist brow, dropped a youthful partner three rooms down, and joined the sheriff and the rest of them.

Mrs. Gibson hobbled round. "I was saying, Sir Donald, that the Scotch custom of the reel——"

Sir Donald shifted his position, and got the sheriff into position for receiving all that Mrs. Gibson had to say. He picked up Mina's unused programme, and carried her off to a corner. She was sorry for the sheriff, but she greatly wanted to dance.

"Now," said the Lieutenant-General, "I am obliged to be at the Castle at two o'clock. I sha'n't have more than three hours' rest—no sleep probably—no sleep, my dear."

"Why?"

He tried to heave a portentous sigh, and put in a dance for himself. "Now, young Barclay will want that. He will ask it; he always asks the dances I ask, or that he thinks I'll ask.—Confound it, madam! Let me know better than you!" He was talking to his wife at that moment.

The band began again, and a mild polka was organizing itself, when Usher, looking bright, strong, intellectual, as if he had won an impossible murder case, and was being cheered all the way down the Mound, approached, book in hand.

"Frank, Frank!" called out the sheriff.

"Yes."

"Frank, Mrs. Gibson is waiting. You shall have Mina next. Mrs. Gibson wants to polk."

"I'll swear she has a plaster on her back," said the lieutenant-general; "she intimated that secret to somebody that told me, the other day."

"My dear Mrs. Gibson," said Usher, making a much more successful bow than the Lord Advocate, and leading her off to a polka.

"That young man deserves to succeed in his profession," said the general.

"I think it such bad taste in a young man to dance with a dilapidated old woman," said the wife of the general, rather older than Mrs. Gibson.

"It's plucky on both sides," said the Lord Advocate.

"It's mere mercenariness on his side and vanity on hers," said the Lord Advocate's wife, as the polka emerged into the light of the lamps and gases.

"I am very grateful to him," said the sheriff, "though I don't like it. It's a bad example. She's had her fling already, and has no right to aspire to another turn of it. The young fellow ought to be tabooed who does that sort of thing. Sets a bad example. Give me age for age."

"And plenty of infants," said the Lord Advocate, who had none of his own.

"Is it to be whist or hopping?" to the sheriff; "for I have only an hour and a half to give to it. I'm going south with the eight o'clock express. There will be a row in the House to-morrow night; but——"

At that moment the music stopped, the polka was finished; Mrs. Gibson, panting violently, waved her sister Maria's fourth daughter to her, and had a scent-bottle applied to her nose.

"Auntie," said that flower-like beauty, radiant with her own exercise, "I wouldn't dance if I were you."

"Yes; but you're not me, Georgina, and you haven't my will to make."

Mina and Usher went away to a flowery corner by themselves.

"Now I wish to choose for myself, and fill up all the dances I want."

"And I am to have no choice?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"The choice of obedience. You will acquiesce, or choose to acquiesce, in my choice."

"Good."

He took the programme, and filled up dance after dance, and returned it to her with a furtive glance of triumph.

"You have not taken too many? You know how they will regard it if I dance *all* these with you. Oh yes, indeed, Captain Barclay, I shall certainly keep *one* dance for you! How d'ye do, Major? How d'ye do, Mr. —— How——? Yes, thanks, this is a waltz, Mr. Usher."

Tum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum; tum, tum—taroo, taroo, taroo!—from beneath the flags on the platform, and off everybody scampered. The sheriff sneaked away to a side-room, Mrs. Gibson keeping her eye on him, and, flushed to puffiness, following him with an air of matrimonial determination.

The rooms scampered and circled and waved and smiled and grew warm. It was noticed by everybody that Mina Durie seemed to lean on air and to dance like a disembodied soul.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DUNBEATH HOUSE.

ELSPETH paused when she ascended the pier and clutched Nixon's arm. The thunder-cloud had drifted overhead and was about to break ; one or two huge drops fell at their feet, yet the sea retained its aspect of unnatural calm—the only change upon its green waves was the change of colour owing to the rush of chocolate water from the river. They stood for a moment at the outer parapet, and as he looked at her, he perceived that the whirling through the flood had shaken her terribly. For himself, all the terror of death was gone by the time the last wave had carried him from his feet ; the sweetness of deliverance still remained with him, though they had hastened through narrow arches and been thrice threatened with a violent end.

"Sit for a moment," he said, "and I will sit beside you. You are rather overcome with that giddy jumping about. No wonder. It was touch and go for both of us."

Elsbeth said never a word, but sat down and covered her eyes with her hands ; her brain was reeling and her knees felt feeble. The rain began to threaten to descend in a deluge ; Nixon felt the drops going through his shirt to his arms and shoulders. It made him wonder where his coat and waistcoat and shoes had floated to. Then he looked at the girl beside him, and a great pity took possession of him.

"Why, Elspeth, it's all over now," he said. "A little rest and you will be yourself again."

"I am myself," she said, through glistening eyes, smiling tearfully at him. "See what it is, though, to be a silly woman and not a man. It has made me quite feeble."

"The cloud is going over the town after all. It's going to break at sea," said Nixon, looking overhead and then over the water. "Now we can go to Nancy's, for I hear the clamour of the townspeople who have been following the fate of the coble."

"Oh ! let us get up and away before they come."

And the pair made a quick march of it towards Nancy's. There was an old phaeton standing at her door ; as they approached they saw Nancy, dressed in deep mourning, come out towards it. She looked very worn and anxious, and at the sight of them started visibly.

"Pity me, sir !" she said, looking at Nixon's jacketless and shoeless condition ; "ye dinna do to be a blackguard. Go in an' dress quick, and you'll find a dinner ready for you. I did not expect to see you here, Elspeth Gun."

"You must take me in again for a little, till I tell you, Nancy."

"You'll sit up on the phaeton wi' me—come. That's what you'll do. Up you go. Hoot, lassie, you're stiff i' the joints—stiffer than an auld wife like me. Now, I'm going round to Dunbeath House, and you'll stay wi' me."

"I'll be the nearer Cnoc Dhu."

"Yes, you will that. Never mind Mr. Nixon at the window. Bid him good-bye wi' your hand. That's the fashion."

And Nancy trotted out of Ruddersdale along the highway to Dunbeath House, while the thunder-cloud far out at sea was riven with red flashes, and seemed to drop darkness upon the waves.

"Nancy, you have a great courage to drive in a storm like this."

"Ay, but it's outside o' us, Elspeth. We'll not get any of it now. I'll have to be careful wi' my horse, though, as here's darkness over the road more than the branches o' the trees are making. That was two bats I saw this minute. They're early out. But I'll make it less than a hour's drive; and tell me, Elspeth, what brought you back to Ruddersdale so soon?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some other time, Nancy. It would only bother you just now."

"It'll no bother me a bit, Elspeth. Tell me now, and I'll listen."

"It was a spate on the river that took me down,—me and Mr. Nixon together in the same coble. And oh, Nancy! don't ask me to say much about it, for the coble was dancing at the mouth o' death all the way, and I have not recovered yet."

Nancy reined up on the bridge over the Cranberry. She saw that the water had risen to the full height of the arch, and that it flowed violently towards the sea.

"Bairn!" she exclaimed, "I was out o' my senses. It's in your warm bed you should be. I'll go back now."

"No, no—nearer Cnoc Dhu. My poor father and mother!"

"Ay, to be sure," said Nancy, picking up her whip and astonishing her well-fed horse by a sudden application to his flanks. Cover yourself up, girl, and I'll find a warm corner for you at Dunbeath."

* * * * *

Leslie waited on the high bank above the island on the river till he saw the last wave from Cnoc Dhu coming down. Nixon was already well-nigh submerged.

"This one will drown him," said the banker, clutching the butt end of his rod as a mist rose before his eyes. "He's under—he's gone," he added, not noticing the whirling coble, and striking into the moorland with quick footstep. The mist

disappeared from his eyes as he walked, and everything became clear to him.

"It's going to rain," he added, deliberately winding the reel of his rod, and noticing, with surprise, that his casting-line and fly had trailed on the ground and broken off somewhere behind him. "I never lost a fly that way before," he muttered. "It's provoking. Yes, he's gone. Rash young fool! Did he suppose that he could fight with me—with me, Roderick Leslie?"—looking gratefully at the stormy cloud over Cnoc Dhu, as if it were a tap which he had turned on at will to drown a rat. "Rash young fool!"—taking his rod to pieces and finding a cover for it in his basket. While he was looking for the cover he seized the grilse by the tail, and flinging it from him, he wiped his fingers on the grass.

"It's a providential circumstance," he said; a voice behind him calling out, "Is it no a clean fish, sir?"

Leslie turned sharply round, and saw the grieve of one of the hill farmers.

"Eh?"

"You pitched it away, sir. I could find a use for it, since you canna put it back in the water again. Nine bairns, Mr. Leslie. A grilse is a grilse."

"The grilse is good enough. There's been an accident on the river, man, and nobody to hinder it. That young man that came up here out o' the south to dig has lost his life."

"I saw it with my own eyes at the cruive," said the grieve.

"So far down as that? And did you make no effort to save the poor fellow? I've been labouring away for an hour, and risked my life twice, but it was no use. Reach, I'll find out why it was that you made no effort to save that poor young fellow's life. I will, indeed. I'll have you up for cowardice. You would come and ask me for a grilse, and a man drowned before your eyes!"

"God's sake, sir, it went down and into the cruive and oot o' sight, and nothing to be seen of it. Was I to blame? I sent two men over to acquaint you with the fact in Ruddersdale town, not thinking you were here."

"Pick up your grilse and go home."

They parted, and Leslie, with rapid strides, made the best of his way back to Ruddersdale, where he found the men were waiting in the hall of his house. He did not stay at the bridge to hear what the gaping crowd had to say. The crowd thought he knew of the coble's descent to the sea.

"Well, well!" he cried.

"Twa o' them—coble—cruive—drooned."

"That'll do," said Leslie. "The tide'll bring the body back tomorrow or the next day. Go to the kitchen and get something."

The men shambled away to the kitchen. Leslie poured

himself out an enormous potation of undiluted spirits, steadied himself at his table, looked in a mirror in his own room—

“It’s Providence,” he muttered; “Or the devil,” said a still small voice. “Or the devil,” he murmured, seizing a pen, and writing one frantic line—“Nancy Harper, meet me at Dunbeath House before midnight.”

He fastened it up in an envelope, and, saddling a horse, rode by Nancy’s Inn, leaving the envelope with a servant at the door. Hence Nancy’s haste to be there and back in the security of her own house before midnight came. Leslie rode with wild haste where the road rose from the shingle margin of the water to lofty cliffs overlooking high islands of rock standing in the sea.

Dunbeath House was a large structure, half castle, half mansion, standing in the deep dip of two edges of cliff. A few weather-beaten trees lay about it for the wind to grumble in; and the sea, after running up a narrow channel, assailed it from behind. It was in comfortable shelter, but the absence for so many years of an occupant gave it a dead, untenanted look, which would have dispirited anybody with a less masterful mind than Roderick. The house was open to the world, save for an old crone in the kitchen; all the available servants were at Leslie’s lodge, and when work was to be done they went over from the lodge to do it and back again. They never stayed in it all night; the crone had the beating of the sea and the grumbling of the wind all to herself. She was Highland, and so far a foreigner, having little Lowland dialect available for speech; so she missed company the less.

Roderick stabled his own horse, and passed in at the open door, with a great treading of his toes and heels. He had covered himself with mud, which would not shake off; the noise he made had the effect of bringing the crone to his service. He walked away from her through a broad dark passage, carrying a feeble candle in his hand, till he arrived at a small snug room opening off the library. There was a fire in it. The window had no blind; there were no curtains. The white horses of the bay rolled up the beach within sight and hearing, and made a perpetual moving outside, which had a weird effect in the darkness. Leslie took some coals from a scuttle, and threw them on the fire; it was not cold, but somehow he felt that the fire was companionship.

“She will be here before midnight,” he reflected. “I’ll make the old hag swear on her bended knees to keep her mouth closed. I’ll—I’ll threaten her. I’ll—by Heaven!—I’ll open that window!” He tried it, and after making himself purple in the face, he raised it with a rush and a bang, the sea-air blowing his hair over his head till he shivered. “And I’ll show her the sea—the deep sea, and if—if she *will* be repentant, I think I’ll give her a dip, and she can take herself out any way she likes.”

He could not close the window again, though he groaned at the sill for five minutes, the wind blowing about him. Meanwhile Nancy's phaeton had come up.

"Is he in?" whispered Nancy from her seat to the crone, who took the horse's head and asked no questions.

"Yes—in here."

Nancy looked back into the phaeton, and saw that Elspeth had fallen sound asleep beneath a rug. She did not move.

"God bless the lassie! She's done up, and wants a sleep. Elspeth! Elspeth! we're at Dunbeath. Come in and take your rest by the fire till I speak in turn."

Elspeth rubbed her eyes and sat up.

"Am I going home?" she asked, half-asleep, half-awake.

"'Deed are ye, in good time. But ye must e'en stop on the road a wee. Oliver 'll no be the worse o' a little anxiety about ye. He'll value ye the more when he gets ye. 'Deed will he."

The crone took the horse and phaeton and disappeared; Nancy and Elspeth entered at the open door, and descended by some hard stone steps to the crone's kitchen, which was full of smoke, but otherwise warm and comfortable. They sat down for a little, and Nancy asked the girl to go over all her experiences of the day. She did so, beginning with the rowing of the coble into Dirlot Loch and the coming out of it again, when there was a great and unexpected rush of water, wave upon wave of it, which she was not able to resist, until she was obliged to bring in her oars and sit down till the worst should come to the worst; then Nixon appearing on the scene, and the coble righting and sweeping down to the sea, through danger to safety. Nancy wept, and wrung and clasped the girl's hands, and led her to an old sofa-box in a recess of the kitchen, and laid her down in it, and covered her knees and kissed her brow.

"Now, dawtie, you'll fa' asleep again. 'Deed ay, but ye will, though."

Elspeth shut her eyes. The crone came in; the pair sat talking for an hour, while she slept.

"Weary on me; he'll be expectin' me. I'll ha'e to go up. Where is he?"

"In the little room."

"Aff the library?"

"Just so."

"See that she's no disturbed."

"Ay, ay."

Elspeth slept, and Nancy went wearily upstairs to "the little room," carrying a candle in her hand. She hated meeting him. She understood, now that Elspeth had described the rush on the river, why she was summoned. She saw that he was revelling in a death, and she was sustained with slight exultation because

she felt she could contradict the fatality. He was standing with his back to the fire when she opened the door and entered. He was flushed and excited, as he often enough was now.

"Good news!" he said.

"The baronet's comin' back?"

"Fool!"

"Ay, ay; there's nae fule like the auld fule. Now, Roderick Leslie, I'm come out here on your errand; you'll be quick and let me away. I'm bound to be back again this night."

Leslie turned with a sinister eye upon the sea, as if to think that it depended upon circumstances whether she ever should get back.

"Good news," he said, between his teeth.

"Be quick about it, then, Mr. Leslie. What is it?"

"He's gone!"

"Wha?"

"Your Joseph Nixon is rolling among the surf at Ruddersdale bar."

There was something in Nancy's nature which impelled her to see how far this bad man would go. She looked at him as she sat down with the slightest movement of her eyes and said nothing.

He waited a minute.

"God knows you're the worse sinner of the two. You don't care that." And he snapped his thumb towards her.

Still she said nothing.

"Is that a', Mr. Leslie?"

"What better do you want?"

"And when did this happy event take place?"

"To-day. I saw it—I saw him drown."

"And never held out a hand to save him, I'll warrant?"

"It was Providence, Nancy."

"It was the devil, Roderick Leslie."

"The one's as good as the other for my purpose. My difficulties are at an end. I can breathe now."

"Ah! you bad, wicked abomination before the Lord."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ay, laugh away—laugh, and the Lord's hand will bear down upon ye yet."

"Hist!" he called out suddenly. "What sound's that?"

Nancy started to her feet.

There was a distant crying of an anguished feminine voice in the long, dark library.

Leslie cowered at the fireplace.

The voice approached, and Nancy's face became white with agitation.

"Father! father!" cried the voice in agony.

"Thy sin will find thee out," muttered Nancy.

"Father! father!" And in the doorway of the dark library suddenly appeared the figure of Elspeth.

"Back, back, to where you came from!" exclaimed Leslie, huskily and shivering. He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Nancy slipped into the dark library, carrying Elspeth with her, and while the factor remained buried in agitation, they took their road home in the phaeton.

CHAPTER XL

THE DAY AFTER.

It was already dawn when Mina and the sheriff got into their carriage at Hopetoun Rooms. The pipers were still piping, and the trombones blowing, and the fiddlers fiddling, while they retired from the scene, and warm young ladies were still circling in the arms of warm young gentlemen. Mina had energy enough for any amount of further dancing, but she took pity upon the miserable aspect of her guardian, who would come to a side door ever and anon, with his *pince-nez* fixed, look wretchedly in upon the moving throng, and go away again to a fresh rubber with uncongenial companions.

"Dear papa, are you very tired?" she asked, as they drove through Chester Street to Dean Bridge, and out on the open roadway towards Corstorphine.

"Yes, rather."

"I shouldn't have danced so much."

"Why not, if you liked it? Do I look disreputable? I've won three-and-sixpence at whist."

"Disreputable? No—at least, not very. No. Well, let me test you. Pronounce British Constitution."

"Don't be stale, Mina. Bis Coshooosh, of course. I had hardly anything to eat and drink all the evening. I am positively starving. What with feeding the general's wife, and listening to the Parliamentary twaddle of the Lord Advocate, and handing things, by special request, to obnoxious Mrs. Gibson, it seems that nothing passed down my own throat."

"Papa dear, what a morning!"

They were well out on the open road, and could see the Firth of Forth, and the sun diffusing himself from the German Ocean inwards, in magnificent bars of light. As they stopped at the shut gate of a toll-bar, and the noise of the wheels of the carriage ceased to fall upon their ears, a great sound of blackbirds among the trees, and larks above the fields, assailed them.

"They haven't been dancing all night, poor things!" said the sheriff.

"No," said Mina, yawning incorrigibly, and suddenly going off to sleep in a corner.

"No," said her guardian, shutting both windows, and covering her knees with a wrap. Mina was fast asleep when they got to Durie Den, and she had no difficulty in prolonging the slumber till far on in the day, after she went to bed. She thought that she had waltzed Joseph out of her heart and Frank into it. But when she woke up late in the day she woke with a tear on each cheek.

"Nellie," she exclaimed to her maid, "I believe I have been crying in my sleep."

(To be continued.)

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

THE feature of the past month, as contrasted with all its predecessors in the present year of grace, has been the comparatively subordinate interest felt in politics. The change of Government, which, at the time when our last review was written, still appeared doubtful, was soon after effected with an ease and an absence of excitement which no one could have anticipated. Since then it is not in political questions at home, nor in the foreign affairs, which were so absorbing during the earlier parts of the year, that public interest has centred. It is upon our own social condition, and especially the condition of London, with regard to the least discussed and most important of social problems, that all eyes have been turned. The light which has been thrown by the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon the abnormal development of sexual vice and the frightful excesses of lust and cruelty which are tolerated in our midst—far and away the greatest newspaper “sensation” of our time—has been for days the almost exclusive topic of conversation, wherever conversation is not shackled by the restraints of conventionality. Whether or not we approve of the policy of such revelations, it is simply impossible for any faithful chronicler of public events to ignore them. The attempt of the London press to send the whole controversy to Coventry, prompted though it probably was by the best intentions, has proved, as it was bound to prove, a failure. The press is all but omnipotent to influence and direct popular movements, but it is impotent to suppress them. With every street in London ringing with these revelations, with questions asked nightly in the House of Commons, with every club and every dinner-table, at least after the withdrawal of the ladies, exclusively and *ad nauseam* devoted to the discussion of the subject, it was a hopeless, even if it was a laudable, attempt, to go on writing day after day about Egypt, about Afghanistan, about North Lincolnshire, as if the articles on “Modern Babylon” had never been heard of. We shall return to this unpleasant but inevitable topic in a few pages. But it is necessary first to cast a glance at the political events, not unimportant because comparatively little noticed, which have followed one another with startling rapidity during the past four weeks.

The new Ministry have had great luck at the outset. The central fact of the political situation to-day is the improvement in the position and prospects of the Tories since their assumption of office. Once more the unexpected has come to pass. A month ago it was the almost universal conviction that the Conservatives could do themselves no good by accepting office. Most Liberals, in their secret hearts, exulted as much over the difficulties in which they expected their opponents to involve themselves by accepting office, as in their own escape from ever-increasing embarrassment in resigning it. Among the Conservatives themselves there was a very general misgiving as to the consequences of assuming the reins of power under circumstances so unfavourable, and their determination to take the plunge was due less to any pleasure in the prospect of governing the country with a minority in the House of Commons, than to a just sense of the discredit which would attach to them if they confessed themselves incapable even to make the attempt. Up to the present these fears and misgivings appear to have been unfounded. We argued last month that the Conservatives would do wisely, from their own point of view, in taking office, and so far events have conspired to justify that opinion, to a degree beyond all anticipation. Whatever may be the real strength of the two parties in the reconstructed electorate, the Conservatives certainly look much stronger now than they did when they were hesitating and quarrelling among themselves on the banks of the political Rubicon. They have crossed the stream, and they find the country before them, at any rate at first sight, a far less difficult and dangerous one than they expected. There may be a fatal ambush awaiting them further on, but so far they have had an unexpectedly easy and unobstructed march. The effect of this unforeseen good fortune is shown not only in the increasing confidence of the Tories themselves, but in the altered and anxious tone of their antagonists. There is an end of the contemptuous tolerance of the "government of caretakers," which characterized Liberal speeches immediately after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. The humorous arrogance of Sir William Harcourt's speech in St. James's Hall, the unaffected confidence in their approaching restoration to power on the part of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain, have given way to a nervous insistence on the importance of Liberal unity, and a certain querulousness about the readiness of the Conservatives to accept office, which is in itself a recognition that the Conservatives have not lost ground by doing so. The tone of Mr. John Morley at Whitechapel, and more recently of Mr. Trevelyan at Warwick, was that of men seriously and unaffectedly concerned about the prospects of their party at the polls, and determined to awaken their supporters out of a Fool's Paradise. And this diminished confidence of the Liberals is all the more

remarkable because in the interval Mr. Gladstone, by his letter to the chairman of the Midlothian Liberal Association, has practically pledged himself to head his party at the next general election—a promise which is regarded by those most widely acquainted with the state of political feeling throughout the country, as by far the brightest feature in the prospects of Liberalism. No doubt this novel anxiety on the part of the Liberals as to the issue of the General Election is, from one point of view, greatly in their favour. It will help to check that tendency to dissension in their own ranks, which in some quarters has threatened to become serious, and will stimulate strong party-men throughout the country to redoubled exertion. But, on the other hand, there is undoubtedly some advantage in being commonly regarded as the stronger party. The general belief that a particular side is going to win has an unquestionable tendency to bring about its own fulfilment. A large number of men like to be on the winning side. And such assistance as may be derived from a general conviction of the approaching triumph of their cause the Liberals are, to judge from present appearances, much less likely to have than they were a month ago.

This change in the public estimate of the strength and chances of the two parties is accounted for by a variety of causes, which are not difficult to discover. In the first place, the change of Government was received by the country with unexpected tranquillity. A snappish and ill-advised circular issued by the National Liberal Federation, and breathing a spirit of jealousy and menace towards the new Government, has, hitherto, evoked but little response. This may have been due to the belief, so prevalent at the time of their taking office, that the new ministers were only put into power till November; but it has not been without some effect in increasing their chance of staying there after that fateful date. Whatever the cause of the public acquiescence in Lord Salisbury's installation in the Premiership, it helps to give plausibility to the assertion of the Conservatives, that the country was not sorry to be rid of the late Ministry. In the next place, our new rulers have so far been fairly judicious in their attitude and utterances. Lord Salisbury's declaration of policy with regard to Afghanistan and Egypt may not have gone very far (with regard to Egypt, especially, everything is still in suspense), but so far as it went it was moderate, statesmanlike, and firm. His programme of domestic legislation, too, especially since it has been extended to include the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, is, in the general opinion, as much as could be expected in the last hours of a dying Parliament. With regard to Ireland and the Budget, it is more difficult, even for favourable critics, to applaud the course pursued by the Government. But then the extraordinary inconsistency of the Conservatives with regard to Ireland, where, after crying out for coercion and ever more coer-

cion during the last five years, they now turn round and give up coercion altogether, and are even prepared to discredit Lord Spencer's administration of the law, had been foreseen and discounted; and consistency, somehow or other, if one of the most important, is also one of the least paying of political virtues. And as for the Budget, it is no doubt a wretched Budget; but since the late Ministry were turned out for the very reason that they had proposed a decently good one, the Conservatives were, in a sense, only fulfilling their mandate in substituting something worse. Some party advantage, too, was no doubt derived from Sir Michael Hicks Beach's discovery of the unpardonable mistake of nearly a million in the Admiralty accounts. Both parties may be equally blamable for the state into which the administration of this great public department has been allowed to sink, for the evil is of long standing, and reaches back certainly to the time of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, perhaps farther. But of two malefactors it is only the one who gets caught that is punished; and it is the Government which allowed the mismanagement of the Admiralty to come to the surface which will suffer the discredit of this extraordinary discovery.

But by far the most potent factor in modifying the popular estimate of Conservative prospects has been the effect of the by-elections. By-elections always exercise an influence upon public opinion entirely disproportionate to their real importance, and generally unfavourable to the Liberals; for it is an undoubted fact that the popular party, as a rule, show up much better at general than at by-elections. But for all that, the fact that every member of the new Government whose seat was attacked upon his accepting office has been returned by an increased majority cannot be altogether got over. And even if it be said that the constituencies in question—Eye, Launceston, Woodstock—are all places of the smallest importance, and that it is always an unpopular course to oppose a newly-appointed minister, these explanations do not dispose of elections like those of Wakefield and North Lincolnshire, where the vacancies were due to other causes than the elevation of members to public office, and where the electoral body is of considerable size and significance. Wakefield is a manufacturing town large enough not to be disfranchised under the new Act, and it has gone over from the Liberals to the Tories, principally owing to Liberal abstentions, while in North Lincolnshire the standing Tory majority has increased from 500 to 1,200 since the last contest. In the last-mentioned instance, indeed, it may be urged, as in so many other cases, that the result under the present system is not the slightest indication of what will happen with a totally changed electorate in the coming winter. And it is undoubtedly true that, whatever may be our guesses and wishes, the issue of the next General Election is now, just as it was a month ago,

simply the Great Unknown. But the Conservatives may be pardoned for thinking that it will be a point in their favour with the new electorate that they had at length begun to recover popularity with the old.*

There is only one other matter calling for remark in the field of Home Politics, and that is the absolute fairness with which the new Government have been treated by their predecessors and the majority of the House of Commons. "Magnanimous" was the term applied by Lord Randolph Churchill, in the debate of July 6th, to Mr. Gladstone's criticism of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's explanation of ministerial policy; and very just and public-spirited that criticism certainly was. And the note then struck has been adhered to ever since. There is not the smallest disposition shown on the part of the late Government or its supporters to hamper or embarrass the present holders of power. It is recognised on the Opposition benches that the Ministry are sincerely desirous to get through the necessary work as quickly as possible, and facilitate, by every means in their power, an early appeal to the country, and that being the case, Liberal members have judgment, and, we may well believe, patriotism enough, to smooth the path of their opponents as far as they honestly can. The abandonment of the Crofters' Bill has, indeed, been severely censured by Mr. Gladstone, and may lead to a lively skirmish, but it will lead to nothing more. At present everything points to a speedy and peaceful ending of the long, stormy, and eventful life of the great Gladstone Parliament of 1880.

Everything, except one thing. And about that our information is, at the moment of writing, so hazy and imperfect, that, critical though the question is, it would be mere pretence and affectation to speak authoritatively about it. We refer to the news just come to hand of a fresh and menacing movement of the Russians on the north-western frontier of Afghanistan. Things have not been going comfortably with our ally, the Ameer, since he left Lord Dufferin at Peshawur. But as long as it was only a rising of his own subjects in Afghan Turkestan—one of the periodic rebellions of Afghan history—which troubled him, the majority of people in England, weary of the question and convinced of the unprofitableness of the Ameer's friendship, received the news with considerable *sang froid*. There even were, in all probability, a good many who secretly rejoiced at the danger which threatened our friend. "If only he is safely got rid of by his own subjects," so they thought, "we shall be relieved of the embarrassment of

* Since these lines were written the Aylesbury election, in which the Liberal candidate has been returned by an increased majority, has done a good deal to revive the spirits of the Opposition. The result at Aylesbury, which, though nominally a borough, is practically a county district, is regarded as peculiarly indicative of the line likely to be taken by the new rural voters. It is probable, however, that far too much importance has been attached to this particular election, which was always a certainty for the Liberals, on that account.

our promises to protect him, and shall be free to fall back on our true policy of defending India at the frontier of India." But the matter wears quite a different aspect if it is Russian invasion, and not domestic revolt, by which Abdur Rahman is threatened. As against Russia, the Ameer is, so long as he attends to our advice (and there is no pretence that he has departed from it now), our protected ally, and, however ill-advised we may have been to accord him that position, we did it for our own supposed advantage, and there can be no doubt what course is, under the circumstances, dictated by duty and honour. The late Government promised the Ameer that he should at least retain Zulfikar. Lord Salisbury has reiterated that assurance, with the full concurrence of Mr. Gladstone. If it be true that the Russians are threatening that position, we are plainly face to face with a situation of the greatest danger—a danger which is not diminished by the fact that the issue still in dispute between us and Russia, with regard to the exact limits of the Pass of Zulfikar, is a trumpery one. It is the crisis of last March and April over again, but, remembering the bitter experiences of those days, let us at least take care not to jump to conclusions. It would be too humiliating once more to pass through that extraordinary succession of hot and cold fits, an explosion of national frenzy, followed by a confession of national impotence. Let us at least be sure that we do not again denounce our opponents before we have heard their case, or threaten them unless we are fully prepared to give effect to our minatory admonitions. We greatly doubt whether the reports of the movement of Russian troops in that quarter are not much exaggerated, and, if Russia does not seek to settle the question at issue with a high hand, there is little fear of its leading to a rupture.

The renewed apprehension of a great war abroad adds a sting of irony to those startling revelations of vice and wickedness at home, which, as we have said, overshadow in importance and interest all the other events of the past four weeks. Here is a people ruling one-fifth of mankind, the self-appointed guardian of civilization all over the world, the Pharisee of nations, yet with this canker eating away at its vitals all the time! And how it resents being told thereof! It is almost incredible, but none the less true, that the tremendous outburst of popular indignation, which immediately followed the publication of the *Pall Mall Gazette* articles of July 6th—10th, was, in the first instance, directed not against the persons who perpetrated or abetted the violation of young girls and the other unnamable horrors there described, but against the newspaper which had the daring to speak about them. For two or three days the fate of the *Pall Mall Gazette* hung in the balance, and it seemed as if it would be submerged by the tide of public execration. The whole metropolitan press, with the exception of

those papers which openly assailed it, and the chief provincial journals to boot, marked their disapproval by entirely ignoring the articles in question, though these were sold literally by the hundreds of thousands in every thoroughfare and at every street corner. The name of the *Pall Mall Gazette* became a by-word in society, it was excluded from respectable houses and removed from the tables of clubs, its sale was stopped at railway stations, in the city it was even suppressed by the authorities. The office of the paper was for some hours assailed by a mob, while the police looked on in pretended impotence and real hostility, and for two or three days the Government was in doubt whether it ought not to order a criminal prosecution.

But it was for two or three days only. By the end of that time people had begun to come round to the conviction that, however horrible and revolting it might be to speak of such things, it was still more horrible to allow them to go on for fear of speaking. On all sides the champions of social purity, the men of virtue *par excellence*, began to rally to the support of the excommunicated journal. The extraordinary courage and tenacity of the paper itself, and the persistency with which it invited the fullest inquiry into its horrible allegations, were not without their effect. Leading clergymen of various denominations, with Mr. Spurgeon in the van, came to the rescue, and social reformers of the type of Mr. Samuel Morley joined in the chorus of applause or exculpation. One by one the provincial papers ventured to take up the subject, and from end to end of the country workmen's clubs, philanthropic societies, and other associations in direct touch with the life of the people, began to offer their testimony to the truth, and to express their conviction of the necessity, of these horrible disclosures. It soon became apparent that the set made against the authors of the articles in question proceeded from a comparatively small class. It was "Society" which was outraged, and Society, unfortunately for itself, has been too often on the wrong side when the great body of the people have been on the right, to be able to exercise any lasting influence on public opinion. The reaction in favour of the paper is by this time in full flood, and if the Commission (consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Samuel Morley, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. R. T. Reid) whom the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has induced to inquire into the truth of his allegations, report, as they almost certainly will do, that these allegations are substantially correct, the most daring paper in the world will emerge from the greatest of all its audacities with flying colours.

A great deal has been said of late years about the power of the Press. Its growing influence, nay supremacy, in our political and social life has been dilated upon until it has become a generally accepted commonplace. Yet it has been reserved for the past

month to witness a display of arbitrary power on the part of a newspaper with which no previous instance of the omnipotence of the Press can for one moment bear comparison. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater act of absolutism than that committed by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in breaking down the whole barrier of time-honoured convention which fences round the conversation of civilised men, and dispensing, of his own sole authority, with the unwritten laws, more powerful, and hitherto more inviolable than any Acts of Parliament, which define the limits of decency in public writing. Only supreme necessity can justify conduct so tyrannical, and it is the best evidence of the gravity of the evil, to which attention has been called in this brutal manner, that the majority of good men are willing to admit that, in the present instance, a case of supreme necessity has been made out. And this conviction is all the more remarkable, because the manner of these "revelations" was not in any way calculated to remove or soften the objections that might be felt to their matter. Quite the reverse. From the absurd heading, "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," down to the last line of the portentously lengthy narrative, the style of the writer was such as to aggravate in every conceivable way the painful and repulsive character of his subject. A sensational method of setting out the facts, joined to a needless multiplicity of revolting details, served apparently no imaginable purpose, except to make the paper spicy reading for the prurient. While the public advertisements of its contents and the other incidents connected with its sale in the streets were calculated to shock even the least delicate mind. At every turn the work of the social reformer, burning to redress wrong and rebuke wickedness, was distorted and debased by the intrusion of the enterprising editor, with his keen eye to every means of increasing his circulation. Only the enormous magnitude of the evil, and the depth of genuine moral indignation on the part of its assailant, overgrown but not concealed by all his catch-penny sensationalism, served to carry him triumphant through the storm of disapproval which his subject excited and his tone enhanced. The writer of the articles—and it is an open secret that he is no other than the editor of the paper himself—is now generally recognised to be a man, not only of unparalleled resource and courage, but of burning zeal for the purification of society, who was driven to the course he adopted by despair of any less violent remedies. This incorrigible penny-a-liner is also, as his friends know well, and as the general public are beginning to discover, a good deal of a hero, and not a little of a saint. A sensationalist of the lowest order, he is also a practical genius of the highest. No combination less extraordinary would explain the fact that one of the nastiest publications of our own, or any other time, bids fair to do more good

for the repression of sexual criminality, than all previous efforts in this direction have hitherto been able to accomplish.

Not that even this tremendous sensation will do much. It will pass the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, which stood no chance of becoming law without it, it will give a new and a very powerful impulse to the work of the reforming agencies already in existence, and it will reinforce the growing sentiment in favour of a stricter sexual morality. These are considerable achievements, and well worth paying a high price for ; but let us not for a moment imagine that even these results can do more than scotch the wide-spread impurity, of which the unnatural crimes exposed by the *Pall Mall*, the violation of young children, etc., etc., are the latest outcome and the most damning symptom.

It is indeed a desperate evil. Education does not touch it. The growth of refinement and the improvement in the general standard of manners do not touch it. Even the great religious revival of the past century has apparently not affected it. Englishmen of all classes have grown steadily less intemperate, less thriftless, less brutal, less addicted to coarse amusements and crimes of violence. Have they grown any less lewd ? There are, no doubt, signs of improvement in some directions, and perhaps, if our numbers had not increased at such an unmanageable rate, the average of continence and good living might by this time have been distinctly higher. But the appalling growth of our mammoth cities, which we can do nothing to check, and do not even do what we could to control, ruins everything. Herein, and in the incessant growth among the upper classes of luxury, that sure parent of unnatural lusts, lies our danger. The latter cause of deterioration has its parallel in the history of other nations, notably in that of Imperial Rome, and it is compensated in our own country by the great amount of healthy and simple living among the smaller middle class and the better sort of working men. But the great town difficulty is one which has no adequate parallel in the history of the past. It is not only London which presents it to us, but Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and a dozen others, and they are still increasing by leaps and bounds. No one with his eyes open can fail to see what harm their agglomeration in these human warrens inflicts, not only upon the health, but upon the morality of the people. But as yet men are only beginning to realize that the problem of counteracting the evils, physical and moral, of our crowded town life, is the greatest, as it is the most intractable, of all the difficulties that confront the statesman and the social Reformer.

A.M.

July 18th.

Critical Notices.

WHERE CHINESES DRIVE.*

ENGLISH STUDENT-LIFE AT PEKING.

"RACE-MEETINGS are necessarily very much alike—though perhaps in Peking they are less so than elsewhere," observes one of the English students at Peking. We may paraphrase this epigrammatic remark by saying that student-life in different places is necessarily very much alike, though perhaps less so in Peking than elsewhere. For the interest of this volume lies not in the information it gives us concerning Chinese habits and idiosyncrasies, nor even in the descriptions of the Great Wall, or the Peking Temple of Heaven, edifying though they be, but in its account of the students themselves, their sayings and doings, manners and customs, and their remarkable adventures among the Celestials. We put down the book with a general impression that life in Peking is one huge joke, and yet on thinking the matter over we fail to see exactly where the joke comes in. As a matter of fact, it must be at times monotonous and dreary to a degree. But the student who here gives us his experiences does it with such raciness, so much humour, and so many happy hits, that his "rough sketch" (as he modestly terms it in his brief apologetic introduction) is extremely amusing reading. In style and substance it reminds us of that most delightful of recent stories of travel, "Three in Norway"; and we own to having laughed quite as heartily at Herington's Dog Ferguson, who was "unlike any sort of dog you can name or conceive"; Bertram's song, which never got further than—

Lord Bateman was [*reflectively*] Lord Bateman was [*a long pause*]
Lord Bateman was [*triumphantly*] Lord Bateman!

as we did a couple of years since over the misfortunes of "John" and the trials of "the Skipper."

To any jaded brain-worker who desires a mental "pick-me-up" as light and refreshing as a "lemon squash," we strongly recommend "Where Chinese Drive." It is distinctly the book for an August holiday.

* By a Student Interpreter. London, W. H. Allen & Co.

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES.*

THIS book is the story of the Odyssey, thrown into the form of a consecutive narrative, and considerably shortened, although all the incidents of Ulysses' wanderings are preserved. It is evidently intended for young readers, and we should like to see it put into the hands of all intelligent children, to imbue them with an early love for the Greek myths, and to lead them in due time to the study of the original poem. The translation is easy and flowing in style, and well within the comprehension of the young.

SHORT NOTICES.

WHO SPOILS OUR NEW ENGLISH BOOKS? Asked and Answered by HENRY STEVENS, of Vermont. London: H. N. Stevens, 1884 [1885].

A PROTEST against the bad workmanship commonly put into modern books is not uncalled for; but this little volume does not fulfil the hopes we had entertained of it. Mr. Stevens classes the delinquencies he laments under ten heads, for which the Author, the Publisher, the Printer, the Reader, the Compositor, the Pressman, the Papermaker, the Inkmaker, the Bookbinder, and the Consumer are severally responsible, though the nett result of his complaints may be summed up in the word "haste."

Mr. Stevens does not, however, it seems to us, take sufficiently into consideration the relative cheapness of modern literature as compared with the older, nor does he quite grasp the present cause, or the origin of the existing order of things.

It is a matter for the economist rather than for the bibliophile, and may, we think, be ultimately traced to James Watt, who has much of the present disorganization in the manufacturing trades to answer for. This especially holds good in the case of the book-making trades, the methods of which have had to adapt themselves to the necessity of producing large numbers, which is involved by the use of machinery and strengthened by competition, and the want of discrimination on the part of the public, who, in a large number of cases, require "a book," and buy the biggest for the money.

Until recently, the demand for books regulated, more or less, the supply. Now the supply is regulated by the requirements of machinery and competition; and the demand has to follow—if we may be allowed to speak in Irish idiom—and is made to follow by the book producers, whose chief bait is cheapness. Nor

* By Professor C. WITT. Translated from the German by Francis Young-husband. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

should the enormously enlarged field of readers, with little or next to no means, be forgotten; but for cheap, and, if need be, poorly-produced literature, this class of book-buyers would remain with empty shelves.

It should be remarked that Mr. Stevens' own little book is the most expensive we have ever come across. It costs 5s., weighs 3½ ounces, contains but thirty pages, each 3½ by 2½ inches in area; and is itself, though well, yet not extravagantly, well printed and bound. Woe to the bibliophile who buys the book through an advertisement, expecting a usual "5s. volume"!

FIFTY YEARS AMONG AUTHORS, BOOKS, AND PUBLISHERS. By J. C. DERRY. New York: J. W. Carleton & Co., 1885.

MR. DERRY'S motto on his title-page is:

"— all of which I saw,
and part of which I was,"

and his book, as might have been expected from the work of so veteran a bookseller, is a curious and not uninteresting medley of reminiscences and experiences of the American book world, from the trade side. Mr. Derry's acquaintances, friends, and customers—we fear, however, that he rather confuses the distinctive imports of these terms—comprise some of the best-known writers on the other side of the Atlantic, though, it must be confessed, the majority of his anecdotes are somewhat pointless, and seem to be introduced rather for the sake of securing pegs on which to hang known names than for their intrinsic interest or appropriateness. Nevertheless, should any historian of the future attempt a history of the publishing trade—a work that would fill a *lacuna* at present existing—he would find this book, which looks like an encyclopædia, and fills 750 royal 8vo pages, of much value to him; for it contains outlines of the chief trans-Atlantic publishing houses, and is crowded with items, evidently genuinely stated, that it would be impossible to find elsewhere. Such works, no matter how ill put together, are, after all, the true sources of history, and all such sources require the manipulation of the artist before they are acceptable to the general reader. Mr. Derry deserves our thanks for his thankless task.

X METHODS OF TEACHING HISTORY. Boston, U. S. A.: Ginn, Heath, & Co., 1885.

THIS little work forms the first volume of a "Pedagogical Library," edited by Mr. G. Stanley Hall. It is a systematic treatise, largely of methods and bibliography, and will be found very suggestive

by the teacher. The editor's plan has been to obtain contributions to the volume from various specialists, each on his own subject. These vary much in quality, however; and many are of purely local or historical interest. The chapter on "The Philosophy of the State and of History," by Prof. Morris, of John Hopkins' University, that on "Methods of Teaching Political Economy," by Dr. Ely, of the same university, and a shrewd little paper, entitled "Why do Children dislike History?" by Mr. Wentworth Higginson, are the best in the book. The volume contains also an article by Prof. J. R. Seeley, "The Teaching of History," which, if we mistake not, is merely a reprint of a contribution made by him some short while ago to the *Journal of Education*.

Three other volumes of the "Pedagogical Library" are announced as in preparation—viz., those on Methods of Teaching and Studying Ancient History, Natural Science, and English Literature and Language. The series cannot fail to prove of much interest to Englishmen as well as Americans. Whether it will serve a higher purpose is a matter of doubt. We, for our part, are not believers in written methods of instruction.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which will be issued this year, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the dates of the first and the current editions, the size and price of each entry.

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names : otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Apostles' Creed, Greek Origin of. By J. Baron ; 8vo, Macmillan, 12s. 6d.
Science and Relig.—Mod. Sc. and Mod. Thought. By S. Laing ; 8vo, Chapman, 12s.
— Nature, Man, and God. By Rev. J. M. Wilson ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 5s.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Adams, Rev. F. A. My Man and I : the Modern Nehemiah ; 8vo, Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Welsh Pulpit of To-day ; cr. 8vo, Bourne, 7s. 6d.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 3.—MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Westcott, W. W. Suicide, its history, etc. ; cr. 8vo, Lewis, 6s.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 2.—POPULAR LAW.

Deeds, Rules for Interpret. of. By H. W. Elphinstone ; 8vo, Maxwell, 25s.
Equity, Intro. to the Principles of. By J. A. Shearwood ; 8vo, Stevens, 6s.
Private Bill Legislation, History of. By F. Clifford, Vol. I. ; 8vo, Butterworth, 20s.

D 4.—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Bonar, J. Malthus and his Work ; 8vo, Macmillan, 12s. 6d.
Buckton, C. M. Our Dwellings ; cr. 8vo, Longman, 3s. 6d.
List, F. Natural System of Pol. Economy ; 8vo, Longman, 10s. 6d.
Verney, Lady. Peasant Properties and other Essays ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Longman, 16s.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

Farquharson, R. School Hygiene ; cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder, 7s. 6d.
Hertel, Dr. Over-pressure in High Schools of Denmark ; cr. 8vo, Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOGRAPHY.

E 4.—AFRICA.

Greswell, W. Our South African Empire ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Chapman, 21s.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 4.—MODERN HISTORY.

Adams, W. H. D. *England on the Sea* ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, White, 15s.
[A fairly good Naval Hist. by a noted bookmaker.]

CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

Doré, G., *Life of*. By B. Roosevelt ; 8vo, Low, 24s.
Hugo, Victor : *a Memoir*. By J. Cappon ; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 10s. 6d.
Turienne, Milit. *Biography of*. By Capt. Hozier ; cr. 8vo, Chapman, 4s.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 2.—MATHEMATICS.

Carll, L. B. *Calculus of Variations* ; 8vo, Macmillan, 21s.
Hinton, J. H. *Scientific Romances, Part 2, The Law of the Valley* ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.
Merriman, M. *On the Method of Least Squares* ; 8vo, Macmillan, 8s. 6d.

H 8.—ZOOLOGY.

Mitchell, F. S. *The Birds of Lancashire* ; cr. 8vo, Van Voorst, 8s. 6d.
Wright, E. P. *Concise Natural History* ; ill., roy. 8vo, Cassell, 7s. 6d.

H 11.—PROFESSIONAL MEDICINE.

Gowers, Dr. W. R. *Lectures on Diseases of Brain* ; 8vo, Churchill, 7s. 6d.

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 2.—ENGINEERING AND MACHINERY.

Trail, T. W. *Chain Cables and Chains* ; fol., Lockwood, 42s.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Baines, T. *Greenhouse and Store Plants* ; 8vo, Murray, 10s. 6d.

I 7.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Brietzke + Rooper. *Plain Needlework and Knitting* ; ill., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.

I 9.—FINE ARTS.

Blackburn, H. *English Art in 1884* ; fol., Simpkin, 42s.
Havard, H. *The Dutch School of Painting* ; ill., post 8vo, Cassell, 5s.

I 12.—SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Modern English Sports. By Fred. Gale ; ill., cr. 8vo, Low, 6s.
Shooting, Large Game. By A. Kinloch ; 4to, Thacker, 42s.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 3.—PHILOLOGY.

Arabic Grammar. By A. Socin ; cr. 8vo, Williams, 7s. 6d.

K 10.—FICTION.

Gibbon, C. *Heart's Delight* ; 3 v., cr. 8vo, Chatto, 31s. 6d.

K 12.—ESSAYS, LETTERS, AND COLLECTIONS.

Gordon, General. *Journals of* ; ill., 8vo, Paul, 21s.
— *Private Diary in China* ; cr. 8vo, Low, 7s. 6d.

❖ TIME. ❖

❖❖❖❖❖
SEPTEMBER, 1885.
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THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.

BY STEPNIAK.

I.

WHAT DO THE NIHILISTS WANT?

(DEDICATED TO MY CRITICS.)

SHORTLY after the Winter Palace explosion I remember having seen in an English satirical paper the following caricature:—Two Nihilists are meeting amidst heaps of ruins. “Is all blown up already?” asks one of them. “No,” answers the other. “The globe remains firm still.” “Well, let us blow up the globe then!” exclaims the first.

This was a graphical representation of the general conception about the Nihilists just in the epoch when their name was in everybody’s mouth.

Five years followed, bringing with them, among other facts of Nihilist history, some dozen of trials, the most striking of them,—that of the Ivancides, for example,—having a certain publicity, which enabled the accused to explain before the audience and reporters of foreign papers the real character and aim of the movement. The Nihilists’ clandestine publications, hitherto completely ignored, are now noticed by the best papers. The Nihilists’ manifestoes are reprinted; clandestine papers are epitomized. We—Nihilists living abroad—did all we could to satisfy the growing desire of the European public to know something about our movement. All this has wrought a notable change in the minds of Europeans. Here, in England, there are many who understand that the Nihilists are not at all apostles of destruction, and who, though very moderate in their opinion, agree that under such a *régime* as that of Russia nobody has a right to blame the people when they take the laws into their own hands. “Were I a Russian I should be a Nihilist myself.” That is a phrase which I can testify to have very often heard from all classes

in England. And out of many expressions of sympathy, I will here quote one as belonging to a paper, by no means a subservient one, the *Christian World*, which, in noticing one of my articles in the *Times*, says:—"Nor is it wonderful that now and again the wrath of the Russian people finds expression in actions which are called crimes, because they happen to-day; but which, when we read them in the pages of history, we think of as testimonies of the patriotism of people who were incapable of enduring the wrongs which base tyrannies conceived and imposed" (September 11th, 1884).

But in this time of febrile activity, when people hardly notice what they pass by, or, having noticed, forget it at once, new conceptions enter very slowly into the public mind. And to destroy an inveterate prejudice a vast quantity of printer's ink must be wasted. There is no help for it. This philosophy of patience was forced on me—I may be excused for mentioning it—by reading the many notices which honoured my last book, "*Russia Under the Tzars*." Very careful and often very indulgent on other points, many of the best-informed and most respectable papers have made some really surprising blunders in speaking of the tendencies of the "Nihilists." The impartial *Athenæum*, while very appreciative as to the work itself, and deeply impressed by the horrors of Russian prisons described in it, observes that English readers must not forget that the Nihilists are people who are "resolved to force upon an unprepared, if not an unwilling, country the fantastic freedom of anarchy." The *Morning Post* is still more categorical in its assertion. This respectable paper is quite aware that the Nihilists "do not work for reforms, or for amelioration of popular burdens, but for the destruction of political and social order." The *St. James's Gazette* seems to hold the same opinion: "To the Nihilist's mind nothing short of total destruction of the State seems worth a moment's serious consideration."

The best means to get rid of such misconception would be, perhaps, to abandon the ill-sounding name by which our party is designated. "Nihilism" means "Nothingness." "Nihilists," many people conclude, without much trouble, must then be partisans of general destruction. The thing is clear and simple, and easily remembered. "The very name, which the revolutionists have assumed, is a sufficient argument against them," says the *Morning Post*. Yes, it would be an argument, were it really assumed by them. But every Russian, or student of Russian things will affirm that it is not so. The Revolutionists call themselves, and are called in their country, by a good many names. "Social-revolutionist" in the "high" style of their manifestoes, or more briefly "revolutionist"; and in colloquial slang, which is more usual, simply "radicals." They were baptized with the name "Nihilist" by a whim of European current journalism,

which, wanting some name for them, took the first that came to hand. However it be, the name is so deeply rooted in popular minds, that it is impossible to change it; at all events, more difficult than to attach to it a sort of glossary.

To cut short all babbling about the Nihilists' thirst for destruction, I will make a brief quotation from a well-known document,—the letter of the Nihilists' Executive Committee to Alexander III., issued after his accession to the throne. I pass over the explanatory part of this manifesto, in which the blood-thirsty Nihilists show how unwilling they are to use the violent means to which the Government has driven them; how anxious they would be to avoid, "in the interest of the country," violent revolutions, "which are an enormous waste of strength and energy, capable of being applied in other conditions to useful works, to the development of popular intelligence, and of general prosperity"; and how eager they are to abstain from taking the law into their own hands. Suffice it to reproduce the few lines in which the "committee" point out their conditions for the cessation of hostilities.

"First, a general amnesty for all political offenders, since they have committed no crime, but have simply done their duty as citizens.

"Second, the convocation of the representatives of the whole of the people, for the examination of the best forms of social and political life, according to the wants and desires of the people.

"We, nevertheless, consider it necessary to point out that the legalisation of power by the representation of the people can only be arrived at when the elections are perfectly free. The elections should, therefore, take place under the following conditions:—

"First, the deputies shall be chosen by all classes without distinction, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

"Second, there shall be no restriction of any kind upon electors or deputies.

"Third, the elections and the electoral agitation shall be perfectly free. The Government will, therefore, grant as provisional regulations, until the convocation of the popular assemblies:—

"(a) Complete freedom of the press.

"(b) Complete freedom of speech.

"(c) Complete freedom of public meeting.

"(d) Complete freedom of electoral addresses.

"These are the only means by which Russia can enter upon the path of peaceful and regular development. We solemnly declare, before the country, and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the National Assembly which meets upon the basis of the above conditions, and will offer no opposition to the Government which the National Assembly may sanction."

This document, issued in many thousand copies for interior

circulation, was translated and reprinted in all leading the foreign papers, and made its way through all Europe. It startled European readers as something quite unexpected from such people as the Nihilists ; but this was due to the great ignorance prevailing about Russian matters. The letter to Alexander III. said nothing essentially new. Every attempt against Alexander II. after that of Solovieff was followed by a declaration of the Nihilist Committee, that the hostilities against his person would cease immediately, if the Emperor would resign into the hands of a National Representative Assembly (Zemney Sobor) his autocratic power. The letter to Alexander III. gave only more detail and precision to those declarations.

Such desiderata leave little room indeed for accusing the Nihilists of being wild fanatics, striving to "impose on the unprepared nation" some Utopian scheme. Let me point out, though republican by their personal preference, they do not ask even for the abolition of monarchy, but only for the abolition of its exorbitant power, by placing the supreme control over State affairs in the hands of a National Assembly ; efforts which surely cannot be identified with the "total destruction of the State," or of "political and social order," since such things have existed in all civilised countries for generations, sometimes for centuries, without producing in the least degree such dreadful consequences.

But is the ideal of the Russian Nihilists limited to a free constitution ? No. Not at all. They never winced from declaring publicly what are their real opinions. There is another document little known and hardly ever published in the English language, to which I call the particular attention of English readers. This is the programme of the "Narodnaia Volia's party," which until now practically represented what may be called Russian revolution, or "Nihilism." I will only quote some extracts showing the main points of this programme.

"I. By our general convictions," so runs this document, "we are socialists and democrats. We are convinced that only on socialistic grounds humanity can become the embodiment of freedom, equality, fraternity, securing for itself the general prosperity and the full and harmonious development of man and social progress. We are convinced, moreover, that only the *will of the nation* should give sanction to any social institution, and the development of the nation may be called sound only when independent and free, and when every idea which is to receive practical application has previously passed the test of the national understanding and national will.

"II. We think, therefore, that as socialists and democrats we must recognise, as our immediate purpose, the liberation of the nation from the oppression of the present state by making a political revolution with the object of transferring the supreme power into the hands of the nation.

"III. We think that the will of the nation should be sufficiently clearly expressed and applied by a National Assembly, freely elected by the vote of all citizens, and provided with instruction from their electors. This we do not consider to be the ideal form of the manifestation of the will of the nation, but it is the only one practically realisable, and we feel bound, therefore, to accept it.

"IV. Submitting ourselves completely to the will of the nation, we, as a party, feel bound to appear before the country with our own programme, which we shall propagate before the revolution, recommending it to the electors during the electoral periods, and which we shall defend in the National Assembly. This programme consists of the following heads :—

"1. The permanent representative Assembly has the supreme control and direction in all general State questions.

"2. Large provincial self-government, secured by the election of all public functionaries.

"3. Independence of the village commune ('Mir') as an economical and administrative unit.

"4. Nationalisation of land.

"5. Series of measures tending to transfer the possession of fabrics to workmen.

"6. Complete liberty of conscience, speech, press, meetings, associations, and electoral agitation.

"7. Extension of the right to vote to all citizens having attained full age, without any class or wealth distinctions.

"8. Substitution of a standing army by a territorial militia."

I have faithfully translated the essential parts of the Narodnaia Volia's programme, omitting only some repetitions and the explanatory paragraphs.

The hope or desire to reduce a successful revolution into a vast electoral comity, and nothing more, can hardly be realised in practice, however sincere may be the desire of its initiators. If we want to know what a political revolution will do we must inquire into the practical aspirations of the elements of the society and of the nation which are likely to take part in it. But this part of the programme is very suggestive and conclusive of the spirit which animates the party standing at the head of the Russian liberation movement.

Since the Nihilists do not want to force on anybody their private opinions, and propose to acquire adherents only by means of persuasion, the persecutions to which they are subjected are no longer "the defence of order," but are mere acts of tyranny; just as the religious persecutions were. Every human being has a right to find, according to his taste, the way to social happiness as well as to paradise, and to show it to his fellow-men. No matter whether he is right or wrong, people who hear him will decide for themselves. But the Russian Government will not

afford this opportunity, knowing too well that the people's decision will not be in its favour. It tabooed not only socialism, but everything tending to the good of the nation and to general liberty. This necessitated a political struggle, and the battle began all along the line. The socialists, recruited from among the well-to-do classes as well as from workmen, were the first to assume the initiative, and remained the most ardent in carrying it through. Was it because they are socialistic? No; socialism in itself has little to do with it. They possessed in the highest degree what urges people to similar struggles, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the unbounded ardour of serving their country. A pure "liberal," a man believing in political freedom as the ultimate perfection of human society, may unite quite fraternally with their efforts. In one very important instance we may infer that this is no mere abstract possibility. I refer to the numerous adherents the Nihilists have acquired of late in the army. The military officers took no part in the movement when it was in its purely socialistic state. Among the many hundreds of them who fraternized with the revolution when it was directed against autocracy, there must have been of course some officers converted to socialistic ideas, but there is no doubt that the bulk of them sympathised with the revolution out of pure patriotism. And it is to the patriotism of the army that the revolutionists appealed. The fusion of the military patriotic elements and the initiatory socialist is now complete. They make at present one compact body of conspirators, in which the intensity of the pending struggle has put into the background any theoretical divergency.

Thus we may conclude. The Nihilist movement, which some fifteen years ago was commenced by a set of young enthusiasts of socialistic creed, now, under the influence of internal causes and the great spread of disaffection in the country, is tending to transform itself into a vast patriotic revolutionary party, composed of people of various shades of opinions, united in a common effort to destroy a tyranny obnoxious to all. They want to substitute for it a national government, in which all shall possess the possibility of working pacifically for the good of the country. Nothing can be more moderate, more just, nor give them a greater right to say they are working for the common good.

* * * * *

I will not leave the subject of the general destructive tendencies of the Nihilists without saying some words on one particular point,—the connection of their political creed with religion. Taking advantage of the well-known religiousness of the English, some good friends of the Russian Government are doing their best to spread among them the idea that the Nihilists are striving to destroy all kinds of religion, in order to inaugurate something like the worship of the "Goddess of Reason."

The religious condition of Russia presents some peculiarities which give to the religious policy of the Nihilist a special stamp. That the Nihilists are Atheists is quite true. But to say that they are striving to destroy religion is quite false. First, among the instructed classes of every description, which until now have furnished the largest contingent of revolutionists, there is nothing left to destroy; because among our educated classes Atheism is as general a doctrine as Christianity is in England. It is the national religion of our educated classes. In this particular Russia differs greatly from all European countries, Italy and France included. I will not dwell on the causes of this peculiarity, due to the history and present character of our Church. I simply state an undeniable fact.

With the lower classes it is of course different. Russian peasants are said to be very religious. That is true in respect to the dissenting sects, but not to official orthodoxy. What really prevails is a mechanical Ritualism, under which religious indifference is lurking. A clergy deprived of any independence, controlled at every step, submitted to censorship in every sermon, and drilled to passive submission to the order of the Tzar's officers, could as little answer the religious wants of the peasants as withstand the free-thinking movement of the superior classes. Unable to make any suitable use of mental culture, science, philosophy, and even theology; driven by experience to consider even strong religious zeal as something rather dangerous, as threatening to break the dead somnolence which is the ideal of bureaucratic despotism, what could such a clergy be but the mere functionaries of religious ceremonies, devoid of any spiritual sense? What moral influence may these mouthpieces of the Government have, speaking at its bidding? Long ago the Russian priests forsook any proud emulation for moral leadership, caring only to extract from the peasants as much money and goods as possible. And the orthodox peasants do not at all respect their voracious exacting priests; and they often despise and ridicule them. But the peasants believe in God, in the Virgin Mary, and in the many saints ruling the universe, while the priest is the only possessor of the secrets of propitiating all these heavenly powers by certain ceremonies: St. Vlas, the cattle preserver; St. Elia, the rain giver; and St. George, whom the wolves obey. The priest is indispensable for getting good harvests, good flocks, and preserving the fields from drought.* People cannot help recurring to them, however unwilling they may be to pay them the high rate they impose. As to Christian duties, an orthodox peasant thinks himself perfectly acquitted if he baptizes his children, weds his daughter in church, and pays

* The strong heathenish aspect of Russian orthodoxy is very well noticed and illustrated in Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," to which book I refer my readers who may be inclined to doubt my statements.

the priest for officiating once or twice a year. He goes to church only when it is not too distant and time permits. The best illustration of his religious indifference is the general neglect to communicate, as enjoined by the Church, not less than once a year, although enforced by police regulation. The official reports of country priests show that, in parishes of three or four thousand people, usually no more than two or three hundred take part in this chief manifestation of an orthodox believer's adherence to his Church. And very often among the peasants, especially those who are wont to travel, you may meet people, without having a bit of heresy in them, who for ten, fifteen, and twenty years have never been to communion. A religion of this kind is really not worth destroying, if even we had nourished the absurd idea of carrying on a propaganda of Atheism by means of secret societies. All we cared for was to restrain our men from going to confession, lest some compromising word should escape them. For, in Russia, a priest hearing in confession anything about political conspiracies, *is bound by law* to break the secret of the confessional; inviolable in case of parricide. This abstinence it was, of course, very easy to obtain on mere practical grounds of expediency. And I may add that the initiative in such a resolution was usually taken by our peasants and workmen converted to the idea of revolution. Into purely theological discussions we never entered with our workmen; it would have diverted their attention from the political and social questions we cared so much about, to others which had for us really no interest at all.

Now some words about the sects. They are extremely numerous. The number of their adherents is not known exactly. Competent specialists reckon at present no less than fifteen millions—about one-fourth of the rural population of Russia proper. But they spread and multiply every day. All the truly religious elements of Russia are comprised in them. If an orthodox peasant awakes from his religious indifference, he unites with some existing sect suiting best his taste, or creates a new one. In those sects religion is no longer a shallow ritualistic observance. It is a living power, inspiring and informing all political and social conceptions of the sectarian; the greatest moral force moving our peasantry. But all these sectarian religions, being inspired by the complex influence of religious discontent, and political and social oppression, have more or less strongly marked oppositionist and anti-governmental tendencies. Some of them strive after the social equality of the primitive Christian; others go so far as to proclaim the emperor to be an anti-Christ, and refuse to recognize any official of his, or to obey any order issued by the Government; flying into the wilderness to avoid the payment of taxes.

Such religions we, of course, had no interest at all in destroy-

ing. I will, also, add among Russian Nihilists there were many, and the writer of this article among them, who hoped that those discontented masses might be induced by our propaganda to some active protest. Such attempts, and they were many, called attention to our sphere of propaganda, but had no serious result. It would lead us too far away to speak fully on this subject. The Russian sects possess in them a great creative power, which undoubtedly will be turned to account when the country shall be free to assert its independence. But their *destructive* power is, I daresay, *nil*. They have displayed an enormous power of passive resistance and self-sacrifice, but there is no way to influence them to an active revolutionary protest against their oppressor. The best plan is to leave them alone.

II.

WHAT ARE THE FORCES THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION COMMANDS?

"If a tithe of what is told in this (my last) book be true, the social and political condition of Russia is frightful beyond conception. The autocracy is desperate; the revolution, when it comes, will be terrible," says the *Scotsman*. I abstain from answering this, one of the many uncertain "ifs," because without my stepping into the lists, there appears day by day confirmation of all my statements. The little indecision, very natural before the enormity of the horrors going on in Russia, gives way to the conviction that I have not given to my possible opponents the satisfaction of exaggerating any of my statements. "A careful examination of our author's statements leads us to believe that they possess the characteristic of 'moderation and sobriety' which he claims for them," says the *Westminster Review* for July, after discussing the many documents on Russia, English literature possesses. Time will induce, I hope, all my readers to come to an identical conclusion. What I propose here to do is to say something concerning the *Scotsman's* conjectures about the coming revolution, as being very common, and likely to spread with the diffusion of knowledge about the real condition of Russia.

Is the coming Russian revolution likely to be as dreadful as the horrors of the Russian *régime* induce us to expect? Surely a revolution in St. Petersburg, when it happens, cannot help being very energetic. But it is not this which people generally mean. The common idea of the probable Russian revolution is that of a universal cataclysm, in which the long-repressed hatred and revenge of the masses will find at last free play. It is, in a word, a popular or peasants' revolution. No categorical answer is possible, of course, on the question of its probability. I will only point out that the peasants' revolution, in various times, was the object of many misconceptions. Judging by the general devotion of Russian

peasants to the Tzar, many observers, especially of foreign origin, have sincerely expressed their conviction that as long as this sentiment maintains its vigour, the existing order of things is exposed to no danger, and all the exertions of the Nihilists will be set at nought. On the other hand, among the Nihilists of the first period, there were many who pointed out the unmistakable hatred of Russian peasants to all institutions which practically embody what is called "the State," and "the social order," concluding that the peasants were capable of rising in arms against their oppressors at the first opportunity, as their forefathers did under the leadership of Pugatcheff, and Stenko Rasin. Both opinions are, I think, quite erroneous. The traditional monarchism of Russian peasants, though greatly diminished during the last twenty years, is nevertheless a notorious element in our peasant's ethics. But it would be quite wrong to consider it as a general preservative against disturbances, rebellions, or even revolution. People are prone to picture things of other countries after their own pattern. If the English know, for example, that their countrymen are full of reverence and confidence in the Prime Minister who is governing the country, they can surely consider it as a perfect guarantee for the maintenance of order. But it is wholly different with Russia and its Tzar, or, I daresay, with any autocrat and his faithful peasants. For the agricultural classes of all despotisms, scarcely differing in ignorance, are everywhere too short-sighted to pierce, by their intellectual eyes, through the thick hierarchy of officers, and see what their sovereign really is. Such nonsense about the fatherly disposition of the king was most common among the French peasants in the epoch the Great Revolution. The German peasants of the sixteenth century, followers of Münster, whilst burning castles and putting to torture and death hundreds of nobles, professed allegiance to the emperor, and in their well-known manifestoes desired the emperor alone to rule them. And the Ruthenian peasants, who perpetrated the Galician massacres in 1848, proclaimed themselves, and really were, most devoted partisans of His Austrian Majesty.

If the Russian peasants, whose feelings toward the officers of the State and the representatives of privileged classes are hardly more friendly, begin one fine morning to burn the noblemen's houses, and destroy landlords, policemen, administrators, the thing will be no worse and no better whether they shout all the while "Long live the Tzar!" or not. A peasant revolution can very easily burst out in the present mental condition of the Russian peasants. There is no need to wait until they lose their monarchism, nor is this monarchism a security against the possibility of insurrection. If order is preserved, it means that they have not yet lost patience; that is all. But nobody can guarantee that they will not lose it to-morrow. Ideas find their way into the minds of illiterate masses very slowly. But feelings and

passions spread like wild fire. A general famine, which in the present state of misery would be something awful, a disastrous war, obliging the State to augment the taxes or to overstrain the conscriptions might cause disturbances to arise spontaneously in many places, and if successful, there is no saying what might happen.

But leaving the future to the future, and judging with cool heads about the present, we say that there is no visible sign of the imminence of such a catastrophe. True, agrarian crimes grow rather frequent. Serious agrarian disturbances, assuming sometimes the character of organised armed rebellions, and lasting many months, occur in a number of places. The wild outbursts against the Jews, embracing one-half of Russia, could not happen in a well-balanced State. All these are serious signs, but when the time is ripe, something far more serious will be seen. The peasants' revolution—the sweeping, all-destructive, barbarous revolution—is in the background. The revolution of to-day is a town revolution, which is quickly approaching. For the great intellectual revolution of our time, being very slow to work in the villages, acquire a wonderful energy and thoroughness in our towns, where they pervades not only the upper, but also the lower classes.

STEPNIAK.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF NINGPO.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

RECENT reports of French aggressions on the Chinese sea-board, more especially such movements as referred to the coast of the Che-Kiang Province (*e.g.*, the blockade of the Yung River, on which stands the City of Ningpo, the bombardment of the Chin-hae Fort, and the military occupation of the ecclesiastical Isle of Puttoo) all recall to my memory a vision of pleasant days, when, in a time of blessed peace, it was my good fortune to visit the hospitable home of one of the earliest European settlers in the city of Ningpo.

Leaving Shanghai one beautiful evening on board a splendid American steamer (on which I was provided with a cabin like a comfortable room), I awoke, with the first glimmer of dawn, to find that we were just about to enter the wide mouth of the Yung River.

The captain having most kindly established me in a snug corner on the bridge, I had the benefit of a perfect view as we steamed slowly up the stream. First we passed Chin-hae, which is a city about three miles in circumference, with castellated walls. Its most conspicuous feature is a picturesque old castle, crowning a small but precipitous hill overlooking the sea; so we saw it with a foreground of quaint junks. This citadel was captured in 1841, by the British, who therein seized about one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery.

From this point to the city of Ningpo is a distance of about twelve miles, a quiet, pleasant sail, while morning mists rise dreamily from the river and from the low damp rice-lands and canals, giving strange relief to the multitudinous hillocks—green mounds of varying height and form, which here mark ancestral graves, groups of which, in tens, twenties, hundreds, usurp a most unfair proportion of the flat alluvial land, which yields such rich green crops wherever the farmer ventures to cultivate. Throughout this district nearly all graves are marked by simple mounds, the picturesque horse-shoe form, which is so common in Southern China, being here unknown.

As we approached the city the principal objects which revealed themselves were buildings much larger than ordinary dwelling houses, and having very high-pitched, thatched roofs. Of these we counted 380, and I learnt that they are all ice-houses, in

which, during the winter months, the ice is stored for the fishers, whose work forms one of the most important industries of the district. The necessity of a large supply is evident, on account of the great heat in summer; and as even the winters are often so mild as to yield no ice, a special law requires the owners of these ice-houses always to keep up a three years' supply, in order to meet such emergencies.

The construction of the houses is simple and excellent. Each is simply a large reservoir, consisting of four solid stone walls, thickly coated with clay, and with gutters in the stone pavement to allow for the drainage from the ice. These walls are about twenty feet in height. On them rests the bamboo framework of a high-pitched roof, which is thatched with straw. The coating of clay makes the building alike water-proof and heat-proof.

The entrance to the house is by a flight of steps leading up to a door cut in the roof, and shielded by a heavy straw mat. The ice is removed by another door on the level of the ground. Each house stands by itself, on a flat rice-field of clay-loam, which can readily be flooded. So soon as there is any chance of a light frost the water is turned on, and in the morning the thin layers are carefully collected, pounded into a solid mass, and stored between layers of matting. Thus it can be preserved for years.

From these ice-houses it is carried out to the fishing fleets at sea, in specially constructed ice-boats, with wooden roofs. They carry the ice packed with alternate layers of straw matting, which, on reaching the fleet, are removed, and layers of fish are substituted, which thus reach the city in perfect condition.

Another industry here, in connection with the fisheries, is the evaporation of salt in salt-pans for the use of the fish-curers.

As we came in sight of the fine old castellated walls of the city, great timber yards, docks, and temples, successively appeared, and finally the great steamer was safely moored alongside the wharf, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are the shops of the famous Ningpo wood-carvers. Their finest work, consisting of intricate figure scenes, is most wonderfully delicate, and commands a price which even in Europe or America would be considered high, but the second-class carvings, many of which are excellent free rendering of bamboo or other light foliage, are exceedingly cheap. Picture or mirror-frames and brackets seem to be the favourite objects of manufacture.

We were specially called upon to admire a large cabinet on which incalculable patient skill must have been expended. To my eyes, however, accustomed to the rich tone of Canton black-wood furniture, this pale wood is rather an unpleasant material; but at Ningpo it is of course greatly in favour, being the special industry of the city.

One novelty which must immediately attract the notice of every new-comer is the very extraordinary style of hair-dressing

which is here fashionable. A woman having rolled up her own hair quite simply, purchases two enormous wings of black hair, made up on wire. These she attaches to the back of her head, whence they project fully fifteen inches! She also purchases a small neat fold of hair, with which she conceals the fastening. There is no attempt at deception in the wearing of this false hair; it is simply a head-dress, which could not possibly be made of growing hair.

This very peculiar mode of hair-dressing is totally unlike that of any other district. The women of the southern provinces arrange their own hair in the form of an exaggerated teapot, with a large handle, while others have simpler designs. But all heads are alike black and glossy, reflecting the sunlight, and all the women are clean and tidy, and even the poor working women are very neatly dressed.

One of our first sight-seeing visits was to the great Pagoda, built 1,100 years ago, in honour of the goddess Ma-Tsu-pa. Till the middle of the present century it retained its seven tiers of ornamental roofs and overhanging verandahs, decorated with dragons and fishes, but these have been swept away by fire, and there now remains only a very tall, but poor and naked-looking, white tower. It is actually fourteen stories high, though it has only seven tiers of windows.

Proceeding through the city, we passed innumerable objects of interest, combined with an indescribable amount of dirt. There was the usual succession of very narrow streets, thronged with a crowd, which, albeit chiefly composed of men, is nevertheless picturesque, and not lacking in some variety of colour; for though all the poor are dressed in blue (generally calico), the silken garments of the prosperous folk are often very gay. Of course every one, rich or poor, carries a fan, and works it ceaselessly in a quiet mechanical fashion,

From every house hang pretty Chinese lanterns, and all manner of quaint signs hang from the open shops, or else very narrow tall signboards, from fifteen to eighteen feet high, all carved and gilded, and gorgeously coloured, rest on carved stands, beside the entrance, and, as few shops have a frontage of more than ten feet, these form a very conspicuous feature in the scene.

Among the street hawkers, I noticed some selling very pretty artificial flowers, made of fluffy silk, others selling paper umbrellas; some had ornaments of imitation jade, which might deceive even a fairly practised eye. Among the remarkable figures are the shoe-merchants, whose stock of shoes of all sizes are slung from the ends of a bamboo, covering two pyramidal light wooden frames, which form stands wherever the pedlar sees fit to halt. Others, in the same way, carry great stands of pipes, and others flowers, cakes, sugar-plums, or fish. Here are barbers hard at work, there fortune-tellers.

The itinerant fishmongers sell cuttle-fish large and small, and other creatures repulsive in our eyes ; but all are generally cut up into small portions suited to purses whose investments rarely exceed a farthing. I noticed that there was an extensive demand for large flat eels, so silvery-white as to resemble polished swords. Cuttle-fish season begins in March, and continues till the end of August. It is as important to the fishers of Ningpo as are herring to our own men. Special boats are set apart for this fishery, which continues day and night, a fire being lighted on deck at night, that its glare may attract the cuttle-fish. Besides the very large consumption in the daily market, an enormous quantity are dried for export. They are also largely used for bait, when cockroaches are not to be caught. These, however, answer the purpose just as well.

As a general rule, it is only in hot weather that fresh cuttle-fish come into the market, for, so long as the weather is fine, the boats do not care to return to the city, but prefer to remain on the scene of action, and prepare the cuttle-fish for winter store. They are merely split open and cleaned, and are then spread on mats, which are laid all over certain rocky isles. There they are left to dry in the sun, after which they are packed in wooden tubs, and compressed by the trampling of human feet.

On one of these isles there is a temple to Tien-how, the goddess of the sea, on whose altar the fishers lay votive offerings, consisting of small bags of red cloth, full of salt, each inscribed with the name of the donor.

We passed street bakers, baking appetising biscuits in neat little ovens, and serving out large bowls of savory soup, or stew, for less than a farthing, to highly appreciative crowds, who, holding the bowl in one hand, and in the other two chop-sticks, like thick knitting pins, shovelled it hungrily down their throats.

One item of economy is worthy of note—namely, that at the fruit stalls. Oranges ready peeled are offered for a smaller sum than those in their skins, the skin being a distinct article of commerce, used, I believe, in medicine, though marmalade does not appear to be a recognized luxury.

As we hurried along, I noted quaint bits of architecture, oddly-curved roofs, odd stone beasts, fanciful bridges, ornamental wood-carving, men busy coopering, fan-making, ivory carving, making strange theatrical head-dresses of lovely kingfishers' feathers, shops full of brazen vessels for temples, and a thousand other attractive sights. Smooth-shaven men with huge bare foreheads and glossy black plaits hanging down to their heels, and in garments of amazing cleanliness, welcomed us to curio shops, where strange treasures tempt one in a way that the identical object seen in England could never do. The simplest shopping expedition is here an artistic delight.

In the first place, in each shop there is a gorgeously decorated

domestic shrine, which shows that the gods are never forgotten. And then there is such never-failing interest in a show-room, which is also the workshop wherein each skilful workman deftly manufactures his wares, apparently undisturbed by our curious gaze. Now we pause to watch an old man in enormous spectacles, producing exquisitely fine ivory carving; then we come to another group, whose swift needles are tracing gorgeous dragons and mythical birds on a groundwork of red silk; others making preposterous masks for the use of the theatres, or imitation ingots of silver, wherewith to propitiate the dead.

Here work and worship go hand in hand. One of the industries of Ningpo is an iron foundry, where cast-iron boilers are made for cooking purposes. All who work here pay devout adoration to "the honourable lady of the heavenly foundry," who was the daughter of an iron-moulder "in the days when the earth was young." Seeing her father sorely tried by difficulties in the working of his furnace, this admirable maiden somehow discovered that to make a burnt offering of herself would ensure his success, whereupon she threw herself into the furnace—a piece of filial devotion which was so fully recognised by gods and men, that the former granted the iron-moulder extraordinary triumphs in his work, and the latter have thenceforth paid divine honour to this pattern daughter.

On this, and on many successive days, we explored various quarters of the great city, and here, as in every Chinese city I have visited, the chief impression left on my mind has ever been a feeling of amazement where so vast a multitude can find food. And herein, I think, lies the solution of many Chinese puzzles. One wonders at first why there are so wonderfully few horses in the country, and why everything is done by human labour.

But when you consider the cheapness of labour, the superabundance of men, and the difficulties of providing food for so many hungry mouths, you begin to realise that these people, who never grumble at any amount of hard work, can scarcely look with favour on a great animal which easily does the work of four men, and probably consumes the produce of as much land as would suffice to keep a whole family.

Therefore it is better for the many that those who can afford such luxury should be carried in Sedan chairs, than that they should ride. Moreover, for the same reason, it is better to dig canals which at once irrigate the land and provide water-ways on which men can work cargo and passenger boats, than to make roads on which horses could drag carts and carriages.

This great problem of over-population, this teeming human life all craving a share in the work which provides the daily rice, sufficiently accounts for the determination of trades unions and guilds to combine in excluding all foreign labour-saving machinery, and to work on in all departments of manufactures,

as their forefathers have done, with the most primitive contrivances, which give employment to the largest number of labourers.

In agricultural work, as in all varieties of weaving, paper-making, etc., the introduction of machines which would enable one man to do the work of ten in half the time, would be accounted a national calamity, in intensifying the already grievous difficulty of feeding such human swarms, to say nothing of the fact that human work is so cheap that machinery would actually not pay in China.

But it certainly does seem very odd to go into a silk shop there to buy so many yards of lovely flowered silks at a counter alongside of the strange draw-loom, where they are being woven by hand in the most primitive fashion, with a small boy sitting up aloft above the frame, putting up a series of cords, which rearrange the warp-threads between each throw of the shuttle, thus forming the pattern.

From such "silk mercers" we passed on to other shops, where men were working at exquisitely fine silk embroidery. The silk is stretched on a frame, and the embroiderer sits on a stool with all his silks neatly arranged beside him. We also went into a shop where ornamental ribbons are woven, to wrap round ladies' poor little crippled feet, and to another to see a very large assortment of gorgeous silk braids for trimming, each with a dainty pattern, and all hand-woven.

We halted for some time in a street wholly devoted to the manufacture and sale of carved-wood furniture of the same pale colour as that we had seen in the morning. An immense amount of fine carving is expended on large bedsteads, which answer all the purposes of a dressing-room, having drawers beneath the bed, and on either hand all necessary arrangements for washing, for elaborate hair-dressing, and for the application of cosmetics, so arranged as to be shut in by an outer enclosure of beautifully carved screen-work. These, when in use, are further adorned with rich hangings of coloured silk and embroidery.

We next visited the great Fuh-Kien Temple, which is the Guild of Merchants from that province, who reside in Ningpo. The Ningpo merchants who have settled in Foochow have a similar Guild in that city. Both combine all the purposes of a very handsome club, a temple, and a theatre, all within one enclosure, as is customary for all the great guilds, whatever trade they represent, and their name is legion. There is the silk mercer's guild, and the tea merchant's guild, that of the fish-mongers, and that of the dealers in dried fruits. Even the much despised (although greatly appreciated) play-actors have their own guild, including the usual theatre facing the temple, where plays are acted for the special entertainment of the idols.

I may observe that the position of actors in China is a very

hard one. Although a numerous body of exceedingly intelligent men, who provide for their countrymen the most popular of all entertainments, they are subject to serious social disabilities. In common with policemen and slaves, their sons may on no account attend schools and literary examinations; consequently, they are debarred from all possibility of ever holding official appointments. They may not intermarry with other classes, such unions being strictly forbidden by law. Neither may they venture, in ordinary life, to wear silken garments, at least not of silk spun by the precious silk-worms of commerce, though they are at liberty to use a coarse silk spun on the mountain oak trees by another worm.

As regards the Guilds, this great Fuh-Kien temple is adorned with many beautifully carved stone pillars, with elaborate designs of Dragons and Phoenixes, and on the day in question all round its courts hung gay and very ornamental silk or paper lanterns; for there was a great entertainment in honour of the gods, and the courts were densely thronged with a blue-clothed crowd, in all the absorbing delight of witnessing (*gratis*) a very grand mythological and historical play, in which the actors appeared in most gorgeously embroidered robes of state. The feminine parts were admirably rendered by men, as no woman is allowed to appear on the Chinese stage.

The play had commenced at sunrise, and was to continue till well into the night, according to the usual custom, for a Chinese audience is insatiable. We found it very amusing for about an hour, by which time the noise of horrible musical instruments, the ranting of the actors, and the shrill, ear-piercing falsetto notes in which the women's parts are rendered, became so wearisome, that we were glad to retreat, although the scene itself, all in bright sunlight, beneath a blue, unclouded sky, was unique and very interesting.

Thence we passed on to the Roman Catholic Mission, where we were very kindly received by a pleasant French priest, who showed us the large fine church, whence we passed on to the house of the Sisters, to which we were admitted by a *Portière*, who has held her post for thirty years. Here twelve French and several Chinese sisters, all robed in black serge, and wearing large white caps of dazzling cleanliness, devote their lives to the care of foundlings, or of any other children whose parents agree to give them up entirely, which many are delighted to do. In order to avoid all contact between the children and heathen teachers, the sisters themselves acquire the difficult arts of reading and writing Chinese characters, and themselves instruct their little ones, most of whom they have rescued from an untimely grave.

A pleasant sister, who had been there for ten years, took us round the large establishment, with its nice fresh dormitories, airy schoolrooms, and large playground, all within high walls,

which is quite according to Chinese ideas of proper seclusion. Certainly this large young family does credit to the care bestowed upon its members by both the French and Chinese sisters; their loving care is extended to the sick poor, for whose benefit they have established a free dispensary. In a quiet corner of the garden is the little cemetery, where rest those sisters who have died here at their post, for the work they undertake is life-long, and no yearnings for a return to their beloved France may ever be indulged by those whose lives have been devoted to this work.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' CASE.

BY EDWARD G. SALMON.

"A RIGHT speech," says Emerson, "is not well to be distinguished from action." Elsewhere he writes: "The main point is to throw yourself on the truth, and say with Newton, there is no contending against facts." Words are the most potent force in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Words sway the world. There are few actions which are not preceded by words. It is by words that we rouse man to a sense of justice, and impart to him a knowledge of his fellow-creatures. Words are the means by which civilization advances; words create and dispel emotion. They constitute the stock-in-trade of the agitator, through whom we secure the sympathy of the multitude in any given cause. Public opinion and support in these days are the only instruments of progress. Unless the "blunt monster with uncounted heads" has spoken, it is useless to ask Parliament to take up any proposal, however philanthropic and requisite. To educate public opinion, therefore, is to generate the steam by which the Imperial machine is set in motion. He who undertakes to kindle the national enthusiasm enters upon a giant task. The British public is judicial to the point of cruelty. It perpetuates the biggest anomalies because it is not satisfied that their removal would be wise or just. It wants evidence, and unless you can bring the strongest proof in support of your claim, it is hopeless to carry on the campaign. The nation, which in its generosity will spend £20,000,000 to rescue the negro from slavery, and vote £11,000,000 to defend its honour in a distant part of the world, tolerates in its midst the gravest abuses. An example of this truth is to be found in the supreme efforts which experience proves to be necessary to secure the mandate of the public in the cause of the shop assistant. Seldom, indeed, has there been more difficulty in engaging the full attention of the English people in a question admittedly of immense social moment. But Emerson's remark leads one to hope that the perpetual reiteration of the facts must secure victory. Certain it is that victory will be realized only by agitation, which must be continued unflinchingly, till the national conscience is stirred to sanction a reform, through the medium of the Legislature.

The general public, however, is not alone guilty of apparent indifference to many crying evils and anomalies. Those primarily interested seldom take a very active part in the movements on their behalf. The mischief is discovered by some person of in-

fluence, who brings it to the notice of the world. Mr. Sutherst is doing in the matter of shop labour what Lord Ashley, as Lord Shaftesbury then was, did nearly half a century ago in regard to factories and mines. He pleads earnestly for public sympathy, and has convinced many of the soundness of his pretensions. Whatever progress has been made with the question of early closing is due chiefly to the energetic operations of the Shop Hours' Labour League. It is undeniable that the Early Closing Association, long before the Shop Hours' Labour League was thought of, had succeeded in laying the real state of affairs before the nation; but as the Early Closing Association relies on moral suasion, it can never be more than a means of assisting to the end which the Shop Hours' Labour League has in view. The attitude of the majority of shop assistants themselves is one of hopeless and helpless inactivity. As there is no more persistent grumbler than the shop assistant, so there would appear to be scarcely any one who has such small faith in the strength of his cause and the charity of his fellow-creatures. It is a task of the utmost difficulty to get him to place his shoulder to the wheel, or to contribute a mite towards his own emancipation. Compare the sums raised among shop assistants for carrying on the agitation in which they are interested, with the sums collected from agricultural labourers for securing them the parliamentary franchise. Positively and relatively the agricultural labourer has been the more liberal. To those who know what the lives of shop assistants are, this absence of spirit will not be altogether unintelligible. Their lot is not less hard than that of the unhappy woman "in womanly rags," singing her "Song of a Shirt." For them, as for her, there is little but:—

"Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime,
And work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime."

Our boasted humanity should shrink with horror at the terrible spectacle presented by thousands of men and boys, women and girls, who from early morn to midnight, for six days out of seven, know not a moment's rest. Bent knees, stooping shoulders, sunken eyes, and pallid cheeks are but the outward signs of the insidious effects of their thralldom. Verily they can say that it is not linen, or whatever the article may be, which the public is purchasing, but human creatures' lives. Those who would learn something of the misery and destruction to health consequent on the long hours during which shop assistants are employed, need only glance at the eloquent testimony of facts contained in every page of Mr. Sutherst's work on "Death and Disease Behind the Counter."* In this carefully prepared volume the author has col-

* "Death and Disease behind the Counter," by Thomas Sutherst (Kegan Paul Trench, & Co.).

lected opinions on the subject of late closing and its evils, which could scarcely fail to convince the most sceptical if they would consent to read. Ladies and gentlemen, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, men of business, and others, in solid phalanx bear witness to the truth of the statements, also published in Mr. Sutherst's work, from the pens of the sufferers themselves. Medical evidence is the most valuable, and men like Drs. Norman Kerr, B. W. Richardson, Lawson Tait, and many more, do not, we may be sure, speak save under a stern sense of duty. One extract will give an idea of the whole body of opinion. It is from the pen of Dr. Norman Kerr, who writes: "The nerve exhaustion and lassitude produced by the terrible overwork is so depressing, that the temptation to resort to alcoholic stimulants is almost irresistible, and I have known many male and female shop assistants, of excellent mental and moral promise, ruined in soul, as well as destroyed in body, by thus falling, or rather, very naturally gliding, into habits of intoxication. . . . In the interests of temperance, morality, and religion, as well as of physical man and womanhood, the limitation of the hours, and the alteration of the conditions of the labour of shop assistants, in many parts of the metropolis and of the provinces, is an imperative duty, which, if neglected, will assuredly entail no inconsiderable loss of health, strength, morality, and religious life to the British nation."

The question of early closing is regarded by most people as a question of *laissez faire* versus State interference. On this point there ought to be no uncertainty: first, because the long hours of shop assistants are a glaring anomaly; secondly, because it is the duty of the State to help those who cannot help themselves; thirdly, because the interference would be of a strictly limited and easily justifiable kind. Legislation in favour of early closing, it must never be forgotten, would not be directed against the proprietors of businesses as a body. There are many employers who would be as glad to close their establishments early for their own sakes, as their assistants would be to be released. It is not the liberty, but the selfishness of the subject which is in jeopardy. It is simply a question whether hundreds of individuals are to be held in bondage by an avaricious few, or an avaricious few are to be coerced in the interests of the many. The object which the advocates of early closing have in view has been, and will be, defeated again and again, by the refusal of one or two tradesmen to follow the example of their neighbours, who have taken the initiative in the matter. For instance, we cannot expect A., B., and C. to put up their shutters if D. persists in remaining open, and so secures their trade. The selfishness of this money-grabbing minority is the greatest stumbling-block in the path of reform. It is so contemptible, and its consequences are so serious and far reaching, that it is difficult to see what room there can be for reluctance to deal

with it in a very summary manner. As Lord Bramwell reminded us a short time since, the law protects us against the thief, and it is equally incumbent on it to protect us against oppression. The utility of State interference, under certain circumstances, has been demonstrated beyond dispute by the operation of the Factory Acts. If, as the *St. James's Gazette* has said, this were not so, the question of principle would have to be thrashed out. But as it is, there is really no question of principle involved. England is, above everything, the land of precedent, and it is unaccountable why we should hesitate to follow the splendid example set long ago by the Factory Acts. The beneficent working of these laws is denied by no one, and their warmest advocates are the persons whose labour they regulate. The conditions under which their extension is urged are analogous, in almost every way, to the conditions under which they were passed. If it is right to protect the "hand" who manufactures an article, it is right to protect the shop assistant who sells it.

The drawback to most of our legislation is its incompleteness. We seldom dispose of a question in its entirety. Constant patching is the result. Had the Government of the day acted consistently when, in 1867, they introduced a new Reform Bill, they would have enfranchised the householder in counties as well as in towns, and so have saved the whole of 1884, and a large part of 1885 from being wasted in going over similar ground. From the year 1802, to the present day, we have been periodically engaged in passing and amending Acts for the protection of *employées* in certain industries. In 1878, when the consolidation of the various statutes relating to factories took place, it might have been thought that Parliament had determined to settle the question on a definite basis, but, in 1883, amendments were introduced, and now the agitation grows stronger every week in favour of a still further extension of the principle. Nor would the passing of Sir John Lubbock's Bill end the controversy. The measure contains no element of finality, and is little creditable to the courage of its supporters. If Sir John Lubbock or any one else imagines that shop assistants will rest content with the reform which it would secure, he is labouring under a delusion. The sole clause in the Bill which would in any way extend the operations of the factory inspector is that which decrees that "A young person shall not be employed in a shop for a longer period than twelve hours in any one day." "A young person" is a person of the age of thirteen years and under eighteen years.

Why this limit? Why are the hundreds of delicate women labouring behind the counter to be left to the mercy of a thoughtless public, and a master who, however well disposed, is impotent to relieve them? The Workshops Regulation Act, and every other Act in connection with it, prohibits the employment of women as well as young persons beyond a certain number of

hours per day. Why draw the line at young persons in the case of shop assistants? Where is the use of protecting children, if the mothers of children are to be worked till their health is completely broken? How many thousands of women are there at this moment employed in shops, who leave their homes in the early morning, and do not see them again till it is time to go to bed? Sunday, their only day of cessation from the toil of the counter, has probably to be devoted to cleaning the rooms which for them do not constitute a home. Nor is it only the public and employers who are to be fought against in respect to the labour of women. Dozens of female shop assistants are at this moment killing themselves to supply food for, and to keep a roof above the heads of, worthless husbands. This is no fanciful statement, but a statement of hard fact. The number of girls who realize in marriage everything which they expected is limited indeed. There are husbands, against whom little can otherwise be said, who consider that it is the duty of their wives, equally with themselves, to go out to daily employment. Many more will not turn their hands to anything whilst it is possible for their wives to earn enough to pay the rent. Women fresh from the sick-bed, needing good food and rest, are sent forth to work of a kind which the most robust find exceptionally trying. What are the consequences? Babes just born are put into the hands of foster mothers, and homes are deserted. If only to protect women against such inhuman treatment, if only to give them a few moments for domestic duties, as well as for the leisure essential to health, the extension of the Factory Acts to females, in whatever calling, would be amply warranted. But there are other ways in which Sir John Lubbock's proposals fall short of the necessities of the case. Where are the provisions to enforce a specified time for meals, and a due regard to sanitation? This measure is, in fact, as inadequate as the bill sketched by Mr. Sutherst in his "Death and Disease Behind the Counter" is too drastic. Whilst Sir John Lubbock would limit legislation to young persons employed in shops, Mr. Sutherst would extend it to every person, male and female, infant and adult. Not only for women's sake, but for men's sake also, would it be wise to protect women. For it is pretty certain that, as Mr. Sutherst has hinted, if women were prevented from working beyond ten hours a day, an hour and a half of which should be allowed for food, the exigencies of business would prevent many men from working either.

There is a great deal to be said against the inclusion of men in any scheme of legislative interference with the hours of shop employment. What it is far better for those interested in the welfare of the assistant to do is to help, first, to inspire the men with an increased sense of self-reliance; and, secondly, to remove the political disabilities under which many of them at present labour. Lord Bramwell deprecates legislation which

subverts to any large extent the principle of *laissez faire*, and there can be little doubt that between man and man it is desirable to uphold freedom of contract at almost any cost. The interposition of the law irritates the employer, and tends to destroy the *morale* of the employed. Just as it is important to bring the women and children employed in shops within the operations of the Factory Acts, so it should be our object to develop a spirit of corporate unity among adult male shop assistants. What is possible for the artizan is possible for the shop assistant. If all the shop assistants in the kingdom were members of a Shop Assistants' Union, organized and worked on the same lines as Trades Unions, a speedy solution of their difficulties would be found. Without the solid strength consequent on mutual support, redress for men will probably never be obtained. Organisation and co-operation are of the essence of nineteenth century success. "It is not," says Mr. Escott in his word panorama of our national life,*—and every chapter in the work, whether it deals with politics, society, or any other department of our being, substantiates this conclusion,—“it is not the only characteristic of our age that it is transitional. It may further be described as one distinguished by the economy and organisation of forces of all kinds. . . . Whatever virtues, capacities, energies, may reside in any part of our population—these are in process of being drawn forth and pressed into practical service.” A useful moral is pointed by these remarks. Shop assistants, by wasting their energies, as they are now doing, are contributing to their own slavery. Organised, they could stand as a body before their employers and the world, and demand their rights. Nor would this be so perilous a proceeding as it may on the face of it appear. As a matter of fact, it would receive the tacit support of many shopkeepers themselves, who would thus have an opportunity of protesting against the greed of their fellow-distributors. The members of the various trades represented in trades unions were never so independent, so well off, so intelligent as they are now. The system by which they govern their own interests has benefited them morally, intellectually, physically. Is there any reason to believe that an analogous result would not follow the adoption of a similar principle among shop assistants? The spirit of manly self-help and respect which the successful resistance to oppression would engender, would not be confined to shop assistants. The State itself would in the end feel its beneficial influence.

In no way is the position of the shop assistant who lives in his employer's house more of an anomaly than in regard to political power. In no way could we find a more conclusive instance of the incomprehensive nature of our legislation than by an exami-

* “England : its People, Policy, and Pursuits,” by T. H. S. Escott. New and revised edition (Chapman & Hall).

nation of his status as a citizen. No greater injustice can be conceived than the enactment which gives the franchise to the agricultural labourer and denies it to the shop assistant. Still more ridiculously inconsistent is a service franchise which excludes the most intelligent set of men, to whom its conditions are, on every account, applicable. Here we have thousands of young men, fairly educated, respectable, honest, hard-working, whose whole lives are passed in business intercourse with the world, refused a privilege which is henceforth to be exercised not only by the artizan, but by the boor who tills the land, whose existence is that more or less of a recluse, and whose contact with public doings and sayings is not comparable with that of the shop assistant. There has been some rumour of starting an agitation for securing the franchise for shop assistants, and every consideration of justice demands that it should be accorded them without delay. Even among the community of shop assistants themselves uniformity is unknown. Those who sleep in their masters' rooms are deprived of the franchise because they pay no rent. Those who live out of the house, and pay so much a week for the hire of a room for a year, are entitled to the vote. Reflect on the facts for one moment. First, on grounds of an intelligence, measured only by the standard of the artizan and the labourer, which is far from fair to the majority of shop assistants, the latter are entitled to a vote. Secondly, consistency demands that they should be allowed an equal share of political power with the gamekeeper, the policeman, the gardener, or the coachman, who occupies, free of rent, a cottage on his master's lands. Thirdly, practically, if not actually, the shop assistant who lives in the house does pay rent. He accepts the situation on the understanding that he is to have so much a week and his room. His fellow-assistant on a footing with himself in the business, who rents a room of his own, receives a proportionately larger wage. The amount of his rent is simply deducted from the wages of the former, and it is not easy to prove that money deducted from a lump sum for a certain purpose is not money paid.

It is generally admitted that legislation is permissible only so far as it conduces to the good of the community at large. On this score, if on no other, enforced early closing could be defended. Its beneficial effect, as has been said, would be felt by many besides the shop assistant. It would be highly appreciated by not a few shopkeepers, and on the public itself would confer a direct boon. The question affects primarily the working classes. It is not ladies and gentlemen who are personally interested in the hours during which shops are open or shut, and, in truth, shops chiefly patronised by the wealthy do business at reasonable times. It is in outlying and comparatively poor neighbourhoods that the evil is in full force, and it is supported there for two reasons. In the first place, it is declared that the

working classes, on Saturday especially, are unable to buy early, because they do not receive their wages till late on that day; secondly, the traders are said to be unwilling to incur the loss of custom which early closing would involve. Both arguments ignore facts and probabilities alike. Some working men receive their wages on Friday night; others are paid early on Saturday. It is a very small minority which is paid later than midday on Saturday. The working classes now seldom commence their shopping till nine or ten o'clock on the last day of the week. The cause of this is, that, during the afternoon, the wage-earners loiter about in public-houses, and arrive at home only in time to get in a few provisions with the money which they have left. It is fair to infer that, if the working classes knew the various shops would close earlier than they do now, less money would be wasted in drink, because the necessity of purchasing whilst the week's wages were comparatively intact, would result in their spending more money on food and clothing. Thus a great moral and material gain would be effected for the working classes and for the tradesmen themselves.

The advantages to shop assistants, male and female, of a little "blessed leisure for love and hope," are so obvious as scarcely to need demonstration. It would open up to thousands a new life. An opportunity would be afforded them for friendly reunions, which are now impossible, except at intolerable hours and under conditions not favourable to mental or bodily pleasure. Again, self-improvement, which, however keen their desire to learn something more than is necessary to carry them through their business life, is now well-nigh out of the question, would be practicable. Mr. Leopold Katscher, in a recent number of *TIME*, charged the working classes with lying abed during the best part of Sunday. Is it wonderful that those who, like the exhausted shop assistant, retire in the small hours of Sunday morning, find greater comfort during the Sabbath in sleep, than in taking a run into the country or attending church? These are the days of innocent physical development. "There can be," said Sir Charles Dilke at the last annual meeting of the Early Closing Association, "no doubt that there has been an enormous increase of the power of busy men to enjoy a holiday within the recollection of most of us." Shop assistants are denied the health-giving exercises at the command of other classes. The contemplation of the beauties and truths of nature, as seen in the hedgerows and corn-fields, is a means of refinement beyond their reach. Neither are they in a position to join the volunteers, to fly for an hour from the London smoke on their bicycles or tricycles, or to take part in any of the athletic diversions of modern times.

The appeals which Lady John Manners and others have made to the public to do their shopping earlier are not likely to be fruitful of much good. We cannot expect the majority of men

and women to purchase except at the hour which most suits their convenience, unless reminded, by the closing of the shops, that if they do not get in their wares earlier, they cannot get them in later. Meanwhile, I repeat, the agitation must be carried on vigorously; and if, before the sitting of the new Parliament, Sir John Lubbock can be induced to widen the scope of his measure, the present delay will have been in some sort justified. The question of early closing must be kept perpetually before the public gaze. It is only by compelling the public to digest with its breakfast a constantly recurring paragraph on the subject in the morning newspaper, that feeling can be aroused. Lord Shaftesbury did not secure the passage of the first Factory Acts without the most uncompromising agitation throughout the country. The pulse of the nation must be made to throb more quickly by never-ceasing cries for reform. It may mean time, it may mean severe work; but few things that are worth having come merely for the asking. At a meeting recently held in Paddington by the Early Closing Association, a resolution urging the necessity of forming a local league was passed. The proposal is one that the Shop Hours' Labour League should itself adopt in every direction. Local energies cannot be too largely employed or too highly valued. Nowadays, Royal Commissions seem to have degenerated into a medium for shelving questions of reform. But it is difficult to believe that if a Royal Commission were appointed to go thoroughly into the *raison d'être* of the early closing movement, the result of its work would not be as creditable as was that of the Commission which, under Lord Ashley, examined and exposed the conditions of factory labour. I do not forget that a Commission did sit on this question eleven years ago, but eleven years ago the public had not been educated on its merits as completely as they have now. Let a responsible Commission be appointed to collect evidence as it exists to-day, and those who are already acquainted with the facts can entertain no doubt that the most exacting of Englishmen would be satisfied, by the revelations made, that it is time Parliament waved its reforming wand above the heads of shop assistants.

EDWARD G. SALMON.

VICTOR HUGO'S CHIEF DISCIPLES.

BY VERNON ISMAY.

AMONG the earliest adherents to the gospel of Romanticism that was introduced into France by Victor Hugo, who wisely adopted the apparently innocuous medium of a preface to a maiden drama, the names of Alfred de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, and Alexandre Dumas *père*, occupy a prominent position. Second only to their great master in the general felicity of their achievement, they all four deserve to rank as equals by reason of certain individual excellences which were united in him. Thus, the passionate sensibility of Alfred de Musset is equalled by the formal perfection that characterises the author of the "Poèmes Antiques et Modernes;" while the happy directness of expression and critical acumen apparent in the works of Sainte-Beuve are as remarkable as the dramatic vigour of the elder Dumas. Many other worthy associates and disciples Victor Hugo undoubtedly had; but these four seem to group themselves naturally at his right hand, as being the most favoured and the best beloved of them all.

It is as the first of French literary critics that Sainte-Beuve is destined to live in the national remembrance; nevertheless, the author of the "Causeries du Lundi" and the "Portraits Contemporaines" was no unprolific nor insignificant poet, as his "Consolations," and "Pensées d'Août" abundantly testify. Demogeot has admirably described him in his dual character of verseman and proseman in the following words:—

"Le caractère particulier des vers de Ste.-Beuve est une simplicité familière et délicate; on croirait lire une prose aimable légèrement parfumée de poésie. Poète jusque dans la critique, il saisit avec une imagination vive les diverses natures d'écrivains. Esprit délicat et flexible, il sait tout comprendre, tout deviner, tout exprimer avec une grâce charmante."

This delicate familiarity of expression, so important an element in poems of the Epistolary order, is well displayed in Sainte-Beuve's graceful lines addressed to Alphonse de Lamartine, beginning:—

"Le jour que je vous vis pour la troisième fois,
C'était en Juin dernier, voici bientôt deux mois;
Vous en souviendrez-vous? j'ose à peine le croire;
Mais ce jour à jamais emplira ma mémoire;
Après nous être un peu promenés seul à seul,
Au pied d'un marronnier ou sous quelque tilleul,

Nous vinmes nous asseoir, et longtemps nous causâmes
 De nous, des maux humains, des besoins de nos âmes ;
 Moi surtout, moi plus jeune, inconnu, curieux,
 J'aspirais vos regards, je lisais dans vos yeux,
 Comme aux yeux d'un ami qui vient d'un long voyage ;
 Je rapportais au cœur chaque éclair du visage ;
 Et dans vos souvenirs ceux que je choisissais,
 C'était votre jeunesse, et vos premiers accès
 D'abord flottants, obscurs, d'ardente poésie,
 Et les égarements de votre fantaisie,
 Vos mouvements sans but, vos courses en tout lieu,
 Avant qu'en votre cœur le démon fût un Dieu."

Here we have something better than "monotony in wire." The laboured distichs of Boileau's twelve famous "Epitres," compare very unfavourably with these fluent, musical Alexandrians. Such verse as that quoted from, can never lack appreciative readers among men of taste and culture, exhibiting as it does the rarest and most attractive qualities of high-class French poetry.

Of present-day critics and essayists, Théophile Gautier, Émile de Girardin, Alphonse Karr, Jules Janin, Philarète Chasles, and Léon Gozlan are well known as accomplished workers in their especial province ; but none of them has approached Sainte-Beuve for perspicacity and unfailing charm of style. Indeed, Sainte-Beuve has hitherto held his own against all-comers in these respects, and it appears highly probable that he will continue so to do for a long time hence.

Alfred de Vigny's poetry is far less popular at the present time than it deserves to be, the very excellence that marks his work as comparable with the most elegant and finished versification that the French language can boast (I do not speak now of that kind of elegance and finish which culminated in the curious poetical marquetry of Delille) militating against a wide and lasting popularity, such as his sensibility and a certain inveterate and waggish waywardness long ago obtained for Alfred de Musset. The book-reading majority prefer *sentiment*—the more obvious the better—to symmetry ; and it is only when a poet combines the two that he can hope to appeal alike to the student and the public at large. Though his sentiment be but commonplace, and his craftsmanship commonplace also, this mediocre combination is rated above the partial excellence that takes into sole account the more artistic qualities of elaboration and technical finish. Yet from the foregoing remarks it must not be inferred that Alfred de Vigny is destitute of sensibility, or sentiment ; were he so, his place would be in the category of craftsmen, not of poets. But his sentiment is of too delicate a texture for the common perception. Had he chosen his subjects with more discrimination, having regard to the public he was addressing, there can be no doubt that his chances of success would have been greatly augmented. Unfortunately, our author's love of refinement entered also into his choice of subjects, and eschewed, as

equally, the commonplace in matter and in manner. What do the public, French or English, care about the World before the Flood, as described in either Alfred de Vigny's or Bishop Heber's verse? What the public want is incident, plot; a true reflection of human nature, let it be good or bad, or both together, and the every-day life around them. And in this, it may be said, the public taste is identical with Victor Hugo's own views on the superior utility of contemporaneous existence as opposed to those colourless reflections of classical life which latterly reduced the literature of France to a state of insipid conventionality. Identical—with a difference! For the public, unable to guess the existence, much less understand the nature of that subtle union of feeling and judgment which constitutes genius true and lofty, like that of a Shakespeare or a Hugo, exercise feeling *instead of* judgment; judgment coming of education, and the necessity for comparison and analysis such education entails. With the public the incident stands for everything, and the execution for nothing. Given a striking incident, you may, if you choose, lavish weeks, months, years of loving toil on the setting, and the public will gratefully accept your labours—for the sake of the incident.

The late Richard Hengist Horne, in a preface to his epic poem "Orion," has censured the "silly fellow who pauses in reading a beautiful lyric in order to *examine* if the rhymes suit his eye or his ear." But there is a fatal element in Alfred de Vigny's poetry which positively compels one to pause and examine its structural beauties; and one finds oneself involuntarily asking whether the pleasure of perusal would not have been vastly enhanced had those beauties been less persistently obtrusive and obstructive. The truth of the matter is, Alfred de Vigny's ideas are often great, but his diction is invariably greater. This is apt at times to be felt with painful acuteness: one becomes conscious of labour; the art of concealing art has been missed, and a sensation the reverse of pleasant is the result. But, though he occasionally overshoots the mark, the general tone of his poetry is one of amiable exaltation and exquisite refinement.

His single contribution to dramatic literature may be pronounced an unequivocal success; but its value as a representative exception is proportionately diminished when we remember that it is not an original, being simply a translation of Shakespeare's wonderful tragedy, "Othello." *Considered as a translation*, it is a singularly meritorious performance, and gives Frenchmen a better idea of "the real" Shakespeare than, perhaps, any other French version of the Bard of Avon yet attempted.

The neglect that has befallen his poems has not extended to his solitary essay in fiction, the novel "Cinq Mars," which is as well known in England as it is in France. No reader of average intelligence can have failed to recognise its constructive ability,

its felicitous delineation of character, or its forcible style. These features are peculiar to the illustrious and already antiquated school whose head was the author of works like "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer;" and in every work of every member of the school in question their presence may be taken for granted.

Perhaps the most popular of all the poets of France (for the greatest, Victor Hugo, is still merely an abstract principle of the national genius to many of his countrymen, just as Shakespeare even now is to all save the student and the frequenter of theatres occasionally devoted to the noblest dramatic work), a poet more popular than even Pierre Jean de Béranger himself, more deeply loved and more closely read, is Alfred de Musset. In order to prove this you have only to ask a Frenchman if he has any recollection of such names as Mardoche, Fortunio, Octave, Perdican, Lorenzaccio, Portia, Rosette, Marianne, and Mme de Léry. I tried the experiment once myself, and the answer I received was to the following effect: "It is Alfred de Musset! Adorable poet and irrepressible embodiment of French waggishness (*espièglerie*); how should I forget him?" Endearred to his countrymen as much by his faults as by his virtues, by his *bizarries* as by the natural *verve* that was never materially affected by his constant striving after originality, he has been aptly called at once the Ariel, and the Caliban of the Dix-neuvième Siècle. Reading Musset is like following a Will-o'-the-Wisp, that charms by its brilliancy to the end that its victim may be plunged into all sorts of unexpected quagmires and lacerated by all sorts of unexpected brakes, and yet emerge from the ordeal not one whit wiser concerning the nature of the object of his eventful pursuit than before the mad-cap chase began. Mischievous elf! who does his best to excite your admiration, and then laughs at you for your pains! The extent of his audacity in this respect will be fully realised when it is said that he even went so far as to laugh at those dread beings, the critics; and the more irate they became, the louder he laughed. On one occasion, for instance, he incurred their grave displeasure for comparing the moon to the dot over the letter *i*; but, nothing daunted by the fury of the outcry that ensued, he retorted as follows, employing the same novel and ingenious kind of simile as that censured:—

" On dit, maîtres, on dit qu'alors votre sourci,
En voyant cette lune et ce point sur cet i,
Prit l'effroyable aspect d'un accent circonflexe."

Lovers of Wordsworth—which I take to be a synonym for "Byron-haters"—will hardly be expected to sympathise with the menfolk of Musset's delightful fiction. The strong family likeness which they bear to such questionable characters as Don Juan, Lara, and the Corsair, renders such sympathy highly im-

probable, if not impossible. But in France they have no Wordsworth and no "Wordsworth Society"; the cakes and ale and the ginger hot in the mouth, to which Shakespeare refers, are still relished as appetising fare, instead of being provocative of moral nausea. Yet there are degrees of delicacy even in this class of writing; and Musset is far less *effronté* than his great rival, Béranger. Although the former's moral code did not prohibit an occasional infraction of the most important commandments in the Decalogue, he sins (of course only in a literary sense) with such a charming grace, that one needs must forgive him. He is one of those individuals whose *bonhomie* atones for much that were otherwise quite unpardonable. He is so genial, so entertaining, so thoroughly good-natured! Small wonder if you forget his indiscretions, and cannot refrain from openly expressing your admiration of his wit, even when it is yourself who happens to be the butt of his sparkling jokes.

More serious than Musset, yet possessing a keen sense of genuine humour, Alexandre Dumas appeals to the stronger emotions, and seldom appeals in vain. There is a certain savageness about his style that is easily accounted for when we remember his father's semi-Nigritian descent. (He was the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, by a negress, Tiennette Dumas.) The delicate miniature-painting of Balzac finds no counterpart in the works of the elder Dumas. His drama is analogous to the art of the scene-painter: bold and vigorous, effective rather by virtue of a certain dash and skilful disposition of parts, which includes a cunning juxtaposition of light and shade, than by the minuteness and attention to detail which devolve on the painter of cabinet pictures. He draws the bold outline, filling it in with broad, strong tints by way of what are technically called "washes," and leaves the reader or the histrion, as the case may be, to add the minuter touches necessary to the completion of the picture. He was too impulsive a writer for elaboration or analysis; for it is only given to genius of the Michael-Angelo-esque order to ply the chisel "against time," and yet produce a perfect creation, admirable alike for the breadth of its effect and the completeness of its detail.

His first drama, "Henri III.," which appeared opportunely in 1829, when the fight between the Romanticists and the Classicists was at its fiercest, and proved him affiliated to the new school, is rather a specimen of Schiller and Sir Walter Scott in a French dress than an exemplification of Dumas' original genius. His "Christine," "Antony," "Richard d'Arlington," "Térésa," "Le Tour de Nesle," "Catherine Howard," and "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," along with other works of a subsequent date, are, however, the legitimate outcome of the earnest attention then first directed by young France to the noblest productions of the British and German Romantic Schools, headed by Shakespeare, Byron, Scott,

Schiller, and Goethe; and *not* mere plagiarisms from foreign authors. All evince a decided power of characterisation, ingenuity in the construction of the various plots, and an unforced humour and gaiety which admirably relieve the more sombre portions of those which are essentially tragic in character.

The controversies to which these productions gave rise were only less lively than the desperate verbal encounters fought over each successive work bearing the militant signature of Victor Hugo. On the one side were the advocates of the new doctrine of Romanticism, predestined to success from the beginning; on the other the defenders of an antiquated creed, who atoned for the pitiable weakness of the arguments adducible in support of their cause by the bitterest personal invective. The dramatist's private life, his extravagant habits, and his numerous *galanteries*, were thrown into the balance in the hope that such irrelevant matter would outweigh the practical arguments of their doughty opponents. When a party is reduced to such miserable shifts as these, you need not hesitate to guess openly as to the ultimate success—or non-success—of the cause they have elected to espouse. Already its failure is a thing practically accomplished.

His romances, which mainly partake of a historical character, and include such brilliant examples of the novel-writer's art as "Les Deux Dianas," "La Reine Margot," "Monte Cristo," "Vingt Ans Après," the "Mémoires d'un Médecin," and "Les Trois Mousquetaires" (a novel—or, rather, a cycle of novels, like Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables,"—in eight volumes), are so well known to the majority of English readers, that it seems almost superfluous to mention them. In the department of history he produced, among other works, "Louis XIV. et son Siècle," "Le Régent et Louis XV.," "Le Drame de '93," and "Florence et les Médicis,"—works distinguished by sound history, a laudable freedom from political or religious bias, and considerable critical acumen. When I mention, in addition to the above, his voluminous "Mémoires," and three distinct and more or less long-lived journalistic ventures, I fancy I shall have said enough to induce the reader to share my opinion that, if for the quality of productiveness alone, Dumas deserves to rank as one of the most remarkable authors of his time.

The rapid decadence of French literature in nearly all its branches has been the subject of much comment of late. Just forty-seven years have elapsed since Victor Hugo startled the whole of literary France by a prospect of innovations unprecedented in its annals for daring and magnitude; one year later the theories then promulgated received practical illustration in the gorgeous collection of lyrics given to the world under the generic title of "Orientales"; and, after a severe struggle, were at length accepted as the literary creed of modern France. The

reactionary movement initiated by Ponsard (whose tragedy, "Lucrèce," produced a certain sensation in French theatrical circles), and Emile Augier, was the strongest note of dissent that the now firmly-established doctrine ever encountered; but the support the movement received was, as might be expected, feeble and limited. And now, as substitutes for the champions of the novel doctrine first promulgated in 1827, and the doctrine they championed, what and whom have we? The Romanticism that swept as a destroying wave over the austere edifice of classical tradition has, in its turn, been superseded by a new fashion and new idols. In its stead we have the materialism of "La Dame aux Camélias," rampant in fiction, melodrama, and opera, and "La Femme de Claude;" of "La Fille Elisa," and "Une Vie;" of the notorious "Lana," and the almost equally notorious "Pot-Bouille." Dumas fils, Victorien Sardou, Gondinet, Ernest Feydeau, Octave Feuillet (who was one of the journeymen of Dumas père in the olden days), Henri Murger, Émile Zola, and Edmond About,—these are the popular idols of to-day. The *demi-monde* claims paramount attention; the demi-mundane, if I may be allowed the phrase, are everywhere triumphant. And all this has happened since 1827.

The explanation seems to be this: the pioneers of the Romantic movement were so accomplished in its every detail, and so eminently fitted to carry those details out, that after-reformers could not hope to equal, much less excel, them. Accordingly, the younger generation decided to strike out a line for themselves, a line wherein no more eminent predecessor could be quoted to their disadvantage. Hence that veritable epidemic of grisettes and cocottes which infects the French stage, and threatens one from the yellow-fever-like covers of the externally and essentially flimsy volumes ranged on the shelves of the French libraries, and scattered over the French book-stalls. Hence, also, that growing tendency to regard vice through the false and pernicious medium of metaphorical spectacles which make everything appear *couleur de rose*, and invest with a seductive glamour that which has no existence in fact, and for which the new school are entirely responsible. Looked upon in this light, they are less creators than wholesale destroyers. Their mission seems to be, in the words of Carlyle, "To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy of holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren!"

It was the fate of Victor Hugo to survive all his favourite disciples, and to witness the decline of the national literature in its final stages. Musset died in 1857; Alfred de Vigny in 1863; Sainte-Beuve in 1869; and Dumas in 1870. Now that their great and revered master has fallen too, the solitary survivor of an august dynasty has disappeared from the great world's stage,

—the Alpha and Omega of Romanticism has exacted the last tribute of reverence from a generation whose affection is claimed by men with different and lower aims, men who have profited by certain of his literary precepts only in order to make them the means to an unworthy end. The very cleverness that stamps these authors' writings is but an additional source of danger. Mephistopheles in the form of a modern Silenus could hardly hope to prove a successful tempter; but let him assume the disguise of a fine gentleman, with captivating manners and a plausible tongue, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will obtain a ready hearing.

Too many persons, English as well as French, are apt nowadays to argue to themselves in this wise: "Our literature comprises books which are both moral and entertaining; but, unfortunately, those which are moral are not entertaining, and those which are entertaining are not moral: being in search of entertainment, I choose the latter." This is a palpable fallacy, and is formulated merely by way of an opiate for a somewhat lethargic variety of conscience. For Frenchmen to say that there is nothing entertaining in works of fiction which are not founded on the escapades of some rollicking benedict, or surreptitious meetings between the young wives of uxorious old dotards and their former lovers, with the complications to which they naturally give rise, is to ignore altogether the existence of such wholly pure fiction as Saintine's "Picciola" and Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba," and the novels of Frédéric Soulié, Émile Souvestre, and that accomplished literary dualism, Erckmann-Chatrian. Innocuous in the hands of childhood, they can be read with equal pleasure and profit by the grown man, whose knowledge of the world is of fifty years' standing. They pander to no vitiated tastes, but seek to interest the reader by enlisting his sympathies on behalf of the suffering and the oppressed, and of that unostentatious chivalry whose existence is still frequently betrayed by deeds as noble and heroic as any recorded of the valiant spirits identified with that remote period emphatically designated the age of chivalry. They are "good" books in every sense of the word; yet their goodness is not of that fatally superlative description which degenerates into the "goody-goody." Strong and healthy in tone, they are thus as far removed from the sickly, effeminate style of writing above mentioned as from the shameless sensuality of Dumas *filz* and his satellites.

If Victor Hugo and his disciples have introduced into their novels incidents and characters not to be reconciled with strict ethical propriety, it must be remembered that they worked mainly in the judicial spirit of the historian, who is pledged to accept nothing, reject nothing, and nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. Many of their productions are founded

on historical themes, and the remainder are faithful pictures of contemporary life. Zola maintains that he works on the same principle; but a picture that is unrelieved by one particle of light cannot be a true picture, and a volume that is wholly occupied with a description of the vicious and their ways is hardly a safe "guide to virtue." When I think of Dumas *fil's* and his followers I am irresistibly reminded of Pope's lines ("Satires of Dr. Donne Versified," Satire IV.):—

"Tho' in his pictures Lust he full display'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there."

The Romanticists trusted to the power of perfect *vraisemblance* as a deterrent from vice. They did not tack a moral on to the end of each of their stories, as the Fabulists are wont to do; neither did they exalt the euphemistically-styled "Princesses" of the *demi-monde* to the level of actual heroines, free to carry on their infamous intrigues and vent their pernicious sophistries through whole volumes. In short, they were honest men, which is a good deal more than can be said for the Materialists.

VERNON ISMAY.

“OUR WEAK BROTHER.”

BY T. HARALD WILLIAMS.

STRENGTH of language and strength of adhesion to particular views, are often by careless people confounded with and mistaken for robustness of character. Great feebleness of nature may well underlie the most vehement manner and the most violent conduct. Noise and bustling behaviour are the refuge and defence of the weak, conscious of their infirmities, anxious to conceal them from rude observers, and afraid of being betrayed, at any moment, into some direct or indirect acknowledgment of their failings, if they do not adopt vigorous measures of some kind. Force of expression and mulish obstinacy of purpose reveal far more than they hide. They are really a confession of ignorance or impotence, and should generally incline us to believe that the powder is accompanied with little or no shot. A sturdy disposition has no need of stage thunder and lightning. Self-reliant, secure in the stoutness of its own resolves, it is not blindly tenacious of its plans or principles, when it sees good reason to change them for better ones, more adapted to altered conditions and circumstances. It is the very essence of weakness to stick to a false standpoint, when the rapid march of events has turned the flank of our position. And it frequently requires much more courage to admit an error than to deny that it is an error. The lobster can hold on as well as the bulldog, though it is not so high in the scale of creation; and we ought to be superior to the lobster. But the melancholy fact remains, that in this strange world in which we are all at sixes and sevens (when we are not playing at “fives”), the “feeble folk,” or the “conies,” vastly preponderate. We have, then, as Mr. Gladstone would say, to effect some sort of “accommodation,” to allow for the existence and predominance of these unhappy persons. What shall we do with them? How shall we treat them? They have no proper basis of their own, they invite our compassion, they appeal to our sympathy. And they have especial claims on our kindly consideration, when their flabbiness of character arises, not from weakness of judgment, but from tenderness of conscience. Scrupulosity about trifles, punctiliousness in mere details, may be developed to a morbid extent that almost amounts to insanity. Such minds are perpetually encountering obstruc-

tions, at which they stumble, and by which they are stopped. As it was once believed of witches in things material, these cannot step over moral straws. They see lions in the way when nobody else does, they fly from shadows, they magnify and distort their subjective fears and fancies, and then they project them by sleight of the imagination into the visible external world. Of course they have really no ground for alarm or indecision. But their dimness of vision, their inability to draw any definite conclusion from observed facts, their futile attempts to distinguish between the reflection and the substance—all these things combine to excite our pity. It would be cruel to ignore difficulties, even if they are mainly sentimental and fictitious, because we do not feel them ourselves. And so our "weak brother" is a standing embarrassment.

No doubt, he owes all his troubles to an undeveloped or misdeveloped will. And though this may not be an incurable disease, yet the sufferer will rarely allow the cause, or take the proper steps to remedy the evil. We are, therefore, compelled to assume the initiative, and to do the best we can for him. Two courses are open to us. We may either deal with him as we deal with the strong-minded,—without paying the slightest attention to his infirmities,—or we may coddle and cosset him, and for his sake deny ourselves legitimate enjoyments. The first mode of treatment is the easiest and simplest, and that adopted by the vast majority of people. It often inflicts unspeakable pain upon our "weak brother," who is readily offended. But then, he has no compunctions about annoying us, and would, without hesitation, deprive us of many innocent pleasures, if he only possessed the power to enforce his opinions or absence of opinions. It must be conceded that he is a dreadful nuisance, particularly when his complaint happens to wear a religious form. He grumbles at the glass of beer or wine, because he has a tender conscience or digestion, or is unable to drink in moderation, because he is foolish enough to think it wrong, or some people go to excesses and get into trouble. And so he would have us all be teetotalers, since a good thing is abused. But what is not? If the abuse of an innocent gratification should deter us from indulging in it, there would be absolutely nothing left for our amusement. Again, our "weak brother" says that clergymen ought not to hunt, because he is sure it is not right. He is probably nervous himself, and has never bestridden anything more active than the quietest of hobby-horses; he has no notion of riding to hounds, and no desire to practise it, and therefore he condemns the exercise in others who can ride, and do like it. Not that he would deny to clergymen all relaxation; he is willing to let them go abroad or stay at the seaside, but he objects to so-called "worldly pleasures." Though it would be exceedingly hard to divide amusements in this way, and to draw a sharp line between the

lawful and the unlawful, permitting these, and condemning those. Nor is it easy to perceive how a diversion which is fitting and proper for any one else, becomes unfitting and improper when a clergyman takes to it. Only a few fanatics, whose views are unworthy of serious attention, would contend that fox-hunting is a sinful thing, and fraught with serious peril to the soul. But our "weak brother" is an exceedingly selfish and inconsiderate person, and he persists in considering everything with a jaundiced eye. Unhealthy himself, he sees the world in an unhealthy light. Instead of selecting points of agreement as a common ground, on which all can meet and cordially shake hands, he selects the points of difference. He declares it is wicked to dance, because he thinks it is wicked. He offers no proof, he has none to give; he finds no personal enjoyment in the "poetry of motion," and therefore it is wrong for others. His own foibles and follies, his own petty scruples and diseased ideas, he fixes upon as the standard by which to measure the conduct and pursuits of others. Wherever we go, we find his jealous interdict barring the way. He is always in opposition, faintly or forcibly (but none the less feebly), damning every recreation in which conscience, or gout, or dyspepsia forbids his indulging.

It is usual for the "weak brother" and his champions to quote St. Paul in support of their opinions: "*It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.*" But common honesty should not permit this. Every educated person knows that the reference is to things offered to idols. St. Paul was certainly not a teetotaler, as he expressly enjoined a moderate use of stimulants. And it was only religious scruples, and only those at the most critical time, when there was danger of disruption in the infant Church, that he humoured or honoured. We may well believe that the "weak brother" of modern times would receive scanty encouragement from the Apostle. Conscientious objections, as they are euphoniously described out of mere politeness, have frequently no moral meaning whatever. They are employed by some disagreeable persons as convenient weapons, of fair appearance, to veil their ignorance or veneer their misanthropy. An unsociable man, who is not at his ease in good company, or who dislikes to see people merry, can defend his absence from theatres and balls on the score of "conscientious objections." He is a "weak brother," no doubt, but not in the sense intended. His shyness, and awkwardness, and bad breeding shut him out from the best society, and from the ordinary resorts of amusement. And so, in order to give a fine look and high tone to his isolation in the community, he bestows upon it the pretty and pious name of "religious scruples," or something of the sort, whereby he wins a respect, which in nine cases out of

ten is not deserved, and goes in triumph along his dismal way, wearing the crown of martyrdom. We have, therefore, to distinguish between the true and the false, the impostor and the man of real convictions. But, at the same time, it may be reasonably doubted if any one has a right to tyrannize over others, by forcing them to bow down to the yoke of his qualms and misgivings. When they appear to be genuine, they are not necessarily healthy or rational. And we only pauperise and still farther demoralise the poor victim of doubts and fears, by encouraging him in his delusions, if we treat them as serious and worthy objections. Let us not be cruel or discourteous; let us frankly concede respect where it is due. But we are sorry friends when we pamper idle prejudice, or elevate the crotchets of a morbid brain to the dignity of eternal principles. Gentle ridicule is often an effective antidote for this kind of hypochondria. Argument is generally waste of time; but though a man may not be reasoned out of his nonsense, he can be laughed out of it. And this is really the kindest way of dealing with that skeleton at the feast, that bugbear of society known as our "weak brother."

F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

A TRAGIC TALE.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

AT a time when deeds of violence were common in Italy, a prince or powerful noble thought hardly more of removing an inconvenient rival in love-affairs from his path by murder, than of brushing a fly away.

Ercole Strozzi was a poet of the famous Florentine house, living in exile at the Court of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara. The Latin verses he composed in honour of Lucrezia Borgia, then Duchess of Ferrara, won him the applause of Italy. They may still be read with pleasure. He passed, moreover, for one of the handsomest men of his time, dressed splendidly, and enjoyed the favours of many gentle ladies. His heart, at last, was permanently engaged to Barbara, a daughter of the noble Torelli family, and widow of Ercole Bentivoglio. She returned his affection, and they were married on the 29th of May, 1508.

Thirteen days after this event Ercole Strozzi was found at daybreak, dead, wrapped in his mantle, near the church of S. Francesco in Ferrara. His throat had been cut, and his body was pierced with twenty-two wounds. Locks of his beautiful long wavy hair, torn from the head, lay on the street around him. No inquiry was made into the murder. The duke, usually so rigid in his justice, offered no reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of this crime.

It was, in truth, Alfonso d'Este himself who had instigated the assassination. He cared for Barbara Torelli, and the courtier-poet, who had presumed to marry her, paid the penalty by a tragic death. Rumour laid the blame of the deed upon Mesino del Forno, the duke's bravo. But only one voice was raised against the tyrant. That was the voice of Barbara, who, in the sonnet I am going to translate, hinted in covert phrases at the powerful author of her misery. Giosuè Carducci, the foremost living poet of Italy, says rightly that this sonnet ranks among the very few fine poems written by Italian women.

BARBARA TORELLI'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND
ERCOLE STROZZI,

MURDERED AT FERRARA BY THE ORDER OF DUKE ALFONSO I.

Extinguished is Love's torch, broken his bow,
His arrows, quiver, and all empery,
Now that fierce Death hath felled the forest tree
Under whose shade I slept, nor dreamed of woe.
Ah, wherefore may not I, I also, go
Down to that narrow tomb where destiny
Hath laid my lord, whom scarce ten days and three
Love bound in holiest chains before this blow?

I'd fain with my heart's fire that frosty chill
Loosen, and with these tears moisten his clay,
Stirring to quick new life that dust so cold:
And afterwards I'd fain, dauntless and bold,
Show him to One who broke Love's band, and say—
"Such power hath Love! Monster, thou could'st but kill!"

"HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF CAVENDISH."

BY H. S. SKIPTON, M.A.

IN Suffolk, the county of many rivers, of quiet, undulating scenery, of pleasant hedgerow trees, and but little grass to gladden the heart of the sportsman, lies the cradle of our race.

On the banks of the Stour, between Clare—that little decayed Suffolk town, famed for its castle and its Earls of Clare, that has given its name to the County Clare and their title to the royal dukes of Clarence — and Long Milford, lies the village of Cavendish, whence comes one of the greatest historic houses of England.

Tame though most of the scenery of Suffolk is, we must never forget that it has produced our two greatest landscape painters—Constable, the son of the miller of East Bergholt, who studied the clouds so well, and Gainsborough, the Sudbury clothier's son, an English artist in the truest sense, who loved the scenery of the Stour and the Orwell.

The Cavendishes are essentially a Reformation house; but I think we may notice two Cavendishes of an earlier date, though some refuse to recognize them as ancestors of Thomas Cavendish and his son, Sir William Cavendish, the founder of the house. Sir John Cavendish, the eponymous hero of the family, is said to have been connected with a Norman family named Gernon, and to have become Sir John de Cavendish Overhall in Suffolk by marriage with the heiress of the late lord of that manor.

He was Chief Justice of the King's Bench 1366-77.

I must confess that his connection with the later Cavendishes though possible, and even probable, is as yet unproved.

We have to notice him in connection with the rising of the serfs, commonly called Wat Tyler's Rebellion, in 1381.

The cause of this rebellion was the Black Death of 1349, which swept off more than a third of the people of England, and gave the great capital of East Anglia a blow from which it has never recovered.

As at least one-third of the labourers were dead, the wages of the survivors were nearly doubled, for the farm-work to be done was the same as before, while the hands were fewer.

Hence the serfs and semi-servile villeins demanded higher wages, and, when their lords tried to enforce their rights to slave-labour, quarrels and strikes took place, which culminated in this wide-spread and simultaneous rebellion.

Sir John Cavendish had put down the rebels in Yorkshire, while his son had taken part in the death of Wat Tyler at Smithfield, when the gallant but unfortunate young king fearlessly faced the furious mob, and offered to take the place of their fallen leader.

The Black Death was the cause of the struggle between labour and capital that still goes on, and appears in the strikes we hear of daily in every part of the world.

The Suffolk mob seized Sir John, and beheaded him in the market-place of that pleasant country town whose name commemorates the penitence of Canute for the murder of Edmund the proto-martyr and greatest saint of East Anglia.

Thomas Cavendish, of Trinity St. Martin, Suffolk, is supposed to be connected with the family. This gallant, handsome circumnavigator "singd the King of Spain's beard" in the American seas, and brought home over £60,000 in gold in 1588.

I now start on safe ground with—

Thomas Cavendish, a Suffolk squire, Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer of Henry VIII.

He had three sons, of whom we will notice (I.) George, (II.) William.

I. George Cavendish, of Cavendish Overhall, and Glimpsford, in Suffolk, was the author of a beautiful biography of his master, Cardinal Wolsey, also a Suffolk man.

1519. He entered the great Cardinal's service as Gentleman Usher, and remained with him faithful to the last, like a true Cavendish, till his death in 1530. He was with him in his last illness at Leicester Abbey, and was present at his burial in an unknown tomb.

1530. Henry offered him a post at Court, which he held for a short time, and then retired to Cavendish, having been presented with six stout horses of Wolsey's to convey his goods to Suffolk.

1554. He finished his *Life of Wolsey*, which was not published till 1661.

II. William Cavendish, the founder of the family.

His father got him made a Commissioner for the Suppression of Religious Houses. Henry VIII. knighted him, and gave him grants of land in Derbyshire and seven other counties.

'After having married twice with only female issue, he married Elizabeth Barley, widow and heiress of Robert Barley, of Barley, Derbyshire, and originally daughter and heiress of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke.

To this marriage the Cavendishes owe much of their wealth and importance. The resolution, energy, tact, and tenacity of

Lady Cavendish, better known once as Bess of Hardwicke, were all devoted to enriching the Cavendishes. As she married her first husband at the age of fourteen, we are not surprised that she cared little for him, while she married her third and fourth husbands too late to care for them. But she married Cavendish when she knew her own mind and did not mean to change it.

She was not born "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer." Her mission in life was to build stately houses and enrich the Cavendishes. She got Sir William Cavendish to sell his estates and buy Derbyshire property, including Chatsworth.

She built Chatsworth, Oldcotes, and Hardwick.

1557. Sir W. Cavendish died.

His widow married, thirdly, Sir W. St. Loe, of Tormarton, Gloucestershire, and secured all his estates for her Cavendish children, excluding his own daughters and brothers.

She married, fourthly, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the greatest peers in England.

Mary Cavendish (Sir W. Cavendish's youngest daughter) married Gilbert Talbot, jun.

Frances Cavendish (Sir W. Cavendish's eldest daughter) married Sir H. Pierrepont, ancestor of Lord Manvers.

Elizabeth Cavendish (Sir W. Cavendish's second daughter) married Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Lord Darnley, the puppet husband of Mary Stuart, the Cleopatra of Scotland, who was the prisoner of Shrewsbury and his wife for seventeen years at Chatsworth, Tutbury, Wingfield, and elsewhere.

Of the crimes, misfortunes, and follies of Mary Stuart I have only to observe that her expulsion from Scotland seems to have been necessary for its peace and welfare, while her execution at Fotheringay was equally necessary for the peace of England.

Scotland was in far better hands under John Knox, the good Regent Murray, and after him the pitiless, resolute, and honest iron-handed Earl of Morton; for truly we may say to her in Tennyson's words that any fate would have been better for thy country—

"Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of thy people and their bane."

Lord Lennox was the grandson of the Earl of Angus, the second husband of Margaret, the elder of Henry VIII.'s sisters, through whom James I. succeeded to the English throne.

The daughter of Lord and Lady Lennox married William Seymour, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, himself descended from Henry VIII.'s younger sister Mary. For this important marriage Arabella Stuart was arrested and ultimately confined in the tower, where she lost her reason through the severity of her imprisonment and her separation from her husband, and died a broken-hearted wreck in 1616.

Charles Cavendish (third son of Sir William) married the heiress of Lord Ogle, and got the Welbeck property in Nottinghamshire.

William Cavendish, his son, by his devotion to Charles I., rose by steps in the peerage to the dukedom of Newcastle in 1664.

Throughout the fairly-matched stage of the war, 1643—June 44, Fairfax had a hard struggle against William Cavendish, the great Earl of Newcastle, who upheld the king's cause in Yorkshire. It is true the Puritans gained a few slight successes under their dashing Yorkshire cavalry leader, Black Tom Fairfax, at Leeds and Selby, and in the gallant cross-country dash at Shirburn; and the clothmakers of Bradford showed the Royalists that they could fight as well as pray. But in the end Newcastle was master of all Yorkshire but Hull.

1644. When Rupert came up from Lancashire to raise the siege of York, where Newcastle was allowing the Parliament to besiege him, Fairfax and Cromwell advanced to the rising uplands of Marston Moor, about eight miles west of York.

Cavendish, now Marquis of Newcastle, and his brother, Charles Cavendish, a man of a great mind, but a small body, as Clarendon tells us, and one of the three great mathematicians the family have produced, marched out with Rupert from York.

The proud marquis, aged fifty-two, looked upon Rupert, aged twenty-five, as a rash boy, and a foreign interloper, and was disgusted with Charles for setting his nephew over him. On receiving his orders from Rupert, Newcastle was told that there would be no battle that day, and at once went to bed in his coach.

But Rupert had omitted to consult Cromwell and Fairfax, who had decided to fight that evening, and at seven the gallant God-fearing ranks of the Ironsides, with the rest of the Parliament, came down through the cornfields on that beautiful summer's evening of July 1644. In an hour the Royalists were beaten, and about eight Newcastle woke up, and rallying some troops, rushed to the front—too late.

His brave regiment of White Coats, which he had equipped himself from his own tenantry, had stood their ground till all had fled, and then marching within a field surrounded on three sides by a ditch, they withstood a fierce attack, and absolutely refused quarter.

Meanwhile Newcastle, having done his best to rally the Royalists, left the field, and went abroad, taking no further part in the war. He married, as his second wife, the sister of Sir C. Lucas, who fought all through the war for the king, and was shot for treason outside the castle gate at Colchester. She is the bluestocking of the Cavendishes, and the author of the well-known *Memoirs*. Sir Charles Cavendish saved a good deal of his brother's property by compounding with the Parliament.

Of Newcastle's eight parks all but Welbeck were destroyed. He had lost through the war property worth a million (equal to four millions now), yet he still had a rental of £22,000 a year at the Restoration.

1664. He was made Duke of Newcastle.

His eldest son firmly supported James, and, unlike his cousin, refused to take the oath of allegiance to William. He left no sons, and so the property passed away through heiresses. Welbeck Abbey thus came to the Bentincks, the faithful followers of William, by a marriage with a Harley heiress. We now return to the Chatsworth Cavendishes.

1604. William Cavendish was made Baron Hardwick, for his services in securing the succession of James I.

1618. He became first Earl of Devonshire. He died in 1625. He took an important part in colonising Virginia and the Bermudas.

William, second Earl. Married Christian, daughter of Lord Bruce of Kinloss, a favourite of James.

Here we have the first and the last spendthrift in the family. He was very kind to his tutor Hobbes, who lived with the family in ease and luxury, while all his peculiarities were humoured, his dislike of contradiction, his habit of always leaving the chapel just before the sermon, because he would hear nothing he did not know, his nervous fears lest he should be summoned to London and burned as a heretic; all these weaknesses of that great philosopher and great coward were overlooked by his benefactors.

The second earl was a first-rate linguist, a rare accomplishment in those days; but though he only survived his father three years, and died in 1628, he left his estates in difficulties. However, his widow by her good management cleared the property for the third Earl.

William, third Earl of Devonshire. Though he supported Charles at Westminster, and at Oxford, he went abroad without drawing his sword, when:—

"The gallants of England were up for their king."

We should observe that *all* the gallants of England were not "up," though the majority were. There were plenty of men of good family who fought for the Parliament. He married one of Vandyke's beauties, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury.

Charles Cavendish, his brother, maintained the honour of his house in the field, and led the way in Rupert's sweeping charge at Edgehill, stormed Grantham, that town of sporting memories, and took Burton-upon-Trent.

As Lieutenant-General to his cousin Newcastle, he was likely to prove a most able officer. But in a hard-fought skirmish he came across Cromwell, the greatest general that the Civil War produced, and he was killed near Gainsborough, where, hard pressed and deserted by his troops, he retreated into a morass,

from which there was no escape, and fell, refusing quarter, with the spirit of his race.

He was buried beneath the tapering spire of Newark, and thirty years after his mother reverently removed his body to Derby. We are told the people of Newark were sorry to lose that gallant young cavalier, and that there was much sorrow expressed in Derby, at his burial in All Saints' Church, by many a cavalier who still remembered him. Even so in these later years we have seen the sorrow of a nation when another Cavendish, chivalrous, heroic, and hopeful as he, and, like him, cut off in his prime, was at Edensor laid to rest for ever.

1684. The third Earl of Devonshire died.

Fourth Earl of Devonshire, born 1649.

1665. As brave as his uncle, he fought under James as a volunteer, along with Rochester, Buckhurst, Selley, and other young men of the time, against the Dutch under Opdam, who was defeated off Lowestoft. On embarking Rochester composed the well-known song, "To all you ladies now on land."

We may regard this William Cavendish as the second great founder of the family, and perhaps the greatest man they produced, as he was mainly instrumental in effecting the glorious Revolution of 1688.

When elected M.P. for Derbyshire, he joined the country party, and opposed Popery and supported Protestantism so vigorously, that he soon ceased to be a *persona grata* at Court.

1679. Lord Cavendish and his intimate friend Lord Russell were made Privy Councillors, but soon had to resign through their support of the Bill for excluding James from the Throne. When at a meeting of the advanced exclusionists some strong measures were proposed, Cavendish, with his sterling common sense, at once objected, and supported them no more. But he stood by his friend Lord Russell, through evil and good report, stood by him when he was falsely accused, and when he was condemned to death for high treason, and offered to change clothes with him in prison, and take his place while he escaped—an offer as creditable to Cavendish as its refusal was to the great, the honest patriot, William Russell.

When James in his extremity appealed to the Earl of Bedford, Russell's father, the old man replied, "Alas, sir! I am old and feeble, but I *once* had a son, who might *now* have served your Majesty."

We have seen how a Cavendish stood by his master Wolsey in the hour of his fall, and how Lord Cavendish stood by Lord Russell.

Even so the other day—if we may compare the heroic past with modern prosaic politics—another Cavendish showed his determination to stand resolutely by his friend and colleague, and not truckle to treason to catch votes, when Lord Hartington

presided at the banquet given in honour—and well-deserved honour—of Lord Spencer, the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

We find Cavendish opposing the king's command to the Speaker to adjourn the House, and declaring that "the Speaker could not leave the chair but by a question and vote of the House."

We find him convicting the tellers of unfair counting in the interests of the Crown, and also pressing for an inquiry into the murder of Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey. And throughout all the stormy debates of Charles I.'s reign, we learn from Kennet, his biographer, that "his zeal was ever tempered with candour and great civility." Here again we are reminded of his descendant.

1682. We find him as "devoted as a Cavendish" to the memory of Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, a strong Protestant friend of Monmouth and Cavendish, who was murdered in Pall Mall by three ruffians, hired by Count Köningsmark, who wanted to marry his rich wife.

Lord Cavendish brought the actual murderers to the gallows, but a packed jury acquitted Köningsmark, who refused the challenge Cavendish sent him, and went abroad.

When James II. succeeded, of course Lord Cavendish was a marked man. On being insulted by a bravo of the Court party, Colonel Colepepper, and that within the verge of the Court, Cavendish kept his temper, and exacted a promise from the king that he would be excluded in future from the precincts of Whitehall. But after the failure of Monmouth's rebellion, which Cavendish felt most keenly, Colepepper again appeared at Whitehall, and gave the earl an insulting look in the very presence of the king. When they left the presence chamber Devonshire took Colepepper by the nose and struck him on the head with his cane. According to Macaulay, he only struck him after his refusal of a challenge.

There is no doubt. Colepepper was one of a set of bullies who hung about Whitehall, and insulted members of the Protestant party.

Still, on the whole, we must, with Macaulay, blame Cavendish for forgetting himself. The Court now had a handle against him of which they made full use. A criminal information was filed against him in the Queen's Bench, and in spite of his appeal to his privileges as a peer, he was ordered to pay a fine of £30,000 (equal to £150,000 now) by that subservient court of judges, some of whom had afterwards to beg his pardon for this at the bar of the Lords. Meanwhile Devonshire retired to Chatsworth, where he was rebuilding the old house of Bess of Hardwick.

There he was surrounded by his devoted tenants and servants, so that the sheriff who had come

"To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall,"

found that it was no light task to seize the Prince of the Peak, this Peveril of the seventeenth century. Indeed, he was himself arrested, and kept a prisoner by his prisoner.

According to Kennet, Devonshire from Chatsworth made terms with the king. According to Macaulay, Devonshire was arrested in the end.

His mother appealed to James, reminding him how his cousin had lost so much for his father, how his uncle, the gallant Charles, had fallen at Gainsborough for the king, and showed him bonds for £60,000 advanced to Charles I., payment of which the earl had never asked.

But gratitude was not a marked feature of the Stuarts—a house that have excited more heroism, devotion, and courage in others, and shown less themselves than almost any in history.

He knew that the Lords in the next Parliament would try Devonshire's writ of error, and annul the conviction and the fine. So he got a bond from him for £30,000, which was not to be enforced during his good conduct if he would support the king's dispensing power, and Devonshire, without making a promise, retired to Chatsworth.

And now the measure of James' iniquity was nearly full, and the patience of the people of England was almost exhausted.

Devonshire, Bedford, Halifax, Sunderland, Churchill, Herbert, Delamere, etc., were in various counties preparing to rise at William's landing.

There had been many meetings in that historic crypt at Hurley Place, then Lord Lovelace's seat, near Taplow, where the stately woods of Cliveden tower above the silvery waters of the Thames.

In Derbyshire, too, at Whittington Cottage, near Chesterfield, Devonshire, Derby, and others had been laying their plans.

5th November, 1688. William landed at Torbay, and entered Exeter.

Soon the country began to rise everywhere, and the head of the Howards—too little heard of now in connection with Norfolk—declared for King William in the stately market-place of Norwich.

Lord Lovelace entered in triumph Oxford, once the stronghold of the Stuart cause, but now one blaze of Orange colours.

November 21st. Devonshire advanced to Derby, called on the gentry to rise, and after publishing his declaration, marched to Nottingham, where he was joined by the Princess Anne, whom he escorted to Oxford.

On the accession of William, Devonshire became Lord Steward.

As Macaulay says: "No man had risked more for England during the crisis of her fate. In retrieving her liberties he had retrieved also the fortunes of his house. His bond for £30,000 was found among James' papers, and cancelled by William."

1689. At the Coronation of William and Mary he carried the crown, and an admirer has said of him : " His person, port, and habit were so very graceful that they really adorned the procession, and made the regalia more illustrious."

Throughout the reign of William and Mary we find the Earl of Devonshire ever on the side of justice, mercy, and liberty, and ever advocating the importance of the House of Commons.

He went with William to the glorious congress at the Hague, where the splendour of his entertainments excited the admiration of princes.

1694. He was made Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire, an honour well earned.

On the same day, the head of the Russells was made Duke of Bedford, to quote the words of the patent, " as the father of Lord Russell, and to celebrate the memory of so noble a son."

Devonshire, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Ormond, were among the very few Englishmen admitted to the death-bed of William.

He had learned the true worth of that cold, silent, steadfast nature, and he knew and appreciated William's honesty, his loyalty to the principles of English liberty, and his fearless discharge of his duty amidst plots, difficulties, and unpopularity.

Devonshire had not seen him as Keppel, Bentinck, and Auverquerque had seen him ; he had never staunched his wound at the passing of the Boyne, nor supported that patient general in the hour of peril in the retreat at Steinkirk, and at Landen.

But he had seen much of him in the council chamber and in private ; he had threaded with him the mazes of plots and politics, and he had done much to explain to his Prince the true interests of English liberty.

With Queen Anne he held the same position at Court, and in the House of Lords.

Along with his son, he was one of the Commissioners who carried through the Union with Scotland. Nor must we forget that the first earl had welcomed the accession of James I.

The Duke of Devonshire died in 1707.

His character, we may fairly say, is a spotless one in English history. Brave, energetic, and chivalrous, he was yet shrewd, sensible, and judicious. To his friends he was steadfast and devoted in public and private. As a politician, he was uncorrupt amid universal corruption, the bold and unceasing advocate of Protestantism, freedom, and the rights of the House of Commons, while, at the same time, he was ever candid and straightforward to his opponents, and ever moderate in his tone, for, as Kennet tells us, " there was nothing bitter or sharp in his speeches, except when he attacked tyranny."

As a nobleman, he was dignified, generous, magnificent, and hospitable, so that Marshal Tallard, a French prisoner, said to

him at the end of his visit to Chatsworth, "My lord, when I compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my enjoyment at Chatsworth."

William, second Duke of Devonshire, married Rachel Russell, sister of Lord William Russell.

He was a steady-going, safe Whig, and supported Walpole, the jovial Norfolk squire, who, for a generation, was one of the most sensible and successful Prime Ministers England ever had.

He died in 1729.

His third son, Lord Charles Cavendish, had a son, Henry Cavendish, a great man of science, to whom modern chemistry owes much.

Henry Cavendish lived in retirement and eccentricity, not being able to endure the sight of a woman, which hardly shows good taste on his part.

He left £1,200,000, of which £700,000 went to Lord George Cavendish, his third cousin.

Sir Humphrey Davy declared his death, in 1810, was the greatest loss to English science since that of Newton.

William, third Duke of Devonshire, 1698-1755.

Was Lord Steward of the Household, and four times a Lord Justice during the absence of the King.

1737-44. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

On his coming, Swift, who was in the midst of the "Drapier's Letters" excitement, had the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral muffled; but the duke soon checkmated the factious opposition of that disappointed dean. His administration of Ireland was safe and uneventful, being chiefly directed by Walpole, who had a very high opinion of his judgment. After the fall of Walpole, in disgust at the frivolous incompetency of Newcastle, and the hysterical government of Carteret, he resigned his post of Lord Steward in 1749, and retired to Chatsworth, where he died.

He built Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

The second and third dukes were the owners of Flying Childers, whose splendid life-size picture hangs at the top of a staircase in the Palace of the Peak—Chatsworth. I have a copy of a picture of "Flying," otherwise "Bay," Childers. He is a handy-looking, bright bay horse, rather short in the body, with four white legs.

He was by the Darley Arabian out of Betty Leeds by Lord Wharton's Careless. He was foaled in 1715 at Carr House, near Doncaster, and was the property of Leonard Childers, an ancestor of Mr. Childers, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sold him to the second duke.

There were no classic races then, so Flying Childers distinguished himself in matches, in which he was never beaten.

We find him winning a 4-mile match in which he carried 10st.

He once did the Round Course at Newmarket (3m. 1410yds.)

in 6 minutes 40 seconds, carrying 9st. 4lb. Also 4m. 350yds. in 7½ minutes, when he is said to have covered 25 feet in each bound.

He died in 1741.

These sporting details may seem to some unarchæological and trivial, but as I have to show the continuity and permanent characteristics of the family, it is needful to note the first signs of the love of sport that was so strong in Lord George Cavendish, Earl of Burlington, and is so strong in his great-grandson, the owner of Corunna—Lord Hartington.

William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, 1720-64, married Lady Charlotte Boyle.

This brought the Lismore Estates, Chiswick House, and Burlington House into the family. He was a somewhat important Whig, a great friend of the elder Fox, and one of Pitt's first supporters.

He took office in 1756 as First Lord of the Treasury when Newcastle resigned. The elder Pitt, however, was really Prime Minister. When George III. succeeded the sun of the Whigs set.

Bute, with the qualifications of a footman and a dancing-master, the feeblest Prime Minister ever known, began, along with the king, the contemptible system of government by the king's friends, so ably denounced by Burke, and soon all the independent and honest politicians were proscribed.

Devonshire resigned his post in the Household, and George, with his own hand, struck the proud peer's name off the list of the Privy Council.

He died at the early age of forty-four; had he lived, he gave great promise of attaining a high rank as a statesman.

Dr. Johnson, though opposed to him in politics, speaks highly of his faithfulness to his word.

William, fifth Duke of Devonshire (1748—1811), married Georgiana Spencer, daughter of Lord Spencer.

His uncles were more important figures in politics than the duke.

One, Lord John Cavendish, had all the honesty, determination, and keen sense of honour of the Cavendishes, with their well-known shyness in every-day life, which has sometimes been mistaken for *hauteur*.

Burke bitterly complains of his love of sport, and says: "Lord John ought to be allowed a certain decent and reasonable portion of fox-hunting; but anything more is intolerable. Here we are reminded of a certain constitutional indolence still shown in the Cavendishes, an indolence, however, which they can easily shake off when thoroughly roused.

He was twice Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The other uncle, Lord George Cavendish, brought into the

family the Holker Hall estate, in Lancashire, left him by Sir James Lowther.

Though the fifth duke cared little for politics his wife did, and we all know how she, with her sister, Lady Besborough, and Mrs. Crew, supported Fox in the memorable election for Westminster, in 1784.

As Macaulay says, in his glowing description of the audience at the beginning of the trial of Warren Hastings: "And there the ladies—whose lips, more persuasive than Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against Palace and Treasury—shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire." We who have lately seen the portraits of Hardwick can understand how they shone like stars round the brilliant beauty of the Moon Goddess as it shines in that picture in the long gallery.

Though the beauty of Georgiana Cavendish has faded from earth, though

"Time's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,"

we can still, from the many copies of the lost picture of Gainsborough, and from her portraits at Chatsworth by Reynolds, recall to our minds the features of the greatest beauty of her day. Nor was she merely a beauty, for she had a good heart, too, as her continued kindness to the fascinating but frail Perdita Robinson clearly shows. The story runs that soon after her marriage, when at Derby races with the duke, a plain Derbyshire farmer, after gazing on her matchless beauty, cried out in no intentional tone of profanity: "If I were the Creator of the universe I would instantly make her Queen of Heaven."

It is said that an Irishman who saw her kiss the butcher at the Westminster election, rushed to the front of the crowd, and said, "Will your ladyship let me light my pipe at your eyes?"

She died in 1806. In 1809 the duke married again a Miss Hoskins.

The fifth Duke, though little of a statesman, was a man of great taste, scholarship, and reading. His poems on the death of Nelson and his epitaph on Lord Spencer are of some merit, while his knowledge of Shakespeare was proverbial.

Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, 1754-1834, brother of the fifth Duke. Here we have the most noted sportsman of the family. Lord George Cavendish was introduced to town life by Fox, and went the pace all round in that age of gamblers.

At Newmarket he was well known, and backed his fancy in enormous sums—*e.g.*, in the famous match between Mr. Neville's "Sir Joshua" and Mr. Houldsworth's "Filho da Puta," the representatives of the South and the North, in 1816, he is said to have won £50,000.

Here is a sketch of him by a still living eyewitness, who, I believe, is Lord Stradbroke, the last of the "Regency set."

"Lord G. Cavendish, afterwards first Earl of Burlington, was a remarkably fine and noble-looking man, but was regarded by many as very proud, as he seldom or never turned his head to notice acquaintances as he passed them in the street, and never stopped to speak with them. In reality, his distant and reserved manner proceeded from shyness; for to those who knew him well he was the most sympathetic and kind-hearted of men. So haughty, however, was his exterior, that among his inferiors he was always known as 'Royal George.'"

1822. He won the Craven Stakes with "Godolphin."

He married Lady Elizabeth Compton, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Northampton, by whom the Eastbourne, and other Sussex property came into the family. He lived happily with her for fifty years, and managed to make his betting pay, so that he left great wealth to his grandson, the present Duke of Devonshire. Perhaps he translated the family motto, "*Cavendo tutus*," "making it safe by hedging."

William Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire, nephew of Royal George, died unmarried 1858. He is chiefly famous for his taste in horticulture and landscape gardening. He discovered Joseph Paxton, an under-gardener at Kew, and employed him to lay out the matchless gardens of Chatsworth, and to build those splendid conservatories, which were the largest in Europe, until their architect surpassed himself in the airy palace of glass that glistens in the sun on Sydenham Hill. He had all the magnificence and accomplishments of his race. He was succeeded in 1858 by the grandson of his sporting nephew, Lord G. Cavendish, the present Duke of Devonshire.

The present duke has not taken much part in politics, but as Second Wrangler at Cambridge, he has exhibited the Cavendish capacity for mathematics. Of his many other good qualities, his kindness, generosity, and breadth of view, I need not speak, as they are well known to every one in every county where his estates lie, and in none more than in Derbyshire.

And now a dark shadow projects itself across my path, and I have to notice one of the saddest tragedies in modern politics. We all remember the thrill of horror that passed through this country on Sunday, the 6th of May, 1882, when the news of the terrible murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, on that peaceful summer evening in the Phoenix Park, filled England with sorrow and indignation.

The gaiety of the brilliant London season was eclipsed, and throughout the land men expressed their sorrow for unhappy Ireland, cursed with such infamous advocates of liberty, and their sympathy with the Cavendish family, thus cruelly deprived of one of its most promising sons.

Some sympathised with the widow of the dead, prostrate and senseless through grief; some with his brother, the honest, straight-

forward, manly statesman, who had ever striven to give Ireland justice ; while many a heart was saddened at the thought of the good old duke bowed down in sorrow for the loss of his son ; and many feared that it would bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

It is not necessary for me to estimate the sympathy, which that death called forth, or to dilate on the worth of poor Lord Frederick Cavendish. I will only observe that there is something intensely pathetic in his accepting a difficult and dangerous office at a moment's notice, and then being struck down so mysteriously and so suddenly after his arrival with a message of peace.

It has been said of the Cavendishes that they have been ever ready to lead forlorn hopes. In this respect Lord Frederick did not belie the traditions of his race.

And now I must end with the future head of the Cavendishes, Lord Hartington. His career is before us all, and displays all the best qualities of his family. His firmness, resolution, and fearless love of truth, his frankness and his faithfulness to his friends and colleagues, and his honesty and openness in dealing with his foes, have, as Lord Rosebery said the other day, made him respected by both parties more than any living statesman. There is no statesman in whom the sensible and moderate men of both parties have more confidence. I venture to think that this is due to the fact that his temper is marred by none of "the wild hysterics of the Celt," while he relies rather on moderation, caution, and straightforwardness, for success in politics. If we may say it of any living statesman, we may say it of Lord Hartington, that he is "rich in saving common sense."

A sportsman and a lover of the turf, with everything that wealth and rank can bestow, it may seem strange that he should descend into the arena of politics. As he sits on into the grey dawn, after an Irish night in the House of Commons, and listens perforce to the offensive rhodomontade of some nominee of "the cut-purse of the empire," we may well imagine that his thoughts are far away, that his heart is on the heath at Newmarket, with his string of flyers on the Limekilns ; or perchance in winter that he is envying the sportsmen, with a southerly wind and a cloudy sky, riding out to some favourite fixture at Billesdon Coplow, Kirby Gate, or Quorndon Hall, with the Cottesmore, the Pytchley, or the Quorn.

Perhaps a true lover of sport like Lord Hartington, the owner of Belphebe and Corunna, would, in his heart of hearts, rather find a second Flying Childers, than fill all the offices of state that the second and third dukes held.

But, the sense of duty, the recollection of what he owes to his country, his party, and the traditions of his family, keep him

at his post. He will never for the sake of mere pleasure desert the task of working:

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that he can do,"

the task of advancing liberty and enlightened reform which his family has ever sustained.

As I am addressing a non-political audience, it would be unseemly for me in conclusion to forecast the result of the great election campaign in November.

But whether the Conservatives or the Liberals win, I trust that Lord Hartington may long be spared to serve his country with the devotion and honesty of his race, and, when the time comes,

"To take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom broader yet."

H. S. SKIPTON.

RACINE.

THAT the most enduring glory of any age is that which is derived from its achievements in literature and science is an observation too trite to deserve repetition or enforcement, though warriors may often, and statesmen may sometimes, be inclined to call it in question. Nor is there any era to which its applicability may be more plausibly controverted than the reign of Louis XIV., since, though the victories of Condé and Turenne in the opening years of Louis's reign: were greatly outweighed by the series of defeats and disasters which followed one another so thickly towards its close, and though the progress of the artillerist has at last rendered useless even the fortifications so long pointed to as the masterpieces of the skill of Vauban, yet it cannot be denied that the provinces in the south and the frontier towns in the north which, during this period, were incorporated with the territory of France, were acquisitions of not only great but permanent value, and, if we could but shut our eyes (as too many Frenchmen still habitually do shut theirs) to the wanton lawlessness of aggressive ambition by which they were won, and to the guilt of plunging into unprovoked war for such objects, would entitle Louis to the gratitude of his nation as one who added greatly not only to its wealth and grandeur, but even to its strength and safety. Whether, however, we admit or contest the truth of the remark to which we have alluded, either as a general maxim, or in its applicability to that particular era, it is beyond all question that the advance which, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was made by the French in almost every branch of literature was a real, a great, and a most important addition to the glory of the people, and that the subject of the present article stands, by common consent, at the very head of those to whose industry and genius that advance is due. His fame is even increasing at the present day, if we may judge by the eulogies bestowed on him by one of the keenest and at the same time most eloquent critics of the present generation, whose premature death is not among the least of the misfortunes which his country has recently had to deplore, M. Ste. Beuve, and who does not hesitate to pronounce Racine "the most marvellous, the most accomplished, and the most venerated of French poets." M. Ste. Beuve's judgment is

so free from national prejudice that he forbears to claim for a single poet of his own country a place in the very highest rank, by the side of Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus, whom he describes as "primitive poets, founders of their art, original, born of their own genius," and with whom he classes none of the moderns save Dante and Shakespeare, such impartial moderation greatly enhancing the weight of any eulogy which he permits himself to pronounce. And we may hope, therefore, that we shall be wasting the time neither of ourselves nor of our readers if we endeavour to increase their acquaintance with a writer who, at a distance of nearly two centuries after his death, can extort from so candid a critic so warm though sober-minded a panegyric.

Jean Racine was born, at the close of the year 1639, at Ferté Milon, a small town between Paris and Soissons. He was, as we learn from his own letters, of a good family—one entitled to armorial bearings, a distinction which implied more in those days than it conveys now; indeed, both his father and his maternal grandfather belonged to that class of official nobility which derived a certain amount of honours and privileges from holding appointments under the Crown, though such a position did not entitle them to rank with the old territorial nobles, and did not give them that precedence at, or admission to Court which were valued almost equally with more substantial advantages. His parents died while he was still in his infancy, too young to succeed to his father's office; and the very narrow means with which he was consequently left may have been partly the cause of the anxiety shown by his surviving relatives to give him an unusually careful education. He was first sent to a school of some repute at Beauvais, from which, while still a boy, he was removed to the celebrated abbey of the Port Royal, the chief members of which, at that time, were the most eminent scholars and divines in the kingdom. Under their tuition he speedily became a fair Greek scholar, and an excellent Latin one, while at the same time he acquired a considerable acquaintance with controversial divinity, especially with those points which Jesuits and Jansenists were beginning to discuss with a warmth which showed how much deeper the differences between the two parties really lay, than could have been gathered from the trivial and shadowy nature of the questions which were put forward by both as the ground of their disputes. He became imbued also with a sincere feeling of religion, which, though it was subsequently stifled for a while amid the excitements and dissipations of a town and courtly life, was never extinguished, but resumed its empire before he reached middle age, and retained it till the end of his life.

As is the case with many other youths who have eventually become distinguished in the field of literature, stories are told

of his extreme quickness and retentiveness of memory, one of which, if true, certainly proves him to have possessed, in a very extraordinary degree, that gift which is unquestionably very valuable, though it is far from being necessarily indicative of any high degree of mental power. Of the classical authors the poets were his favourite objects of study; but one prose work stood almost equally high in his estimation, a romance by Heliodorus entitled the "Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea," which he devoured with an eagerness such as a modern English boy would display for "Waverley" or "Ivanhoe." As it was the work of a bishop, he probably thought it a strictly orthodox study in spite of its somewhat worldly title; but Lancelot the sacristan, who was more especially his tutor, was of a different opinion. He desired to see his pupil's whole mind absorbed in theological study, and had no idea of allowing it to be diverted to such trivialities as, probably with justice (for we confess to not having read the book), he pronounced the episcopal romance to be. He took the book away, and threw it into the fire. But the young student, who was hereafter to distort the distresses of Iphigenia into a tale of love and jealousy in spite of Homer and Euripides, was not inclined to renounce, even at the bidding of his teacher, the delight of dwelling on the alternating joys and fears of a genuine love story to which the very name of its author seemed to recommend his attention. He procured another copy. It was again discovered, and shared the fate of its predecessor. He bought a third, devoured it with more diligent eagerness than ever, and after a few weeks voluntarily presented it to the defeated sacristan, with the permission to burn that too, since he had learnt it by heart. At the age of nineteen he left the Port Royal in order to study logic at another college; but that was a branch of learning for which he had originally no taste, and for which further acquaintance only increased his aversion. In spite of M. Lancelot, he had already tried his hand at versification, and had probably already begun to consider the wisdom of adventuring into that peculiar field of poetry to which he eventually devoted himself; for his "Sophocles," which is still preserved in the Public Library at Paris, is filled with notes in his handwriting, commenting not on the classical difficulties which so sorely perplex the general student, but on the poetical beauties of the different plays, still more on the scenic art displayed by the great tragedian, on the structure and development of his plots, and the skill with which each story is worked out to its desired and legitimate conclusion. His first appearance, however, as an author before the public was of a less ambitious character, but well judged, if his object was to found dramatic success on a previous popularity, which indeed he might well think necessary, for Corneille was in undisputed possession of the theatrical throne, and the critics and patrons

of the stage might be suspected of a predisposition to discountenance the aspirations of so youthful a competitor for their favour. In the summer of 1660 Louis was married to the Infanta Maria Teresa, and every one in courtly France who could pen a stanza naturally sought to propitiate their new sovereign with an epithalamium. Of the whole band Racine was the most successful, in all likelihood not undeservedly; for his ode, in which the nymph of the Seine greets the young queen on her arrival, sparkles throughout with a lively and playful fancy, while an unvarying correctness of taste prevents even the compliments which necessarily form the staple of such an effusion from degenerating into unseemly adulation.

In his later years, when his judgment had been in some degree corrupted by the vicious atmosphere of the court, it must be confessed that he did not always observe the same restraint, but in the present instance he was comparatively moderate in his eulogies, and Louis was less insatiable in his appetite for praise than he subsequently became. The young poet received a splendid present from his sovereign; and, what was a [more real testimony to his merit, he won the approval of Louis's great minister, Colbert, now, in the very outset of his power, showing his appreciation of one of the best parts of Richelieu's policy, the judicious encouragement which he gave to science and literature; Colbert followed the example set him by the great Cardinal in this respect on a larger scale, distributing rewards among men of learning and genius, not only with princely liberality, but, what is far rarer, with honest impartiality and tasteful discrimination. He now received the young Racine with marked favour, and granted him a pension, and under this patronage of king and minister, the youth speedily became the fashion, and, yielding to the fascinations of the life thus opened to him with all the eagerness of youth, began to enter with so keen a relish into the pleasures and dissipations of the city and the court that his relatives became alarmed for his morality, and also for his property, which was very small; and, removing him from the metropolis, sent him down to the remote town of Uzez, in Languedoc, where one of his uncles was prior of the cathedral, and held also one or two other pieces of preferment, some of which, as soon as his nephew should become a priest, there was a hope that he might be willing to transfer to him. From Racine's letters to his friends while he remained at Uzez, we have a lively picture of his feelings at this change of destination. He does not appear to have been disinclined to a clerical life; on the contrary, he was naturally of so sober, not to say serious a disposition, so addicted to grave reflection, and so easily disgusted with anything which wore the appearance of profligacy or irreligion, that those parts of a court life which to the courtiers themselves seemed the most pleasurable, never awakened in his mind the slightest or most

passing desire. But there were attractions in "the great city" the loss of which he found less easy to bear. Among the friends whom he had made were many distinguished for intellectual capacity, for the liveliest fancy and the brightest wit. With some of them he corresponded, and to them he poured out frequent and bitter complaints of the barbarism of the people among whom he now finds himself. He is exiled, like Ovid at Tomos; the monks, who are his chief associates are "ignorant fools who study nothing but eating; how to compound a soup, what dishes are fit for a first, second, and third course" (for they have four), and what are the most delicate *entremets*, are all the lessons to be learnt from them. Out of the sacred precincts matters are still worse. Of the inhabitants of the district he can learn nothing at all, because he can neither understand nor be understood by them. He is in as great need of an interpreter as a Muscovite would be in Paris. He is even worse off than Ovid, because the Roman bard was of mature age, and so impregnated with the Roman elegance and learning that no length of exile could eradicate them from his mind; but he himself was but a youth who had as yet but half completed his education, and in a few months would be in danger of forgetting all he had learnt, and, if ever he should return to Paris, would have lost the art of making himself intelligible. The truth and honesty of the Languedocians were even below their intellectual refinement. The only people of tolerable integrity were the peasants, and he had not so far forgotten the gaiety of Paris as to fail to find amusement in their dances in wooden shoes, for which (as it were, anticipating his seat in the Academy) he ventures to coin a word,* and in their awkward bows. But their untutored reverence does not make him feel the less that he is in solitude, and for solitude, as he piteously declares, he is not made. What is equally bad, or worse, he begins to suspect that the prospects which led to his being banished to so uncivilized a province will never be realized. His uncle, indeed, encourages him as far as fair words can go; talks of taking him to Avignon to receive the tonsure; does actually clothe him in black from head to foot, but shows no sign of an inclination to divest himself of a single preferment in his favour, and Racine feels sure that he will content himself with begging a cure worth twenty or twenty-five crowns a year from some one else.

While he was doubting whether much was to be got by continuing to read Thomas Aquinas with a kinsman so much more inclined to recommend poverty to him than to practise it himself, he fell in love with a girl of a beautiful figure, and, as he understood, of excellent character. When he was first fascinated he was at some distance; and a nearer acquaintance disenchanted

* *Ensabotés* (ce mot doit bien passer puisque encapuchonné a passé). Lettre, Nov. 15, 1661.

him, for he found her deeply pitted with the smallpox ; but the illusion, fleeting as it was, completed his distaste for the province: and by the end of 1662 we find him again in Paris, publishing some fresh odes, as a sort of advertisement to a play which, at the instigation of La Fontaine, he had composed before he left Languedoc, on the subject so well known to all students of the great Greek tragedians, the fatal quarrel between the sons of Œdipus. His work, entitled "*La Thébaïde, ou les Frères Ennemis*," is, as might be expected, so far inferior to the efforts of his more mature genius, that it is needless to say more of it than that it met with so fair a measure of success as incited him to repeat the attempt, and not long afterwards to follow it by one on a theme as yet untried by any dramatic poet, the exploits of Alexander the Great. *Alexander* was hardly so favourably received, though it contained passages apparently designed to enlist a party in its favour, so plain was it that the author, in speaking of the laurels of the conqueror of Persia, intended allusion to the victories of Condé. But the critics fell foul of it on points on which it was helplessly vulnerable, on the violence done to the truth of history and the character of Alexander himself by making him merely the hero of a love intrigue, and infusing a tone of foppish gallantry into his speeches. It was probably from these effeminate rhapsodies, put into the mouth of the great conqueror, that Corneille, who read the play before it was acted, was led to pronounce that the author, though a real poet, was destitute of a tragic genius. Those who criticised it after its appearance on the stage were less merciful. One squib represented Diogenes as failing to recognise Alexander: "His physiognomy is neither that of a Greek nor of a barbarian; he is a dandy warrior";* while the king himself replies to these unfavourable comments by quotations from his own speeches in the play, which can hardly have been the passages which impressed Corneille with the belief that the author had a genius for poetry. And Pluto, who (for a "dialogue of the dead" is the vehicle of the satire) sits as umpire, declaring that he has no patience with such "ill-imagined tenderness," pronounces the hero mad, and affirms that Macedonia is to be pitied for having no proper asylum to shut him up in: "if he had been treated as a madman during his life, he would have been more sensible by this time." Against such attacks Racine defended himself by appeals both to nature and to Aristotle, who, as he read him, had laid it down that "characters in tragedy should not be drawn in extremes of either virtue and greatness, or of vice and baseness. They should rather exhibit a moderate goodness, a virtue susceptible of weakness; and whatever errors they might be guilty of

* *Un guerrier petit-maitre, petit-maitre* being the name coined a few years before for the host of coxcombs who attached themselves to Condé's fortunes and aped his insolence.

should be such as awaken compassion rather than detestation." Ste. Beuve, who quotes this passage, expresses his warm approval of its sentiments, affirming that "the great innovation of Racine and his most incontestable originality as a dramatist consists in his having thus reduced his heroic characters to more human, more natural proportions, and in the delicate analysis which he has given of the most recondite shades of sentiment and passion." And in his own day the critics were not all unfavourable. St. Evremond especially, who, among the men of wit and fashion of the day, had a high reputation for judgment and acuteness, took the play warmly under his protection, declaring that he was no longer alarmed for the fate of tragedy after the death of Corneille (who was growing old), since he now saw that tragedy was in no danger of perishing with him.

This lowering of the heroic character is the very fault which the Greeks of his own day, especially Aristophanes, imputed to Euripides; and Euripides was evidently the model whom Racine had from the first proposed to himself, declining one or two subjects which were suggested to him by different friends lest he should seem to provoke a comparison with the greater Greek tragedians to whom he acknowledged himself unequal. But the tone of amorous gallantry which is so offensive in *Alexander* was not derived from Euripides; it was all his own, or perhaps it may more fairly be said it was forced upon him by the spirit of his country and age, from which he had either not the judgment or not the courage to depart; at all events his whole spirit, as a dramatist, was so thoroughly imbued with it, that love in some form or other, that of intrigue or of jealousy, is the foundation of the greater part of his plots. For he was not so discouraged by the doubtful success of his *Alexander* as to abandon or to intermit his dramatic labours, even though they drew him into a quarrel, of his share in which he subsequently avowed he could not think without shame. The dispute between the Jansenists and their adversaries was being maintained with great vivacity and bitterness by a whole series of pamphlets, and in one of them M. Nicole, the champion of Port Royal, not only attacked the Jesuits with indiscriminate fury, but, because M. Desmarets, to whom he was replying, had written one or two comedies and a romance, he combined with his attack upon him vehement denunciations of the whole body of poets, of poetry, and even of all who, without cultivating the art, admired its results. Poets, he asserted, were "public poisoners, not of bodies, but of souls." Private communications which reached Racine led him, no doubt quite erroneously, to fancy himself particularly aimed at; and, smarting under what he conceived to be undeserved injury, he replied in a letter written with a wit only inferior to that of Pascal, but which, not content with rebutting the attack which it professed to answer, proceeded to question the orthodoxy of Jansenism

itself, and the logic or correctness of the Jansenist arguments. There can be little doubt that, as has happened to other controversialists, in writing thus he was giving utterance to sentiments which he did not really entertain; but this reflection did not disturb him till later. At the moment he felt convinced that he had gained, as in truth he had, the victory in the argument, and he proceeded to show his own sense of his triumph in the most practical way, by producing fresh plays with great rapidity, deriving additional encouragement from a friendship which he had recently formed with the celebrated critic and satirist Boileau, who took great interest in, and made many suggestions as to the structure of his plots. But it was not to Boileau that he owed the prodigious improvement which was visible in his next play, the *Andromache*. On the contrary, the plot is more faulty than usual, since Andromache is left out of sight for nearly the whole of the two last acts, while not the least mention is made in any part of the play of the reason why at its close the Furies should come in to carry off Orestes "to eternal night." But the life-like truth, the mingled energy and tenderness with which the female characters are delineated, and which surpassed anything which the French stage had yet produced, the fidelity of the widowed princess to her husband's memory, her devotion to her child, the inward struggles and inconsistencies of Hermione, alternately agitated by love, fear, jealousy, and despair, these are Racine's own, and are drawn from his own unassisted genius. His men are less skilfully portrayed, and with less attention to character, and to Grecian manners and feelings. In his preface he takes credit to himself for having softened the ferocity of Pyrrhus, though he has not ventured to make him "sufficiently resigned to the will of his mistress," and hints that his work would have been more generally approved if he had departed still more widely from the narrative of the classic poets, for that there were critics who thought it altogether unseemly for the son of Achilles to condescend to marry a prisoner. But, to say nothing of Homer and Æschylus, of Briseis and Cassandra, Virgil, whom he himself quotes, might have taught him that nothing could be more foreign to the usage and feelings of the heroic ages than for a conqueror to place his captives on such a level with himself as would be implied by the term wife. They were his slaves, not emancipated from that condition even by maternity; and for the fiery prince of Thessaly to address the slave whom the laws of war made his concubine also:—

" Me cherchez-vous, Madame,
Un espoir si charmant me serait-il promis ? "

would to Greek nations have been absolutely impossible. We may suppose, however, that the French audience either failed to see this, or looked on their own sentiments as an improvement on

those of the ruder ancients, for, if they had disapproved, the author, who depended on their favour, would have been compelled to avoid offending them in future. But in this respect no altercation took place, and *Iphigénie* and the rest of his tragedies, in spite of their great and numerous beauties, jar upon our taste by the repeated admixture of a tone of forced gallantry put into the mouths of heroes with whose characters and position it is altogether inconsistent.

The *Andromache*, however, was immediately followed, not by another tragedy, but by a comedy remarkable not only as his sole attempt of the kind, but also as attaining so high a degree of excellence that he might have become a formidable rival to Molière in that department of the drama if he had devoted himself to it. It originated in a transaction of his personal history. His success as a court poet had not extinguished, perhaps, on the contrary, it had rather stimulated the anxiety of his relations to obtain for him some ecclesiastical preferment; and shortly before the appearance of the *Andromache* they had procured him the priory of Epinai. It was a post of value; but he was not permitted to enjoy it without opposition. A rival candidate from the monastery itself disputed it with him, and the first fruit which Racine derived from it was a lawsuit, which the interminable processes of the old French tribunals (in comparison with which our Court of Chancery, even when unreformed, was a prompt, if not precipitate, cutter of legal knots) threatened to protract beyond the lifetime of either of the competitors. At all events they soon wore out Racine's patience, who threw up his priory in disgust, and revenged himself on the lawyers by an imitation of the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, which he entitled *Les Plaideurs*. His satire is not, indeed, directed against the litigious spirit of his countrymen, which was the chief object of the raillery of the Athenian; he rather chooses as his subjects of attack the immoderate protraction of suits, for which thirty years was not an unusual average, and the corruption of the judges and the whole body of their dependants, who not only took bribes, but neglected to render the services for which the bribes were given. The idea is worked out with an incessant sparkle of wit, and a skilful mastery of comic incident and dramatic effect, indeed, with so much power of all kinds that the lawyers made a party against it, and in spite of the generous approval of it expressed by Molière, who declared that a man who did not laugh at it was only fit to be laughed at himself, so packed the house with their own friends, prepared to give it a cold reception, that the actors only dared to venture on a second representation, and afterwards withdrew it. A month afterwards its shortness (it is only in three acts) procured a reversal of the unfavourable judgment. The same company, wanting a piece of no greater dimensions to perform before the king in his

private theatre, thought its novelty might recommend it. They acted it at St. Germain, and Louis was moved to paroxysms of laughter by the admirable scene between the Countess and Chicaneau, at the description of the lawyer-like grandiloquence which required words long enough to reach from Rouen to Pontoise, and at other passages of diverting pleasantry. The courtiers, even those who had relatives among the lawyers, were too dutiful not to follow the royal example; and the play, thus stamped with the approbation of king and court, became a decided success.

It may seem somewhat strange that this recognition of his comic genius did not tempt the author to follow up his triumph by any further display of it; but it did not. Comedy appeared to him a lower branch of the dramatic art than tragedy, and fame acquired by it less permanent. Nor was he diverted from this opinion by the comparative failure of his next tragedy, *Britannicus*, which was received so coldly, that after a very few representations the actors felt compelled to withdraw it. Racine was highly indignant; he attributed its ill-success not to its own demerits, but to the intrigues of a cabal, in which supposition he may possibly have been correct, since we know that a party was afterwards formed, and successfully, to run down his *Iphigenie*. Indeed, so far was he from allowing that the play itself was faulty, that he published two prefaces to it, in the first of which he defends one by one the delineations or passages to which his critics had objected; some of their objections being certainly trivial and futile enough, as when it was urged that *Britannicus* was, in fact, two years younger than he was represented. In the second, written after an interval of three or four years, while repeating and enlarging his defence, he boasts that his former one had not been unsuccessful, that his play had now survived the criticisms, and that it had become a stock-piece at the theatre. And this reversal of its first condemnation was not undeserved in the opinion of one of the most acute and original of dramatic censors, A. W. Schlegel, who, after giving high and unusual praise to the "historical fidelity of the picture," adds that "Nero, Agrippina, Narcissus, and Burrhus are so accurately sketched, and finished with such light touches and such delicacy of colouring that, in respect to character, it yields perhaps to no French tragedy whatever." A favourable opinion of the play was also apparently conceived by some of the highest personages of the kingdom, even by those whose disposition might have seemed more inclined to sympathize with his comic than with his tragic vein. For the subject of his next tragedy was suggested to him by the beautiful English princess the Duchess of Orleans, who, however tragical her own subsequent fate proved, was of anything but a gloomy temperament when alive. Perhaps she hoped that the rivalry of two great

poets might strike out something more brilliant than had yet been seen, for at the same time she proposed the same subject to Corneille; and their tragedies on the lives and separation of Titus and Berenice were produced on the stage in the same week. If Henrietta entertained the idea which we have attributed to her, she must have been severely disappointed. Corneille's work was generally looked upon as beneath his powers, while that of Racine was at once pronounced by the shrewdest judges to be an idyll rather than a tragedy, and is as completely forgotten by posterity as the other. It succeeded better at the moment, having a run of thirty nights; but it owed this fleeting popularity to the allusions to the events of the day and the private scandals of the court which pervaded the whole play; for the lovers but little resembled an Egyptian queen or a Roman conqueror. Every one saw that the real Titus was Louis; the real Berenice was La Vallière, who had lately been superseded in his favour by Madame de Montespan, and whose unassuming gentleness had won her so general a goodwill, even before it could be contrasted with the imperious shamelessness of her rival, that people were grateful to the poet whose elegant verse threw a dignity over her weakness.

Hitherto the subjects of all his plays had been drawn from classical story. The year after the production of *Berenice* he descended into a more modern age, taking for his argument a tale of family jealousy and murder which in the preceding generation had defiled the annals of Constantinople. He had a suspicion that the recency of the catastrophe might be objected to, as rendering the story not yet ripe for representation; and accordingly, in his preface, he somewhat comically sets off the greater local distance against the proximity of time, and admitting the force of the proverb *Major e longinquo reverentia*, pleads that, taking time and place together, the events which are his subject are sufficiently far off to justify his selection of them. We do not see that any defence was necessary: not only had Æschylus, by whose example he fortifies himself, written a play on the battle of Salamis, in which his own brother had perished; but, only a very few years before Bajazet's death, our own Shakespeare had portrayed Henry VIII. while that monarch's daughter was still on the throne; and certainly the question of the fitness or unfitness of an event for dramatic representation must depend rather on the character of the event itself, than on any other circumstances. A far more serious objection to Bajazet was that Racine's Turks were no more Turks than his Romans had been Romans. Corneille, who was present on the first night, remarked that they were only Frenchmen in turbans; and this is so fatal an objection that no one who concurs in it can possibly take much interest in the piece, the fault, moreover, in the opinion of the author's own country-

men, who must be better judges of such matters than any foreigner, not being compensated by his usual elegance of versification or natural correctness of expression. All these defects meet again in his next play of *Mithridates*, which laboured in its own day under the additional advantage that the love intrigue, which, as usual, forms a great part of the plot, so closely resembled that which forms the underplot of Molière's *Avare*, that it was difficult to imagine that it had not been suggested by it.

Undoubtedly the brilliancy of the most complete triumph may be made more brilliant still by being contrasted with failure. Yet Racine's next tragedy, *Iphigénie*, required no fire to set it off. Voltaire, who was himself a great dramatist as well as critic, deliberately sets it up above even the masterpieces of Greece, pronouncing it "the tragedy of all times and of all nations, which approaches perfection as near as any work of man can." He was but echoing the admiration which was universally expressed for it on its first appearance; and we believe that it is one of the few judgments from which his countrymen have never departed. It is one, however, in which we ourselves can hardly agree. We look upon it rather as an exemplification of the canons of criticism laid down by Racine's friend Boileau, and adopted as their standard by French critics in general, that the essence of poetry consists not so much in richness of fancy or loftiness of imagination, as in correctness of diction and harmony of versification; appropriateness of either the language or the sentiments to the personages in whose mouth they are put is never thought of by them. But to those who, like English critics in general, and Germans also, place truth of character among the first requisites of a drama, *Iphigénie* seems far from deserving the eulogies passed upon it in its own country. It certainly contains many passages of beautiful poetry,—much that is exquisitely tender, much that is spirited and lofty; but the lofty tone is not always in place, the tenderness is often ridiculously out of place.

The mawkish sentimentality with which Achilles assures Iphigénie that his happiness depends upon her life is as alien to his character, not only as portrayed by Homer, but even in other passages of this same play, as the intrigues by which Eriphyle hopes to avenge herself on them both are to the simplicity of the heroic age altogether, a simplicity which, whatever the commentators may say, is not saved by making Agamemnon ask Achilles why he asks a question if he knows what the answer will be.* *Iphigénie* was followed by *Phèdre*, it is said at the entreaty of Mademoiselle

* ACH. : Ah, je sais trop le sort que vous lui réservez.

AGA. : Pourquoi le demander puisque vous le sçavez ?

On which the French editor's note is : "Cette réponse, qui fait ordinairement sourire les spectateurs, est bien dans la simplicité des Grecs."

Champmélé, the actress of whom he had been enamoured ever since her performance of Hermione in his *Andromache*, and who had no scruples of modesty to prevent her from undertaking the repulsive part of the heroine. The aim which he himself avows (worthier, if not more French, than the object of pleasing his mistress) was "to reconcile a number of persons illustrious for their piety and their learning to tragic performances." Such, he thought, "would judge more favourably of tragedy if the authors took as much pains to instruct the spectators as to divert them, following, in so doing, the legitimate object of tragedy." And keeping this object in view, he boasts that "he has written nothing in which virtue is put in a stronger light than it is in this play." It was therefore in some degree an overture of reconciliation with the Fathers of the Port Royal. And it may have been partly from its being understood to be such that a party was formed to prevent its success. The leaders of fashion in Paris, so far as they had any religion at all, were mostly partisans of the Jesuits, and, of course, were disinclined to see Racine return to the Jansenists. There was a party also among them, of whom to us Madame de Sevigné is the mouthpiece, who throughout his whole career had disparaged his abilities. From the first she set herself equally against him and against coffee, then newly introduced into France, and, as she predicts *on se désabusera bientôt* of the use of the "sober berry," so she is equally steady in her conviction that Racine *n'ira pas loin*. And, to secure the accomplishment of her prophecy, a bevy of fine ladies, one or two of whom, such as Madame Deshoulières, were also among the *femmes savantes* of the day, as soon as they heard the subject of Racine's coming play, stirred up a wretched play-wright named Pradin to compose one on the same story; arranged that Pradin's play should come out in the same week as Racine's; and secured all the boxes at both the theatres for the first half-dozen representations, leaving those where Racine's play was to be performed unoccupied, but filling those from which Pradin's was to be witnessed with a crowd pre-engaged to applaud every scene in it. Madame Deshoulières herself went further still. Having a reputation for skill in what we now call *vers de société*, she wrote a squib to ridicule Racine's work, of which, however, the chief effect was that it induced Condé to put himself forward as its patron. Racine's friends, believing the Duc de Nevers to be the author of the squib, retaliated with another on him, under the name of Damon, amusing themselves partly with his want of personal attractions, partly with the disfavour with which the muses regarded him, and, not least, with his shepherdlike adoration of a fair lady, sufficiently designated for general recognition, who was supposed to treat him with a tenderness which was not exclusive. If the Duke was not more angry than Racine, he proposed to take another way of showing

his wrath. In England Rochester had lately set the example of hiring a pack of ruffians to waylay Dryden and cudgel him for a lampoon of which he mistakenly fancied him the author; and De Nevers, prepared to follow his example in revenging himself on Racine and Boileau, whom he believed to be his assailants. Their danger was generally talked of, and the young Duc d'Enghien invited them to seek the protection of the Hotel Condé. "If they had not written the squib, his father would defend them from undeserved enmity. If they had, he would protect them still more willingly, for a capital squib it was." After a while the Duke and the poets were reconciled; but the occurrence, no doubt, had its share in determining Racine to desist from writing for the stage. Not that it was the only cause which led to his adopting what, in one whose fame as a dramatic writer stood so high, was a singular resolution. It has been generally attributed in part also to his disgust at the infidelities of his mistress, Mademoiselle de Champmélé. But it seems probable that genuine scruples of conscience about the consistency of a devotion to theatrical pursuits with religion was the chief consideration which influenced him. He had at all times been of a devout turn of mind, even while seeming most dissipated; and, unluckily, religion in France nearly always became bigotry, though there was certainly a great deal of bigotry which was not religion. It is not inconsistent with this view of the case to allow that jealousy and vexation at other annoyances may have contributed to sharpen his religious scruples, but his whole subsequent career, and especially his letters to his son, in which he constantly speaks with disdain and almost with loathing of plays as, at best, follies beneath attention, and the pity he expresses for those who still cling to such amusements, show how real was the dislike which he had imbibed for them. And in 1677, after the representation of *Phèdre*, he announced his determination never to write another play, a determination of which his subsequent composition of sacred dramas for private representation he may fairly have considered to be no infringement.

He was far, however, from abandoning literature of all kinds. On the contrary, just as he was relinquishing one field of authorship, another was opened to him, to which, even had he not renounced the stage, he would have felt constrained to devote a portion of his efforts, but which, as it was, he now gladly began to apply himself almost exclusively. Louis, as the war, so gloriously concluded the next year by the peace of Nimeguen, was now visibly drawing to a close, conceived the idea that such a succession of triumphs and acquisitions as he had gained were ripe for the panegyrics which he called history. And he accordingly gave Racine and his friend Boileau the appointment of joint historiographers of his reign, Racine by himself having been already employed by Louvois to compose paragraphs descriptive of the

victories which Le Brun had painted for the gallery of the new palace at Versailles, and by Madame de Montespan to frame inscriptions for the reverse of the medals which she had caused to be struck to commemorate the same events. And, as artists and authors of every class regarded or professed to regard the achievements of their king as the worthiest possible subject for their genius, he now accepted his new office with gladness, and began at once to collect materials for his work. Louis appears to have thought his camp the most suitable school in which to imbibe the inspiration requisite for a worthy celebration of his achievements, and on his return to Paris he expressed a surprise which bore some resemblance to displeasure that as he himself had presided over the sieges of Valenciennes and Cambrai, the two poets had not thought proper to witness his triumph with their own eyes. He was pacified by the ingenious flattery of Racine, who explained to him that they had hoped to do so and had ordered suitable dresses, but that His Majesty had taken the towns before the tailors could finish their coats. However, the next year they took care not to risk the royal favour in the same way. They accompanied their royal master to the sieges of Ghent and Ypres, which were the last achievements of the war, though the hardships of a campaign even when conducted with all due attention to royal comforts, "the dust, the mud, the sleeping," as Madame de Sevigné expresses it, "poetically in the beams of the lovely mistress of Endymion," were so little to Racine's taste, that he told the king that he no longer wondered at the valour of his troops, since a soldier might well court death to escape from so detestable a life. Louis took the jest as a compliment to his own courage (which greatly needed all that could be said in its favour), and was highly pleased at it, as well as at the amazement which both poets testified at the numbers of his soldiers, and when next he went to war he took care to secure the renewed attendance of so ingenious and judicious a flatterer. Before that time Racine had become a regular attendant in the court, and from his letters we gather that Louis took a special pleasure in his company, frequently commanding his attendance at Versailles, and, what was a greater and more agreeable compliment, at Marli. For at Marli the parties were smaller and more select, and Louis laid aside a great deal of his state, mixing with his guests in a more affable manner than at Versailles, where all was pomp and etiquette. At Versailles, as Racine expresses himself, he was king and a man of business; at Marli, a gentleman and a man of pleasure, though his affability and the delight which he took in the poet's conversation was not a source of unmixed pleasure to his subject, who complains that often the more he is charmed with the king, the more he is vexed with himself, as he never feels so little wit and loveliness as just at those moments when he is most anxious to display both.

Perhaps, too, he often wished to be at home, for, in addition

to the other changes in his habits, he had married in 1677, choosing for his wife a lady of similar rank to his own, the daughter, that is, of a gentleman holding an official appointment at Amiens. She brought him five children, two sons and three daughters, and from their earliest infancy Racine occupied himself with great anxiety and, it must be added, with excellent judgment in their education. Nothing that we know of him gives us a higher degree of his amiability and goodness of heart than the letters which have been preserved from him to his sons, in which he mingles advice as to their studies, tender warnings against faults of which he perceives the seeds, and cordial encouragement of the talent and industry which they display, with expressions of affection for their mother and praises of their sisters, prompted manifestly by the desire to bind the whole family closely together by the bonds of mutual affection. Rare as such a domestic disposition seems to have been (we almost fear we might say to be) among his countrymen, Racine was a thoroughly domestic man, and singularly free from that excitability and restlessness which make up so much of the ordinary French character; and we may easily conceive that such a man, however flattered he might feel it his duty to be at the king's condescension, would often gladly have exchanged the royal hospitality for the tranquil happiness of his family circle.

We have hinted that he once more accompanied Louis to the wars; but before that time came he was prevailed upon to resume his labours as a dramatist, and to compose a play to be acted by the pupils at the school of St. Cyr, which Madame de Maintenon had lately founded for the daughters of decayed nobles. A homage to his own scruples, as well as a complaisance to the new-born devotion of the lady, queen in all but name, dictated the choice of a sacred subject, the story of Esther, the compliment to his new patroness being further pointed by passages in which it was easy to discover allusions to the secret history of the court. To the apprehension of the quick-witted spectators and readers the names borrowed from Holy Writ were but flimsy disguises for living persons. Ahasuerus was Louis; Esther was, of course, Madame de Maintenon; while Haman and Vashti were the especial objects of her dislike and jealousy, the able but intractable Louvois and the imperious mistress Madame de Montespan.

As a dramatic composition, or even as a poem, *Esther* is among the weakest of the author's works; but it pleased her at whose command it was written; and Louis showed the interest which he felt in it, or perhaps the power which she had acquired over him, in a way singularly at variance with his ordinary pomposity. Its first representation was in honour of the exiled sovereigns of England, James II. and his queen, who had lately

arrived in France, and who were present at the spectacle; and Louis, on so great an occasion, exchanged the character of king for that for which nature had far more fitted him—a master of ceremonies. He wrote out with his own hand the list of those who were to be admitted as spectators, selecting with the most scrupulous attention to rank two hundred names from above two thousand applicants, and on the eventful evening he took his station at the door of the saloon which had been fitted up as a theatre, with the list of ticket-holders in one hand and a jewelled cane in the other, letting them in one by one, and pointing out to each the seats allotted to them.

What the king so highly approved the courtiers could not fail to praise, and the compliments which the author received on his performance inspired him, most fortunately for his fame, with the idea of composing a second drama on a subject taken from Holy Writ. He named it *Athalie*, taking the crimes and fate of the fierce Jewish queen for its subject, selecting it for the dramatic interest which he felt himself capable of imparting to the story, though so slight did he imagine the acquaintance with the Bible to be at the French court, that he thought it necessary to give a sketch of the Scripture narrative in an elaborate preface, for the benefit of those “who were unacquainted with the history of the Old Testament.” The time was to come when *Athalie* should be generally regarded as his finest work. Foreigners, that is to say English and German critics, place it at the head of all French tragedies, and not undeservedly, for it is embellished with all the beauties which belong to the other plays of the author in high perfection, combined with a correctness of costume and propriety of character which are wanting in his dramas on classical subjects, and with a complete freedom from his usual faults. With the exception of Shakespeare, we are acquainted with no tragedy in which there is so much variety, such tenderness and sweetness contrasted with so much energy and majesty. Madame de Sevigné’s comment on *Esther* had been that “he had surpassed himself; he now loved God with the same fervour with which he used to love his mistresses.” But the eulogy would be far more appropriate to *Athalie*, which, to quote the words of the German critic to whom we have before alluded, “is animated by one breath: the poet’s pious enthusiasm, of the sincerity of which the whole work forbids us to doubt for a moment.” However with all this excellence, *Athalie* had a curious fate. As Madame de Maintenon’s assumption of the character of a devotee was of very recent date, she acted the part with the greater strictness; and, finding that some of those for whose esteem or praises she was solicitous professed doubts as to the propriety of theatrical exhibitions, she changed her mind, and instead of acting *Athalie* as a play, she had a couple of parties at Versailles, at one of which her young ladies

from St. Cyr read the first acts, and at the other the last, while particular care was taken to make known that no theatrical appointments had been admitted into the room, and that the readers had been dressed in their ordinary clothes. To treat it thus was certainly not to show it off to the best advantage; and, what is more curious still, when the next year it was published, an order was issued prohibiting any company of actors whatever from performing it. Apparently this order was issued at the solicitation of Racine himself, who was greatly disappointed at the coldness with which *Athalie* had been generally received by those who had been permitted to hear or to read it—a coldness which even the example of the king could not overcome, though Louis openly praised it, and as a reward appointed him one of his gentlemen-in-waiting. But so general was the unfavourable impression that a fashionable company could find no severer punishment for a young officer for some offence against good manners than to condemn him to retire to his own room and there to read an act of *Athalie*. It must be recorded, to the honour of his critical taste, that Boileau was almost the only man of repute who dared to say a word in its favour. He steadily pronounced it to be a masterpiece, and prophesied that the world would come to be of his opinion. But it was long before it did so. Even when twelve years later Louis caused it to be acted at Versailles by many of the most distinguished courtiers, several members of the royal family itself not disdaining to take parts (for the Duchess of Burgundy was Josabeth, the Duke of Orleans Abner), that marked honour could not bring it into fashion; and it was not till the next reign that it was properly appreciated, when the Regent took off the interdict which had hitherto kept it from the public stage, and its performance by practised artistes showed off its beauties as they deserved. It must be owned that they were aided on this occasion by coincidences between passages in the play and the circumstances of the royal family which did not exist when it was first composed. The child, to whom the sceptre of Louis XIV. had just descended, was about the same age as Joash, and, like him, was the only surviving hope of a once numerous family; so that it was easy and natural to apply to him the phrases in which Joash termed his young king “the precious remnant of the house of David,” “the hope of Israel,” while many probably applauded the prayers of Abner and Joab that God would preserve the youthful Jewish king from the dangers which still environed him with the greater fervour because they believed, though most undeservedly, that the life of their own infant sovereign was not altogether safe from the machinations of his powerful cousin. From that time *Athalie* has enjoyed a popularity which it has never lost. Voltaire, as we have seen, ratified the praises with which Boileau had greeted it from the first, and subsequent

critics have done little more than repeat with slight variations the panegyrics of Voltaire.

It was shortly after these events that Racine made his second campaign. This time Boileau did not join him, which is fortunate for us, since to his letters from the camp to his brother historian we are indebted for a lively account of many of the principal transactions of the war, and, what is of more consequence for our present purpose, of his own impressions of them. He was at the siege of Mons, and witnessed, though at a safe distance—*regis ad exemplar*—the terrible attack before which the place fell. The next year he was at the grand review of above 100,000 men, of which St. Simon, then serving his first campaign, has left us so vivid an account, but which Racine owns to his correspondent he can only describe to him at second-hand, from others' report, so dazzled had he been with the gleam of swords and muskets, and so deafened with drums, trumpets, and cannons, that he let his horse carry him where it listed, and felt nothing himself but a wish that every soldier whom he saw was at home in his cabin with wife and child, and he himself back in the Rue des Maçons with his family. His troubles were relieved as far as the case admitted by the favour the two great generals showed to the accomplished noncombatant, who was to make them immortal. Vauban detached an engineer to serve as his special escort. Luxemburg placed one of his steadiest chargers at his service, and his letters are full of praises of the affability and cheerfulness of this redoubtable general, the greatest that France had ever had with the single exception of Turenne. He was pleasanter in his camp than even at Paris and Versailles. But after a time Racine began to doubt how he was to reconcile his admiration of these heroic chiefs and his respect for historical truth with the ideas which his royal master had visibly formed of the way in which the history of his reign was to be written; and it is comical enough to see him consult his colleague whether they are to mention M. de Luxemburg at all, so "ticklish" is Louis about any one else being united with him in the praises paid to his military skill and valour. He was at the siege of Namur too, and, without intending it, helps to furnish the reason of Louis's precipitate return to Paris, in his mention of a disrespectful bullet which went straight at a gabion behind which His Majesty was posted, and, glancing from it with but a slight diversion, wounded M. de Toulouse, who was at no great distance from the Lord's anointed.

Racine returned to Paris with his royal master, and continued for some years to enjoy a conspicuous degree of his favour, till he lost it, or, what came to the same thing, lost that of Madame de Maintenon by an oversight not to be expected from a courtier of so many years' experience had he not been, as St. Simon, from whom we get the story, informs us, subject to extraordinary fits of absence. One evening, at a small party in the lady's apart-

ments, the conversation turned on the state of the theatre. "How is it," asked the king, "that I hear complaints on all sides that, as far as comedy is concerned, the stage has greatly fallen off of late?" (Molière had now been dead twenty-five years). "There are more reasons than one in my opinion," replied the poet; "but the chief cause seems to be that as there is no one at this moment capable of writing new comedies of any value, the actors tire people with reproducing a number of old worn-out pieces, and especially the farces of that wretched Scarron, which disgust every one." *Ibi omnis effusus labor.* That unlucky speech undid all the favour which *Andromache*, *Iphigenie*, *Esther*, and *Athalie* had won for him, and all that the hope of an eloquent eulogy in the coming history could have further secured for him. The criticism was just enough; Scarron's plays were as worthless as possible, but the actors thought it politic to reproduce them, in order to conciliate the royal patronage, since the decrepit buffoon had been the sovereign lady's first husband, and this connection for the moment wholly escaped the mind of the speaker. The words had hardly passed his lips when he remembered his blunder. Madame coloured up to the eyes; Louis stared in silence; the hapless Racine (to quote St. Simon's proverbial expression) felt as if he had fallen down a well. After a minute or two the silence was broken by the king rising, a sign of the dispersal of the party; and Racine in great confusion sought one of his friends to tell him what had happened. M. Cavoye stood well with the court, but the offence which had been given was too grave to be repaired. From that day neither king nor lady ever took the slightest notice of him. They never spoke a word to him, but turned their eyes away with marked displeasure whenever he appeared in their presence. After a decent interval he endeavoured to mollify her whom he had most offended by a penitential letter, which even his friends seem to have thought injudicious, and which produced no effect nor any answer. And, not being more free than others of inferior intellect from that abject servility which was one of the most shameful symptoms and causes of the general demoralisation, he brooded so deeply over the withdrawal of their favour that his vexation broke down his health. In the year 1699 he died, and was buried at Port Royal; and Louis, with a generosity such as he rarely showed towards any one who had offended him, testified his forgiveness of his unintentional offence in the way which would have been most acceptable to the poet himself, could he have been conscious of it, by granting a pension to his widow and children. Besides his plays and his pamphlet or letter in reply to M. Nicole, Racine, in the latter years of his life, showed the sincerity of his reconciliation with the leaders of the Jansenist party by drawing up a brief historical sketch of the Port Royal. In the form of annals it gives a very candid account of the dispute between

them and the Jesuits; and, as a literary composition, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the correctness and elegance of its style entitle it to be ranked among the master-pieces of French prose. He wrote also several hymns and odes on sacred subjects, often, it is said, on themes dictated to him by the king, in which we do not think he has succeeded so well. Stanzas such as:—

“ Le pain que je vous propose
Sert aux anges d'aliment;
Dieu lui-même le compose
De la fleur de son froment.
C'est ce pain si delectable
Que ne sert point à la table
Le monde que vous suivez.
Je l'offre à qui veut me suivre,
Approchez! Voulez-vous vivre,
Prenez, mangez, et vivez!”

seem conceits hardly suited to the solemn sacredness of the subject. We should be inclined to ascribe a much higher merit to his Latin verses, some of which, such as the “Santolius Pœnitens,” on the honours due to the memory of his friend Arnould, are conceived in a classical taste, set off with a very classical purity and elegance of expression.

But, as it is hardly necessary to say, it is on his tragedies that his fame has always rested and must rest. And, even by English readers who agree in considering the whole system in which French poets have composed their tragedies, and French critics have estimated them, wholly erroneous, the merits of Racine as a tragedian must be admitted to be of a very high order. The poets never aimed at originality of plan, but limited themselves to a servile imitation of the Greek models, without considering the differences between the French and the Athenian peoples and the French and Athenian theatres; while the critics regulate their judgment by a regard not to the dramatic propriety, the justness and consistency of character which pervades or is absent from their works, and which are the first essentials of a great drama, but by their correctness of diction and harmony of versification, which, though excellences well worth the cultivating, are yet of secondary importance. We have already seen that this was the standard which in a great degree Racine set up for himself, that his Greeks and Romans are but Frenchmen with classical names; while so little scrupulous is he about dramatic propriety that in his very latest play on a profane subject, his *Phèdre*, he represents the Athenians, on a false report of the death of Theseus, as hesitating whether they should declare Phædra or Aricia his successor, as if the authority of a queen regnant were compatible with the ideas of any Greek nation in the heroic age. To judge therefore by the English criterion, Racine's tragedies fall far short of excellence of the highest class. But estimated according to the canons of criticism acknowledged

Beneath my feet the listless dead are sleeping :
The winds are whist : nought breaks the stillness save
A broken sob from yon lone orphan, keeping
Her wonted tryst beside a grass-grown grave ;

Or some faint echo of the ceaseless riot,
That throbbeth through the arteries within
The heart of the great City of Disquiet,
Where stalk the shapes of Selfishness and Sin.

It is a home of peace : yet, unattending,
My truant fancy these calm precincts leaves,
For distant fields where long since two were wending
Their way at eventide among the sheaves.

This place is holy ground : but each heart taketh
Unto itself a place to build a shrine :
And oft, in love, unto its Mecca maketh
A pilgrimage ; and so this heart of mine

Goes forth from hence to-night across the meadows
And all the glistening miles that lie between,
To where the cypress casts its slender shadows
In the soft moonlight o'er a mound of green.

JOHN F. ROLPH.

CRADLE AND SPADE.

BY WILLIAM SIME, AUTHOR OF "KING CAPITAL,"
"THE RED ROUTE."

CHAPTER XLI.

ANOTHER APPARITION.

NIXON looked out of the window and saw the crowd which had been on the bridge rush down to the harbour. He thought he could make out the figure of the shepherd among them; but if so, the shepherd must have ridden down from Cnoc Dhu, or nearer, to have arrived so soon on the back of the coble. Anyhow, there he was, with his eyes and his elbows in lugubrious proximity. The shepherd was crying.

"I must go down and let the poor fellow know that she is all right," he reflected, as he shoved first one leg, and then another, into a dry pair of trousers.

"Poor soul! he's gesticulating away to the crowd. He's showing how she got into the coble, and how it suddenly began to pour torrents from the mountain-top. His pantomime means that or nothing. Worthy shepherd! I wonder what his wife is feeling, if he is so bad. By Jove, I'm getting fatter in this north countree. This waistcoat was roomy, and buttoned all up and down with ease, when I set out from Edinburgh. It won't suit now. Well, there's nothing like being thoroughly down and beaten; it increases the appetite, gives an edge to hilarity, makes death an amusement. It positively seemed to me on that river, a sort of joke—especially the narrow escapes at the bridges. Yes—an amusement. I suppose it's because death at the other side of difficulty would be so soft and snug and quiet. Meanwhile, laugh and grow fat. Here's the shepherd coming in. I must go down and see him. He wants consolation."

Nixon went downstairs, and saw Oliver Gun timidly approaching the bar by himself.

"Mr. Gun, how d'ye do?"

Mr. Gun started and wiped his red eyes.

"This is a sad day for me and my wife," he said, following Nixon into the little dining-room, which had now become his own through use and wont.

"I know what you mean."

"She's gone, sir—gone, God knows." And the shepherd blubbered. "I'll be turned out. He'll send me and mine off the mountain. Mr. Nixon, sir, speak a good word for us."

Nixon was astonished.

This exquisite selfishness, which accepted the drowning of a daughter with seeming philosophy and the personal consequences with hysterics, rather staggered him. He believed in the simplicity of these mountain people. He thought they were less tainted with the rot of competitive selfishness than people in crowded centres rushing for a larger or a smaller meal.

"Why," he said, "what should he turn you off the mountain for?"

The shepherd only wiped his eyes the more.

"Besides," exclaimed Nixon abruptly, "your daughter is safe. She was not drowned. She was here a little ago, and, I believe, drove out with Mrs. Harper—where, I can't tell you, but certainly in absolute safety. I came down in the coble with her, and we both landed at the pier together."

The shepherd sat down, removed his hat, and said a blessing as long as the cooling ones he used over his meals, and far more fervid.

"And the coble's safe too, I think you said?"

"Yes, quite safe—sound from stem to stern. You can row her up to Dirlot the first fine day. She's moored at the harbour now."

"The Lord be praised!"

"For the coble or for your daughter?"

"For both, sir."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Gun, if I say that you seem to take rather more interest in the fate of the boat than of the girl, and in your own prospects than in either."

The shepherd looked at him keenly.

"You would overhear my reflections," he said.

"Yes, and they seemed most, as I say, to concern the unfortunate circumstance of yourself and wife being likely to be turned off the mountain if Elspeth happened to be drowned. I gave you more credit for disinterestedness. Why should you think of yourself first? I should have supposed that you would have given your life for her. Such a daughter! So fair, so truthful, so clear and limpid in her character."

"You shouldn't judge a person from the moments of his agony, Mr. Nixon."

"Well, your agony seemed all personal to yourself. That's what makes it surprising to me. Besides, moments of agony bring out surprising truths sometimes."

"I'm no so sure o' that. I ken a poor hill-farmer, terribly afflicted with the colic; and he roars out falsehood after false-

hood in the midst of his pain. And I ken a poor shepherd-body who drinks, and he's a God-fearing man under other circumstances; but then he lies and blasphemes so that nobody dare stand by him."

"*In vino veritas*, shepherd."

"I dinna ken *your* Gaelic at all, sir, but yon's the truth. I'll away and meet my poor wife. It's her that'll feel it most. Elspeth will know the way back by herself."

"No doubt."

They parted, and Nixon, without having offered him any refreshment, so disgusted was he by his apparent selfishness, sat down to a fair meal on his own account. But his delivery from death had shaken him more than he cared to confess to himself. He was too strong for prostration, and the sight of Elspeth in danger, all down the stream, had been a kind of resuscitating wine to him. The effects of it were not yet removed. He felt as some serious people do at funerals, inclined to laugh, or at any rate to smile. He had been striving to smile in the moments of their deepest danger. As yet, the reaction had not set in; reactions rarely overtook him under any strain of feeling or action.

"Kirsty," he said to the maid who served him. "Did Mrs. Harper say when she would be back?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"I wasn't to sit up, sir."

"But when?"

"I was to go to my bed, sir, without waiting."

"When did she say she would be back?"

"I was e'en to shut the inner door; not to bar it, but to shut it; and she would find her way in at any hour."

"When did she say she would be back?"

"Will I remove the things, sir?"

"Is Miss Gun coming back with her?"

"Pooh! Miss Gun."

"Pooh?"

"I said nothing, sir."

"No, I know you didn't; but I asked you when Mrs. Harper intended to return."

"She may go farther than she supposes, sir."

"But what did she suppose when she left this house?"

"Oh, well, maybe as far as Dunbeath House; but she may go to Oiley. I've known her go to Oiley. She doesn't always say; but I was to shut the inner door, not to bar it."

"Then the fact is, Kirsty, you know nothing about where your mistress has gone to or when she will be back."

"Sir?"

"You don't know where she's gone. I must get my bill, and see how it stands. There's a visible diminution of esteem among

the underlings. The day's not far distant when I must accept that offer of £1,000 for a voyage to Australia. In these latitudes it is criminal to the last degree to have a slender purse."

He lit his pipe and sauntered out. There was a peculiar effect in the evening. It felt warm and thundery; yet it was light overhead, with blue sky, though lowering and stormy towards the sea. The storm which had passed over Cnoc Dhu was hard at work in the horizon. He sauntered on towards Dunbeath House, with no visible purpose. It occurred to him that he would like to see Elspeth again, and say "good-bye" to her, and look into her face for a glance of gratitude in return for the service he had done her. For the benefit had been mutual. She had saved him; he had saved her. Beyond the Cranberry Burn, however, he turned aside to avoid the dripping of a black cloud, and when it passed he automatically walked towards the diggings. They were some miles inland, but he was roused by a shot from his reverie, and, looking, saw Armstrong run forward for a hare which he had brought to the ground dead.

"Hillo!" said Armstrong; "coming in to dig, after all?"

"No, not yet. Have you got leave to shoot out of season?"

"Close-time, isn't it?"

"Close-time's a prejudice. A hare's as good now as any other time. You may thank your stars you didn't get a bullet inside you. You're cruelly like a gamekeeper. And I should have shot the gamekeeper."

"Armstrong, tell me. You came in with a story one night to Nancy's about a portrait in Dunbeath House, and a man at Red Gully. Are you prepared to say the portrait and the man are one and the same?"

"I believe so."

"Is that all?"

"Well, you see I'm fetching my supper just now, and haven't got nothing inside me, and my convictions are naturally weaker than they were at the fireside. But, I say, we're having high old times, as they say over the seas, at the diggings. Little to get for spade-work, but plenty to eat and drink. A gauger has joined the community, and he knows so little about digging that he thinks a still is a crushing machine, and that we want heaps of barley to wash out the gold."

"Yes, you look as if you—— Here's a gamekeeper. Good-night. I came up this way by mistake."

He turned down on the Dunbeath road, and did not hear the wheels of Nancy's phaeton in the darkness which had overcast sea and shore. He went straight forward to the house. It was pitch dark by the time he reached the little sequestered valley, and dimly saw through the trees the lowering front of Dunbeath House. No light burned in it as he approached. It was visible only by a darker shoulder of gloom against the changing dark-

ness of the sea behind it. A dog barked as he approached and made a weird sound with his chain, then stopped, and seemed to retire to an invisible kennel. He wandered, without knowledge of his whereabouts, from shingle walks to soft beds of herbage, nearing the sea, as he knew from the gathering roar of waves. He presently knew it by a stunning blow upon his head and the spray of incoming waves. He had stumbled over a parapet, and landed on his head among shingle. For a moment he sat, involuntarily rubbing his scalp; not giddy or ill, but irritated with the pain of the fall, and feeling as if it mattered little whether the hurrying of the breakers down below him became so strong as to overwhelm him and carry him back. Then he rose and turned upon the deceptive parapet, and became conscious of a light and an open window—a clear, strong light, through which he saw the opposite walls of the room. He went towards it, and clambering up reached the level of the sill. It was rather an uncertain footing. One leg was in the air. He held only by the toes of his right foot and two fingers of his left hand. He had to twist to see in. But he did get abreast of the sill and stared in. A face at the fire stared out—Leslie's face, at first with an expression of maniacal surprise, then with a deep look of horror and terror. Nixon said something as he hoisted himself higher up at the parapet, to avoid the wet of an incoming wave; but the sound of his voice was blown away on the wind.

"Back, back!" shouted Leslie, rising to his full height at the fire-place. "Once is enough. No, no, no! I saw you drown. I saw you pass. Your corpse, your dead, inanimate body, is rolling at the mouth of the Rudder!"

At that moment Nixon's foot slipped, and he went down ten feet, among the shingle. This time he did not land on his head. He fell on a foot and a knee, and instantly clambered back again in time to escape the force of an assailing wave, though he got all the spray. He raised himself to the sill, and tumbled in at the window. Leslie was gone; he had fled through an open library door apparently. Nixon sat down in his chair, and with his foot kicked at a curl of sheepskin. The factor had been trying to light his pipe with it, for the end was charred and curled.

"Found!" said Nixon. "Found at last! 'And—tenement. Bearing—the—name—of—Joseph—Nixon. (Signed) Thomas Dunbeath, Bart.' God! He is my father. I am home. I have been guided here by the Unseen. I am the baronet's heir. 'Bearing—the—name—of—Joseph—Nixon. (Signed.)' Now we can make it all out."

At that moment a thin withered hand descended behind him, and hastily snatched the scroll. He turned, and saw a hag vanishing into the darkness of the library.

CHAPTER XLII.

A LITTLE PICNIC.

"HILLO! Mr. Leslie. You here? When did you come? What has brought you so far south? Sit down—sit down. I'm very glad to see you—very glad indeed. You'll excuse me for the next ten minutes; then I'm done. Quite done and over, and able to say, How d'ye do? and where are you going to? and ——"

It was the sheriff who was speaking, in the room in the writer's office which he occupied at some portion of nearly every day. It was the factor of Ruddersdale who had been shown into him. The former resumed the persual of a document; the latter sat down with a subdued look about him which was very unlike his demeanour on his own ground. Looking at him, it was not difficult to tell that anxiety was preying at his heart. His mouth was twisted, and the crows' feet about his eyes seemed to have grown more dense. His eyes were restless, and moved in his head as if a force over which he had no control were pulling them from right to left. It seemed as if a shade of grey had come into the colour of his hair, and altogether he was neither masterful nor arrogant. He might have been a poor man, down at heel, soliciting a little influence for his offspring, or a person with a subscription-list anxious for a dole. He was apologetic, quiet, unobtrusive, and as the sheriff turned over the pages of the document in front of him there was no other noise in the room. A large fly at the window pane, who could not understand the meaning of its thwarted efforts to escape into space, made the only audible sound.

"Well, Leslie, I'm very glad to see you," said the sheriff, turning on him suddenly, and tossing the document from him with more zest than he showed in reading it. "How is Ruddersdale? Still talking and writing, I see, about precious metal. I suppose you are less sanguine than people at a distance. By the way, do you know of a friend of mine up there—Mr. Nixon?"

Leslie gasped and fumbled with his hat.

"I thought, sheriff, I would come in and pay my respects to you. I'm not to be here long, but I couldn't be here and not see you. The fact is I'm troubled with a nervous feeling about the approach of death."

"Nonsense, man," said Sheriff Durie, seeing that Leslie looked decidedly ill. "Nonsense; I never remember you to look so well. All you want is a change. I tell you what. I'm going out to Craigmillar to a little picnic. Come along with me. We'll drive round by the Braid Hills, and I'll be bound to say that by the time we come back, you won't have a single ache—not one. Craigmillar, you know, is one of the seats of that beautiful hussy, Queen Mary, of immortal memory, and I'm living in that period just now. The day is fine: what more do you want?"

"I'm much obliged to you, sir. I think—yes, I think I might do worse than go."

"I think you might. Here comes my curricule. Have you ever been to the Braid Hills? Noble view of our old city from the road behind Swan's farm. My friend Northern goes there sometimes to recruit his health. A great man Northern. Have you heard him? No? Ought to, the next time he is here. Indeed you ought. Every one, with a feeling for manners, ought to hear Northern. Well, you will go, you say. Here, Mr. Ross, take this round to Grant and Murray; I have marked the points. It is only a small question of titles—of no importance. Desirable property, though. Very, very much so indeed. Makes the human teeth water. Like America before the Emancipation Act was passed—a state of slavery that is, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Leslie. You don't see it. Well, two men are seldom facetious at the same time and the joke is not very rich. Come along."

Obviously the sheriff liked the prospect of his picnic as a boy likes a holiday. He also enjoyed the feeling that he was able to throw up a dazzling coruscation of witty remarks at a moment's notice, to a friend from the country. The Boeotian simplicity of Ruddersdale admitted of no light play of wits one with another, thought the sheriff; everything was grey, sombre, relative to the primary wants of life. In the capital it was different—the capital, with all its traditions of literary society, he, the sheriff, being one of the few torch-bearers who still remained to hand on books and jokes to futurity.

"I expect," he resumed, as his carriage, open to the air, rolled uphill, towards the Morningside Asylum, and beyond. "I expect Mina and her friends have got on before. It is none of my devising—the picnic; but an archæologist—Mr. Bang, the Darwin of bangles and bracelets and the contents of old tumuli—he is living with me just now, and he is particularly anxious to see a corner of Craigmillar where the bones of an infant were discovered, built into the wall. Mr. Bang has some theory of tutelar deities in connection with the phenomenon. For my own part, I consider the infant's bones simple enough without any theory. In my time, Mr. Leslie, a gibbet would be the last word to that discovery. Eh?"

They were passing Morningside at the time; Leslie looked into the open gate, and saw maniacs wandering in the grounds, some of them climbing ropes to the sky; others considering themselves porcelain and china, which might break at a moment's notice; others expounding the philosophy of life which had induced friends to place them where they were.

"That's the madhouse," said Leslie, as they rolled past it into the road between clover fields.

"Yes," said the sheriff.

"We have not a few facile and fatuous persons among us at Ruddersdale."

"They abound."

"But there are more at certain places than at others."

"The facile and the fatuous are everywhere. I don't believe much in madness myself, except in the case of actual, positive intention to shed blood in a murderous sense."

Leslie moved uneasily, and said—

"No doubt."

"Yes, but I can't get other people to follow me in that view. They think that every man or woman who doesn't rise in the morning at seven, breakfast at eight, begin duties at nine, keep at them more or less all day till dinner-time, is fit for Morning-side. Well, I say, all honour to routine, all honour to the respectability which is the outcome of centuries; but let us have a little variety, and don't let us say that because a man or woman doesn't get up at seven, breakfast at eight, and work on till the end of the day, that therefore he or she is mad, and fit for that gloomy house we have just passed."

"To be sure; I agree with you, Sheriff."

They dipped into the hollow of the road, and presently were skirting the base of the whin-covered hills on their way towards Liberton.

"Craigmillar lies beyond Liberton yonder."

"Ay, yonder—I see."

"But, man, you're so used to mountains that you have no enthusiasm for what we can show you. What d'ye say to that now for a hill?"

"Arthur's Seat?"

"Yes."

"It's very good to be so near a city, but by itself it's not much of a mountain, Sheriff. My sheep would stare at you if you put them on to that, and made them suppose they were mountaineering?"

"To me, now, it looks higher than Cnoc Dhu. Of course it's all a question of relations. Arthur's Seat has no neighbours, and without something to compare with it, it naturally gains in altitude. What do you think of our Braid Hills?"

"Our moles could do as well up yonder."

"I believe you're determined to admire nothing but our streets and squares. Now, here's Liberton, and yonder's the tower of Craigmillar. Ah! that wench Queen Mary! What stone and lime has she not sanctified! She has turned miserable keeps and dungeons, broken chambers and thick walls, into the gossamer of poetry, east and west, north and south, wherever she set a footstep. But I resist her influence, Mr. Leslie; I resist it on historical grounds. I find that there is no doubt she blew up her husband in favour of that tiger of Bothwell—no doubt about

it whatever ; and I'm not going to sacrifice justice for her fine shoulders and her French queendom."

"It is some time since I read about her," said Leslie ; " but I always regarded her marriage with the Spaniard, and her desire to make everything Spanish and Catholic, as a danger to the State, quite intolerable, and one that the leaders of the Protestant cause had a right to resist."

"Perhaps you're mixing up English and Scotch history," said the sheriff ; and the men relapsed into silence as the carriage rolled towards the castle.

"Yes, there they are. They have all arrived before us. Bang will have been from top to bottom of it before we have come in. Well, he is a little diffuse, and we are none the worse of missing his first enthusiasm. You have met Miss Durie, Mr. Leslie ? You can see her standing at the wall. Very nice she looks, too, at the side of that old elm and the dun cow at the other side of it, both of them looking over. We will stop here. Hillo, Mina ! Who have you all got out besides Bang, and the Finlay girls, and the Bertrams ? You know Mr. Leslie of Ruddersdale ? Mr. Leslie, Miss Durie. Now we are down, I think we can climb the wall."

Leslie was surprised that the sheriff should do anything so undignified as scramble over a lichen-covered wall ; however, he followed suit, contracting a very purple hue in his face and neck as he did so. The sheriff tumbled over into a grass field, and seeing Bang at the foot of the castle wall, using his right arm vehemently as he explained the archæology of the place to a goodly group of ladies, he advanced upon them, having an eye on a table-cloth, where they were numerous bottles and plates, and pasties and tarts, and sauces and salads, jostling each other.

Mina was detained for a little at the tree with Leslie. He was either ill or shy, for he did not advance towards the group with any great show of cordiality.

"And you are from Ruddersdale ?" said Mina.

"I am, Miss Durie."

"I have been once or twice there for short periods. I like it much."

"It's a very pleasant place."

"There is not so much variety about it, of course, as about a city like Edinburgh. You must have hard work getting through your long evenings."

"Humph !" groaned Leslie.

"You know I belong to, and positively am an inhabitant of, Ruddersdale. You may remember me as quite a little girl. It's an old story, but interesting to me."

"I believe so."

"And now, Mr. Leslie, before we reach the luncheon party, tell me something that I wish to ask you."

He looked at her doubtfully and with an air of distraction.

"It is nothing very serious. Only there is one in Ruddersdale I used to know, who used to know me, one of the name of Nixon, who went there to search for foolish gold; and he is quite well do you think? Quick now, only one word."

Leslie did not speak; he only stared vacantly.

"Perhaps, then, you do not know him."

"Am I always to be met face to face with that man?" murmured Leslie. "That's Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name now—Mr. Usher, isn't it, standing at the sheriff's elbow? An able man. I will go forward to him, Miss, if you please."

"Oh, Mina," said Gerty Finlay, "I opened the tin, and instead of lobsters, do you know what I found in it?"

"No, dear," said Mina wearily.

"Pilchards."

"They will do very well."

"Mina, what are you thinking of, to suppose that pilchards can make a salad?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

MINA turned back to the tree and leant at the lichen-covered wall. She looked into the roadway, a leafy nook of lane unbroken by the hoof of a horse or the wheel of a cart. The branches of the lime spread over it, making a grateful shadow, the invisible humming of bees suggested an unseen paradise of insect labour going on all round about her, and making music at its work. A linnet chuckled on the topmost thorn of a thistle which grew out of an opposite hedge, other hard-working birds from neighbouring trees flew down into the shadows and picked up indiscernible meals from among the grassy edge of the way. A dragon-fly, gorgeous in his new summer apparel, flew heavily by, and was followed by a couple of butterflies eager to outstrip each other in their airy flight towards a broad glint of sunshine further down the lane. Mina sighed as she looked and heard behind her shouts of talk in which she had no part. The reaction had come to her which usually arrives on the back of excessive fatigue in the ball-room. She was sorry, besides, that she had been betrayed into asking questions about Nixon. Was she not done with Nixon? Had she not made up her mind that he no more existed for her? Why should she seize the first opportunity to put questions to one whom she had never met before? It was rude and indelicate! And she stood, listening to the low hum of the insect workers, until she fell into a dream in which she gradually forgot everything. But her mind returned upon those old days in which she had wandered to the

tree on Corstorphine Hill, and she felt the invisible presence of Nixon in spite of herself.

"Yes," said a voice, "it is exquisite."

It was Usher's. He had wandered over beside her, suspecting that the sight of Leslie would raise visions of the enemy.

"Now if a man had time to spare from more important work he might come out here and write poetry—or read it at least."

"It is an enchanting little roadway. Don't speak, Mr. Usher, but listen."

"Yes, I hear them—the bees. Hist! There are half-a-dozen of them wheeling overhead. You'd better come out of that."

"I don't mind them in the least. I like them. They never sting me. If you make rapid movements of panic like that, of course they will pursue you."

Mina stood, and Usher, feeling a nervous dread of being stung, cautiously leant on the wall and looked into her face.

"Yes, after all, the sweetness of summer is in it," he resumed.

She sighed, turned on her elbow, and saw into his eyes that they revealed for her an attachment which, at that moment, she did not feel she reciprocated.

"Mina," he went on softly, "before we go back to the group who are laughing behind us, and from whom we may not separate ourselves long without being observed and recalled—Mina, I want you to grant me a favour."

"Is it a very heavy favour?"

"It is the one which would lay me under deeper obligations to you than you know."

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise yourself away."

"To—I don't quite understand?"

"To promise yourself away."

"Am I my own to give? You indeed make a large demand."

"Softly, Mina; don't turn and go away with a misunderstanding at your heart. There is here with us to-day a man from Ruddersdale who knows Joseph Nixon, who understands why it is that I should have transferred my affection from my former friend until it has become positive enmity; who has seen him as I have."

"Enough, enough," said the girl. "Don't let us revive it. We are here to be cheerful. Is this a cheering subject? Come, they are calling us to return. I hear papa's voice and Gerty's, and indeed all of them."

Usher took his arm off the lichened dyke, and presented a countenance to the waiting picnic which looked so cheerfully indifferent that they imagined he must have been talking pilchard or lobster salad to Mina.

Mina's was serious and downcast, but she recovered a decep-

tive air of cheerfulness before they came to the ring seated round the outspread table-cloth.

"They tell me I've been late," called out Sheriff Durie, "and you're making amends for it, Mina, by postponing the banquet indefinitely."

"Ah," said Mrs. Finlay, who squatted at the most important corner of the cloth, presiding majestically over a pie, with knife and fork in hand. "Ah, Sheriff, when two pair of eyes are looking over a wall into the same lane at the same time, we know what to expect."

"Oh, ma!" said Gerty.

"I wish, my dear," said Gerty's ma, "that you would learn to extend the range of your conversation. Your one appeal to me tires me a little, and I know it does Mr. Sang."

"Mr. Bang, ma."

"Well, Mr. Whang, then. I know it tires Mr. Whang."

"Mr. Bang, ma."

"Goodness gracious, Gerty! Mr. Pang is utterly tired of your 'oh ma!' and, as I say, you should learn something from Mina. Mina speaks like a book. Sheriff, allow me."

"By all means, Mrs. Finlay. You give pie away with a sixteenth century munificence which goes well with these castle walls under which we are sitting."

"Ah, I suppose it was all pie in those days, and no poverty."

"Oh, I demur to that," said Bang. "If you will allow me five minutes to think about it, I will recount to you the rate of wages which were current, as I know from the Chamberlain's accounts, at the very period when pies must have flourished most in the homes of the English aristocracy. Alas! sheriff, the people got the crust, the aristocracy got the inside."

"Mr. Bang, we are all Whigs here," said Usher, "and think it is the best of possible worlds to live in, and we don't care for documents concerning the past. Do we now, Mr. Leslie?"

Leslie was trying to accommodate himself to the undignified position in which he found himself. At Ruddersdale nobody had found him on the grass at any period of his life since early boyhood. It was a loss of dignity which he could not dare to incur there. And he would not have incurred it had he not seen the sheriff of his county in a homely posture, eating pie. What the sheriff did he might do—indeed must do. Therefore he squatted with the rest under the darkening shadows of the tree which Mrs. Finlay had selected, and made a great effort to look as if he always occupied that position at home.

"I think," he said, in reply to Usher, "that people are always fed in proportion to the work they do. It's all a question of work. Idle men starve; busy men feed."

"That's all you know," said Bessie Finlay.

"Bessie!" said her mother, who remembered that Leslie was

an eligible widower, and who, for her own part, was a little tired of having daughters on her hand.

"Yes, ma!"

"You shouldn't be too serious."

"That's all you know," pursued Bessie. "I know one idle man, the idlest man I ever knew of—a great fat fellow, with red whiskers and a tallowy countenance—who comes to our house to sing songs sometimes, and who simpers them as if he were an angel and loved the human race: he hasn't done a stroke of work for ten years, and he doesn't starve. I know another man in pa's office at Leith—a dark, handsome, lovable fellow with a moustache, as thin as a razor, who labours from morning to night. He never has a meal to eat."

"Then he must be an egregious ass," said Bessie's ma, scooping out the contents of the pie until they were quite finished and handed about.

Everybody ate heartily, Leslie included, and when they had almost finished everything on the cloth, and a comely woman with a key and a white apron came through a gate and said, "Please, ma'am, the curds and cream are coming," and Mrs. Finlay breathed heavily and said, "I don't know where we're to put them," there was a little murmur of wonder.

"Come away with them, my good woman," said the sheriff, who was prepared to receive everything as a gift of the gods.

And presently an enormous tureen, with curds moving like a tide inside, was laid down in front of Mrs. Finlay, and a vast bowl of immovable cream was set at the flank of it. The comely woman with the apron and the key stood behind Mrs. Finlay, prepared to hand round her preparation.

"Food for the Olympians," said Bang, gazing vacantly at the dish.

"Who do we owe it to, Mrs.?" asked Usher, looking significantly in the direction of a dun cow which had grazed nearer towards them.

"Ay, she had an hand in it," said the woman cheerily, helping the sheriff in a willow-pattern plate. "Do you find them to your mind, sir?"

"I should think so. Mina, get the recipe for this from Mrs."

"It's naething but a coo's stomach dried in the roof o' the hoose, gives the milk a wee bit curdle."

"Take that down, Mina."

"Oh, papa, I knew that when I was an infant."

"A funny thing I never see curds at my table, then."

"No, no, thank ye!" expostulated Leslie heartily. "I know them of old. They don't agree with me."

The young ladies bent over their plates, and absorbed their curds and cream with a dexterous quiet, which looked as if they were taking nothing, and declined unanimously anything out of a case-bottle to correct the effects.

An open-air meal, under the shadow of a tree, if it be sufficiently simple, is always better than one in a room. The absence of restraint gives the appetite fair play, and everybody feels it to be an old-fashioned duty to eat a great deal. It was so this afternoon, and when Bang, accompanied with Leslie, Usher, and the sheriff, stood under an old wall, handing each other cigar-cases, the ladies still sat under the tree, noisily putting dishes together and helping the attendants ostentatiously, laughing with unwonted satiety.

"I wonder when they will come back," said Gerty Finlay.

"Gerty," said her mother, "I have some hope of you after that. It's the most original remark I ever heard you make. Mina, my dear, don't you think that nice Mr. Leslie would suit Gerty?"

"Oh, ma!"

"There you go again."

"No wonder."

By-and-by the men strolled down the field to them, and the sheriff, with his cigar half-smoked, observed that it was an age since he played puss-in-the-corner. Nothing but puss-in-the-corner would satisfy him. Did Mrs. Finlay know puss-in-the-corner? Yes? All right, let everybody run to a tree, and the individual who was left out was puss, until he or she caught somebody running from one tree to?

"Now, off we go!"

And off everybody rushed, except Bang and Leslie, to find a tree; Bang being too scholarly, and Leslie too dignified to join in the sport. Mina was puss in the first place, but she very soon caught Mrs. Finlay making, with her hand upon her heart, to a neighbouring tree, when "puss" was shouted.

"I'm far too ancient to be a puss. I'll never catch anybody. Gerty, for goodness' sake, come and be puss."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Every man his own cat," said Usher.

"Which, I suppose, includes the ladies," added the sheriff, whose tree was a long way off from its neighbour, and seemed to present a fine opportunity for puss intercepting him on the way.

"Very well, I'm my own tabby. And I've got claws. Puss!"

Mina rushed from her tree to Gerty, Gerty ran to take up the position occupied by the sheriff, Bessie, seeing no danger, walked to Usher's, Usher made for Gerty's, while Mrs. Finlay, abandoning her pretensions to extreme age and fatigue, descended upon Usher's tree, and held it without difficulty. And so the game proceeded for a full hour, until handkerchiefs were waving for the sake of coolness, and chests were heaving, and everybody had been puss at least twice in turn.

"Now, Bang, tell us all you know about Queen Mary," said

the sheriff, throwing himself on his back under the luncheon tree. "We will allow you half-an-hour."

Many of the group sat down around him, and Bang began his recital. But Mina slipped away, and shortly Usher followed her, and before the half-hour was done, they were looking down from high parapets upon the half-dozing company.

"Mina," Usher was urging, "it is time now. It is time that you should say something to me to lead me to hope."

"I must be sure of his treachery."

"What better assurance do you want than I have given you?"

"The assurance in my own heart that it is possible I can love another. I have not felt it yet. You do not understand."

"I can only understand that no woman exists for me in the world but you."

Mina leant on the parapet and looked down into the branches of the trees. She could count the eggs of the rooks in some of the vacant nests. She heard Bang droning away, and she saw the sheriff's face covered with a handkerchief, and his arms peacefully folded.

"Give me time," she said.

"How long must I wait?"

"I do not know."

CHAPTER XLIV.

JOINING THE DIGGERS.

NIXON felt the scroll snatched from him, saw the hand that picked it out of his own, and turning, followed the vanishing figure of the hag into the gloom of the library. He was not given to belief in supernatural visitations; he felt that he was being deprived of an important clue to his own identity; he rose, by swift instinct, and rushed into the library. But all was black there; he groped to right and left, and found his head confronted by doorways and shelves, and no exit possible for him. The hag had escaped, scroll and all; and standing for a moment, he was aware only of the long monotone of the sea, which reached him through the open window beyond the doorway through which he had just passed.

"Found and lost again," he murmured, returning slowly from the gloom to the chamber with the open window. He sat down, and mechanically went over the details of the brief half-hour in which so much had happened. Yes, there was no doubt about it. He had picked up what he knew to be a part of that document, and was reading it, when the deft hand from above snatched it away and made an end of his reverie. Well, what of that? Did it alter his position? Not a whit. If he were the heir, guided by the magnetism of unseen forces to the house of his ancestors, the same power would abide by him. He would

recover the snatched fragment somehow. He would get at his own. The home of his ancestors! He carried the flickering light from the room with the open window into the library. How the dust had settled everywhere!—the clean white dust of the sand of the sea—but no outlet. Books, books everywhere; no doorway; no exit. After all, he thought, *was* there more than he had dreamt of in his philosophy? Was he the victim of his own eyes? Had he seen what he thought he saw? He went back to the chamber with the open window and sat down, and the breeze of the sea came to him, and he began to feel, with its freshening coolness, that the events of the day might have disturbed his brain. To be so near death and not to feel perturbed was impossible. Perhaps it was all a vision. He sat and began to convince himself that indeed he had been victimised when he heard heavy footsteps along the outer corridor.

"Oh, yes, he's there, thief and robber, thief and robber that he is."

"He's there, is he?"

"He is that, Mr. Leslie."

"And there's no way for him to have come in at but the window, thief and robber."

"Come in at the window. We'll see what the sheriff will say to that. He'll have his year for it."

It dawned upon Nixon that he had done something, in coming by the window, which might be understood against him. He did not hesitate, but standing at the sill for a couple of seconds, vaulted out upon the parapet. He turned and looked in. Leslie entered, followed by a shadow of a woman who peered into the darkness. He retreated backwards, and she saw nothing. She shut the window, and he saw Leslie, with his hand to his head, seat himself in the chair.

"No," said Nixon in the dark. "I shall not go to Australia. I shall up to the diggings and wait."

CHAPTER XLV.

A DECISION.

LESLIE returned from his picnic to his hotel, and felt the good of it. It was a new experience to him not to be the chief personage in his little circle. At Ruddersdale he was always the man who was most considered; at Edinburgh he was only one of a group, neither more nor less than anybody else to whom the levelling laws of courtesy applied. He was none the worse for it, and slept soundly that night, though his bedroom overlooked Princes' Street, and a considerable rolling of cabs went on all through the midnight. Next day he visited the courts, transacted some business, and in the evening called upon a physician of great fame who lived in Charlotte Square. He was shown into a

depressing little study, and as he sat his ailment seemed to come upon him with terrible force. "I'm dying," he murmured to himself, as the physician—sallow, keen, husky in the voice and decisive in its use—sauntered in and asked him what was the matter.

"It's you that must tell me that," he remarked, rousing himself at the prick of what seemed rudeness, but what was really only a habitual abruptness begotten of the prevarications of patients.

"With a little help from you, no doubt," said the physician, drawing down his blind, turning up a lamp, and sitting down, with a glance so penetrating that Leslie had a feeling of his whole previous life being unrolled before him.

"It's here," said Leslie, with his hand over the region of his heart.

"Do you drink?" asked the physician, sniffing the air for the truth, and obviously in full expectation of a falsehood, looking at the red face of Leslie.

"No, I cannot say I do. I am not a teetotaler."

"Smoke?"

"Yes, I regret to say I both smoke and snuff. I'm very hard on the tobacco."

"If you would unbutton your waistcoat I could ascertain."

Leslie ran his fingers up his waistcoat, and presented a broad chest and immaculate shirt to the physician.

"I would have thought you would require an instrument," said Leslie.

The physician said nothing.

"Let me feel your pulse," he said. "No, never mind unbuttoning your wrist; there's a pulse on your temple—that'll do as well."

"I would have thought you would require your watch," said Leslie, a little suspicious of this great physician, who made no more fuss about him than if he had been an animal in a farm-yard.

"You are not well," said the physician.

Leslie thought he detected death in the announcement, and looked correspondingly alarmed.

"No, I'm not well, or I wouldn't be here."

"You're excited."

"Not I!"

"Your pulse is 125."

"What should it be?"

"Something under that."

"My own local doctor could have told me all that for 3s. 6d."

"Well, there's no harm in my corroborating his report for two guineas."

"But you've taken no trouble."

"Is this what you want?" asked the physician, drawing out a complicated stethoscope from a drawer, and presenting a great instrument in brass for registering the movements of the pulse.

"When I examine fools I bring out these. It impresses their imaginations. When I have before me a man—a sick man, who has the basis of sanity in his composition, I diagnose as I have done. I will go over it all again with dramatic accompaniments, if you insist. But I already know everything. You are a hard drinker. You smoke very little, and snuff hardly at all. And something, either by way of business or in some other relation of life, lies on your mind. You may go mad, if you are not careful."

"Mad?" said Leslie. "Do I look like a madman?"

"No, not the least. But there are indications in your eye and in the movement of your blood which bid me warn you that you will have to go warily. What is the nature of your employment?"

"I administer the Dunbeath property, in the north of Scotland."

"The new gold country?"

"Yes."

"Then I will write you a prescription before you return to it."

"Thank you."

"Now a word," said the physician, as he handed him the prescription. "This is of no particular use. Lay aside your bottle. Moderate your pipe. Don't abolish it. Some bad habits are healthy, or at least necessary to health, once they are acquired. Drop supposing you are in a gold country. Keep in your mind's eye that you are in a sheep country, a fish country, a grouse country, a red-deer country, and whatever other natural products you may have. Otherwise—Morningside."

"Thank you again," said Leslie, depositing a couple of guineas, which the physician, with an affectation of contempt, put in a coat-tail pocket.

The factor stood at the corner of the street and read the prescription.

"Confound him!" he ejaculated. "It's nothing but soda-water. That's what it comes to. Morningside, indeed!"

And he tore up the prescription.

"I could have found a better use for my guineas," he added, not quite sure of his way, and looking down a long narrow lane before he came out on Princes' Street.

Then he recollected that he had to meet Porteous and Usher, and he cast off all the feeling of being a patient, and went bravely on to his dinner. It was an important meeting. It had to decide whether he was justified in sending half a hundred men upon a mountain-stream, with wages, to search for ore. He knew Porteous had failed in placing the ore. Nobody would look at it. Usher's eloquence, in periodic print, had all been to no purpose; but the next step had to be taken, and it had to be taken now. The factor felt positively bright and alert as he wandered back from the physician's, convincing himself that he would never have prescribed soda-water as a cure unless he was a healthy man.

"Two guineas thrown away!" he murmured, going up the steps of his hotel.

He had a private room, and expected the advocate and stock-broker to spend the evening with him. But they were not yet arrived.

"Mad! mad!" he ejaculated as he rang for champagne. "No, not so bad as that." Yet was he a great deal more shaken, physically and mentally, than he was aware—physically, for the reason that the doctor had assigned; mentally, because of the supernatural turn which events had seemed to him to take at Dunbeath House. The change had done him good, however. He had been to Parliament House, and, being recognized by one and another influential advocate as a man who had briefs to distribute, he was received with unbounded cordiality.

He lost sight of the meaning of the cordiality, and assured himself that he was a first-rate man, who, with a fine host of friends, had nothing to fear.

"No, nothing to fear," he said to himself, as he heard Usher's and Porteous's footsteps on the stairs.

"Friend Porteous!" he ejaculated, holding out his hand, "I've been waiting ye."

"We're quite up to date," remarked Usher.

"You're not late. No, but I've been full of business, you understand, and may be a little impatient. Sit down, both of you. Don't go away, waiter. I take it for granted that you both incline to this sort o' stuff—eh?"

"No harm," said Porteous, "in a little of it."

"No harm," echoed Usher, unburdening himself of a pocketful of papers.

They stood round, taking their champagne, and after a few witticisms on Usher's part, they attacked their business, Leslie putting on spectacles, which he did not require, while Porteous in a dreary voice read over, word for word, a quantity of written and printed matter bearing upon the gold mines of Ruddersdale. Leslie, reclining in his chair, generalized upon the documents, and pointed out his own disappointment that the investing public had failed him in Scotland.

"But," he added, "as I have contended all along, there are other exchanges than ours, and I have sent the men to their work in the full hope and belief that while they work you will negotiate."

Porteous looked at Usher, and Usher remarked that negotiation was entirely out of his line.

"They are on the ground now," pursued Leslie, "nigh on a hundred of them, their apparatus applied, and their wages due every Saturday afternoon, and paid when due. I am running them at my own expense. But I am not a fool. I am not a madman. Porteous, find the company, and I give you my word of honour I'll find the ore."

"There's only one place where the company can be formed."

"Where?"

"In Paris."

"That's what I believe; that's what I've thought all along. If you can grease the palm o' that Duke de Morny, who has so much influence with the Emperor and everybody, you can run the company to a splendid tune."

"Duke de Morny!" ejaculated Usher, whistling.

"I mention him because he seems to be the prince of finance."

"Well, then," said Porteous abruptly, "let us decide about one thing. The company won't go here. That's final."

"You decide that it shall go abroad?"

"I do."

"You decide that it goes to Paris?"

"I do."

"You decide that I take it to Paris?"

"I do."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"Agreed. Then, Mr. Usher, I propose that the box you have taken at the Theatre Royal be repaired to at once."

"We can't do business there," said Leslie, with the pomp of transactions on him, willing to talk more, and to feel the importance of the situation. But the metropolitan men rose together, and he was hurried out into the street, down Leith Walk, into the Theatre Royal, to the box. Leslie did homage to a good play by instantaneously falling asleep and declining to awake till the curtain fell.

"It was a fine play," he yawned. "I haven't seen one for some few years. It does one good."

"I'm off to Paris to-morrow," said Porteous.

"And I'm to Ruddersdale," added the factor, at the door of his hotel.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SIR THOMAS DUNBEATH.

NIXON arrived at the diggings after infinite toil. It had been an eventful day and an exhausting night—a day in which he had been on the verge of deprivation of life; a night in which he had made the discovery that he was the son of the proprietor of the soil. To a penniless young man that was something indeed. It was something to suppose that he was heir to a river, that he owned mountains and farms on them, that he could dispose of fisheries as he liked, that where he supposed he was beggar he was really patron. It rather stupified him. He formerly thought he had the clue to the origin of the girl he loved. He now thought he had found the clue to his own ignominious

origin. No bar sinister any longer. No, he was the Joseph Nixon of the parchment, the heir, the coming man of Ruddersdale. So he conceived himself, as he turned back from the roaring of the bay of Dunbeath, back from the window where the hag and the factor had stood threatening his liberty, perhaps his life, back into the moor and the forest over which the storm had lightened, and fled to the sea. He did not understand how it was that he reached the diggings. He had gone deep into many a marsh and stumbled over hundreds of knolls; he had lain down and nodded, and pinched his knees and elbows, and risen and struggled through the windy weather, and looked for the aurora and the stars; he had picked a pocket-compass out of his vest, tried it at all the "airts" of the wind, and laid it back again; had tumbled into half a dozen swollen brooks, and groped his way out of them; had dipped a leg into a bog, and thanked God he was not choked; had tumbled over an incipient cliff; and finally, he knew not how, arrived at Russell's headquarters as the day began to break.

At the gold diggings at last!—the diggings, anyhow, whether there was gold or not. He clambered up a knoll overlooking the scene, and in the thin leaden light of the morning he made out tent after tent, the little community, which was all asleep. It seemed to him a long time before the first light which individualized objects became strong enough for him to see all round about.

Bit by bit, however, it came out of the east, over the sea, and the black trunks and waving branches of a neighbouring clump of trees stood out clear, and into the clearness came the sound of winged voices, until he knew that it was daylight.

"Hi—ho—hum," he yawned, stretching his arms, and feeling well-nigh dead, as he gazed from tent to tent, now perfectly obvious, and saw the preparations which had been made to catch the gold.

It was not an imposing spectacle. Only a valley on a small scale, with a stream on a small scale, and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten tents. The first that he counted was nearest him. There was a bit of red flannel wagging from the summit of it; no doubt it was Russell's tent.

The red, clumsy flag seemed to be the signal of authority. It was official or nothing, for there was nothing comparable to it inside the stream. As yet, however, it was all very quiet, save for the birds' voices from the trees beyond the camp.

"It's a camp," murmured Nixon, in the dawn. "Yes, a camp, fighting, fighting. Fighting for gold. And this is but the innocent heather, where they are taking wages. Fighting for gold; and what blood they shed! What hearts they break! How many lives they throw away! How many they break on the wheel! Not here. No. Further off. In the cities, where

the yellow stuff is stored, and where they get leaves of inferior paper for it. Old gold! As old as Adam, as wicked—and poor Adam wasn't so bad as the snake represented him to be—the originator of most of the cardinal errors. Gold!”

The dawn came full upon the camp from the sea and the east, and Nixon saw the valley unfold before him.

Yes, it was a poor prospect. There was no romance in it whatever. Some hillocks of yellow mud, some sluices, and the bottom stream of the valley flowing away towards the Cranberry—that was all. He sat down upon a spur of granite, which was dry, and the sheep began to bleat round about him.

“They are mine,” he reflected. “I have a right to be here and to see it when they are asleep. I own it. The land is mine. The gold is mine. Hang it! I have dropped my pouch. No, I haven't. My pouch is here, and the tobacco, a little damp and no match. Yes, here is a match after all. Poor fellows! all asleep,—the gold left lying about for any thief to pick it up. How the infernal stuff makes one moralize, to be sure! Here, sitting in this cold dawn, I can't help reflecting that, as somebody said, God made the country and man made the town. God made everything else, and the devil made gold. Puff! Puff! I'm sure of it. Puff! Puff! Hang it, my pipe's out. The tobacco's damp all over. Puff! Puff! Puff! No, it isn't—and the devil made gold. For men murder each other for it at the mouth of the mine; they carry it into civilization, and, as they have it or have it not, scheme away their human nature at its best till they get it, or, losing it, drop out of sight. Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! I had best be done of reflecting; I rather think that's Russell's head at the mouth of his tent. It is Russell. Yes. He doesn't see me, however.”

A head had appeared at the mouth of the tent with the red flannel flag. It was Russell's. He looked cautiously out. He had a worsted night-cap on, and seemed to shiver a little; and his Roman nose looked blue. He put up his right hand and shaded his eyes, and he noticed Nixon sitting on the knoll.

“Ah, it's you. You don't happen to have joined the Excise, do you?” he added in a frigid voice.

“Not I, indeed.”

“You're early over from the village.”

“Yes, up with the skylark. Early to bed, early to rise.”

“To be sure. I've practised it all my life, and here I stand, earlier than ever, not very healthy, not at all wealthy, and only middling-wise.”

“You seem to be first up.”

“Rather. I only came out to see how the wind was. We're not due at the mines yet for an hour and a half. Come along across, and shake hands with me; I'm cold.”

Nixon went down off his knoll, and ascended Russell's. There

was nobody in his tent but himself. It was the mark of his authority. Every other tent contained its complement of men. His alone was empty.

"You must have left Nancy's in the dark," resumed Russell.

"Yes."

"What's the hour—time?"

"I should say about four o'clock, only my watch has stopped."

"You haven't been in bed all night; what's up?"

"No, not all night. I'm rather tired."

"Come along, young fellow. I see it in your eye. You have come to dig. Welcome to you; your spade's ready for you, so you can sit under my canvas."

The east threw all the light it contained upon the scene, light which streamed off the sea in mountainous masses of refulgent crimson, in thick parallels of immovable yellow, in interspaces of pansy blue.

"My fatigue seems all gone," said Nixon, "notwithstanding that I've been up all night."

"What's the want of a night's sleep to a young fellow like you? I've gone without five nights' sleep at your age."

"Physically impossible, my dear fellow." (Puff, puff, puff!)

"Wait a minute. I'll jump into my breeches in no time, and show you the community before it's up."

Nixon followed his friend into his tent, and looked about him.

There was a snug forecastle hammock swung on the innermost side of it. There was a table, two chairs, a stove, and the top of the pipe led outside.

"Talk of cold!" ejaculated Nixon. "You are quite stuffy in here."

"I'm glad you think so."

Russell was not long in putting his feet into a pair of bluchers and "breeches," and in throwing a jacket over the red jersey which seemed to have done duty for his night-shirt. He had soon filled a pipe, stirred the bottom of his stove, and extracted a light, taken a copper kettle off a hook and placed it with water on the hot surface of the stove, exclaiming—

"Now!"

"Now!" responded Nixon, his teeth chattering slightly over his pipe.

"Talk of the Pope of Rome to be as happy as I am."

"When did you hear from your wife?"

"This way—this way, man! Now look at the community before it's up."

They stood together in front of Russell's tent, and the dawn was fairly over their heads. There was a little sunshine by this time. It lightened the flow of the brook on its way towards the Cranberry.

Nixon marked myriads of wild-flowers of every hue, blooming

and blowing over the valley. His eye was filled with them ; his ear was filled with the sound from the neighbouring wood.

"Ten tents!" he murmured.

"One—two—three—yes, of course—to be sure, ten tents. About sixty of us now. Some green hands from Ruddersdale have come. We expect some more. We have plenty of room for them."

"They prefer digging to fishing?"

"Apparently."

"They leave a reality for a phantom—a poor phantom out of which I am very certain there isn't a living to be made."

"That's an argument," replied Russell quickly. "Now, look at our apparatus. We are only on the surface yet, but look twice round before they are up."

"They have a cradle at each tent door, I see."

"Yes; that's the first stage. They haven't done much with that."

"What are they doing anything with, then?"

"With the tom and the sluice."

"I see—yes."

"You see, but you don't understand."

"Perhaps not."

"The tom is used by the raw ones, the sluice by the old hands. In both cases the principle is the same. You pick out the gold from the dirt by tom or sluice, owing to the greater specific gravity of the gold. I say, my pipe's out. Wait a minute. I want to put more fuel in that stove, at any rate. I'm the only man with a stove."

"You were talking about greater specific gravity," said Nixon, rubbing his brow, and looking dead-beat with fatigue.

"Ah, tom and sluice—yes. Well, you see, the tom is like this. Look at it for yourself at the further end of the valley where the fall is—a couple of boxes inclined, one over the other, the water let into them. The upper box has a grating at the bottom near the lower end; under the grating is the lower box. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, the water goes through the upper box; they pitch the dirt into it, wash it with a shovel. I'm not sure that you hadn't better begin upon that yourself, as soon as you feel inclined to take wages. A square-mouthed shovel; you see them lying about. The dirt—that is, sand, earth, small stones—ought to go through from the upper to the lower box, which, you see, is inclined, and with such inclination that the water leaves the bottom covered with a thin layer of loose material. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Then at this end there's the sluicing. We sluice at this end, because, you observe, the valley dips over off the granite, and

operating, we can take a good box sluice. The principle is quite simple there too."

"Quite. I see it at a glance—an inclined channel with a stream of water flowing through it."

"Exactly—exactly so, and the gold ought to lie at the bottom of the sluice after the earth has been pitched into it and washed."

"It's all very simple."

"Quite so; but as we get on we'll get deeper and use other appliances. I fancy all Leslie wants is a good wealthy company—then the thing's done."

"Then the thing's done," yawned Nixon, looking at the nearest tent from which a bare head emerged.

"Morning, chum," nodded the head.

"Good-morning, Armstrong."

"Thought you would be over this way shortly. How's Kirsty?"

"Who's Kirsty?"

"Ho! ho! ho!"

"You mean Nancy's servant?"

"I should think I did."

"Well enough, as far as I know."

Another head appeared at another tent-door, then another and another; and in a few moments several long bare legs were splashing in the stream.

"Russell," said Nixon, "before the community's about I feel I must have a rest. I begin to give way with fatigue. I have gone through a good deal in the last four-and-twenty hours."

"Now that I see you with the light on your face, you do look like it. Tumble into my hammock."

Nixon strolled into Russell's tent. He turned at the door in time to hear something shouted across the valley.

"As like old High-Dry as one pea is to another."

"Sir Thomas Dunbeath," murmured Nixon.

(To be continued.)

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

UNCERTAINTY is the order of the day. The old Parliament has dispersed, never to reassemble, and he would be a bold man who ventured to predict the character of its successor. There is a doubt how far the rural districts have been moved by the active Liberal propaganda which has been carried on throughout agricultural England. There is a doubt as to the extent to which the mass of the people realize, or care about, the improvement in our foreign relations which has undoubtedly taken place since the accession of the present Ministry to power. There is a doubt as to the depth and the sincerity of the indignation of the old Tories with Lord Randolph Churchill. But there is one uncertainty more important than all these, the uncertainty as to the condition of Mr. Gladstone's throat. That is really the decisive factor in the present political outlook. The late Prime Minister is cruising about the Danish coast with Sir Thomas Brassey in the *Sunbeam*. How much good will the cruise do him? Upon that physical accident more than upon anything else depends the issue of the impending election and the character of the next Parliament.

True, Mr. Gladstone's popularity is no longer what it was a year ago. The interminable blunders and embarrassments of the late Administration seem to have told at last even upon the stolid fidelity of the provincial Liberal. But although somewhat fallen from his former favour, Mr. Gladstone is still enormously the most influential, indeed, the only universally respected and commanding of the Liberal leaders. Moreover, his popularity has more than once before revived, after a temporary decline, with such startling rapidity, that no one can say that popular enthusiasm such as attended him in 1880, and again last year, might not return in a flood as soon as he commenced his election campaign. In any case, there is no other Liberal who can possibly give a clear and consolidating lead to the whole of the party in the approaching struggle, and a decisive success can hardly be hoped for without united action, along a prescribed line. What the Liberal party is likely to be without its late dictator may be judged from the instructive and not unamusing controversy which has been going on among the lesser luminaries of Liberalism as to a "cry" for the next election. All are agreed about the necessity,

but each has a different suggestion as to the nature, of this indispensable article. One would like it to be the disestablishment of the Church, and the wholesale creation of a peasant proprietary, —a promising programme surely! Another is for disestablishment and a reform of the land laws in general terms, free from questionable suggestions of multiplying freeholders by State intervention. A third is for diluting these strong measures with a little teetotalism, while a fourth would omit disestablishment altogether from the list. Now, Mr. Gladstone has only to open his mouth, and all this confusion will cease. There will then be no more controversy as to what should be the "cry." For whatever measure he chooses to put in the forefront will be the "cry" of the whole party—obviously and indisputably the most urgent of all reforms; and the only wonder will be that every one did not think of it before. So everything depends upon Mr. Gladstone's health when he returns from his trip, or, what at bottom is probably the same thing, Mr. Gladstone's humour.

For the Conservatives will need a good shake to tumble them from their seats. The improvement in their prospects which we noticed last month is still in progress. As we have said, there is a doubt how far people in general care about the condition of our foreign relations, as long as it is not positively acute; but it is certain that, if they do care, the profound tranquillity which has suddenly succeeded the perpetual unrest and annoyance of the last year or two will not be without considerable effect in disposing them to look favourably upon the present Government. The fresh Russian scare, which caused so much disquiet four or five weeks ago, has completely blown over, and though the interminable dispute about Zulfikar is not yet settled, no one now believes that it will lead to a war between Russia and England. And in other directions the sky is cloudless. There is a complete cessation of unpleasant news from Egypt, and the striking success of the new loan has removed, for the present at least, the financial difficulties of that country. The paper war so vigorously carried on against us for some time past by the Austrian and German press has been succeeded by a season of fairer treatment, even compliments. The French, though they continue as ill disposed towards us as ever, are beginning to be absorbed in their own approaching general election. No doubt this relief from the tension of the last year or two is not due entirely to good management. As far as Egypt is concerned, it is largely the result of a piece of pure good luck—the death of the Mahdi. But, whatever its cause or causes, a relief it is, and the present Government get the benefit of it, among those classes of the people at least by whom the relief is felt.

Moreover, in the absence of its old conductor, the Liberal platform orchestra has not been making altogether a success of it. Mr. Trevelyan, who has occupied so prominent a place of

late in extra-parliamentary debate, is a graceful performer, but he has only one string to his bow, the infamy of the Tory-Parnellite alliance. As a good many of his fellow-Liberals are going to appeal to constituencies in which the Irish vote is of considerable importance, the policy of denouncing the concessions made by the present Government to the Irish Nationalists is not above question. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, on the other hand, though they contain more varied matter, are not calculated to conciliate those wavering Moderates who, after all, are of some importance to the party in a close fight. State Socialism is a new feature in English politics, and rapid as is the progress of opinion at the present time, there is considerable risk in giving people too strong a dose of it. And Mr. Chamberlain's aggressiveness has not, in the present instance, been tempered, as on previous occasions, by the more judicious Radicalism of Sir Charles Dilke. The silence of that statesman is a distinct loss to the advanced Liberals at the present moment,—how much more the cause of his silence! Politics, in this country of pre-eminent respectability, have always been largely influenced by any matters affecting the private character of statesmen. Moreover, our virtue is at present, owing to the "Maiden Tribute" and the agitation it has excited, in a state of effervescence. There never was a more unfortunate time for a prominent public man to be the subject of a blazing private scandal. Nothing, of course, could be more unjust than to assume the truth of the charge at present resting upon Sir Charles Dilke, much more the swarm of odious aggravations with which rumour has embellished it. Sir Charles has denied the charge, and pending his disproof of it, which cannot, by the nature of the case, be given for some time to come, no right-thinking man can do anything but suspend his judgment. And, in one sense, the accused is in a stronger position now that the murder is out, than during the fortnight in which the unpleasant story in all its various versions was the almost exclusive subject of conversation in clubs and lobbies, but had not yet become the property of the public. In strict justice, this unpleasant business, in its present stage at any rate, ought not to count at all in the political game. But it does count, if only by temporarily disabling Sir Charles Dilke from taking a prominent part in the controversies of the hour. The Liberal party is not so rich in leaders that it can afford, at a critical moment, to have one of the best of them under a cloud.

The disadvantages under which the Radical section of the party are labouring ought to be the opportunity of the moderate Liberals. For some little time the cards have been playing favourably for them. The development of opinion in a Radical direction, which has been so marked a feature of late years, is not in the nature of a continuous, but rather of an intermittent and somewhat spasmodic, advance. The waters rise and then

ebb, returning, no doubt, after a little while, to rise still higher. But the present is a moment of ebb. There is a want of direction about our political Radicalism which causes it to waste its strength in grasping at a number of inconsistent or impracticable objects, and as a natural consequence there is division, disappointment, and consequent apathy. And then the Conservative forces of English society, various and powerful as they are, make their rally. There is a pretty strong rally of this kind just now, and the moderate Liberals are the people who ought to benefit by it. For the Conservatives in office have thrown Conservatism to the winds. They appear as little else than unprincipled Radicals. Now, if ever, is the chance for the more steady-going section of the Liberal party, who have so long allowed themselves to be dragged at the tail of their more adventurous allies, to assert their independent existence, and strike a blow to recover, with the aid of the moderate and malcontent Conservatives, that predominant position which they long occupied in English public life.

But the Moderate Liberals of to-day are not the men to play a bold game. They have no power of appealing to the masses. Mr. Forster, indeed, has shown some signs of life lately. His speech at Bradford, in taking leave of his old constituency, which has been split up by the Redistribution Bill, was an interesting occasion, and, had he devoted himself less to the defence of his past conduct and more to sketching out a policy for the future, it might have proved a momentous one. As it was, his honest, vigorous, don't-care-a-cent-for-any-of-you speech only served to emphasize his isolated position. Meanwhile Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, who, if they only put themselves forward and acted together, would be a most powerful combination, keep, as far as the country outside Parliament is concerned, in the background. It is the commonest of observations that the old party distinctions no longer correspond to facts, that there is far less difference between the moderate men of both parties than between either of them and their more go-ahead fellows, and that, to make the political struggle a reality, the two moderate sections ought to coalesce into a real Conservative party, leaving Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain to join hands and be the real Radicals. But though this might be the order of nature, it is not the order of present fact, of old political habit, or of the existing powerful network of political organization. To break through all these, to revolutionize English political life in the manner suggested would require an exceptional amount of courage, energy, and initiative. But originality and "go" are just the qualities in which the Liberal Moderates are conspicuously wanting. They are honourable, public-spirited, broad-minded, and eminently reasonable, but they lack all the qualities most necessary to impress the mind of the multitude and to make a *coup* in a

democratic age. It is not Mr. Goschen or Lord Hartington who will change the whole face of English politics, and call into existence fresh and living party distinctions to take the place of the present antiquated and internally rotten factions. If they had it in them to accomplish anything of that sort, they would be stirring now. They are certainly never likely to have such another opportunity.

For it is not only within the Liberal ranks that vital conflicts of principle threaten to burst the old ties of party. The differences which separate the Whig country gentry or the economic purists of the Liberal party from Mr. Chamberlain and his sympathisers are not greater, nor indeed so great, as those which divide the Conservative party proper from the Tory Democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill. In Opposition these differences could be sunk in the common desire to get rid of Mr. Gladstone, but now that Tory Democracy is no longer merely a useful ally in stumping the country, but has actually seized the reins of power, and is directing the course of a Conservative Government in accordance with its own wishes, the old-fashioned Conservatives, who are still a majority of the party, have begun to kick. Lord Randolph Churchill and his nominee in the leadership of the House of Commons, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, have certainly strained the fidelity of their followers to the utmost by the line they have adopted with regard to the Irish party. The offence which, from the old Tory point of view, they committed in the debate on the Maamtrasna murder trials on the 17th July, was repeated in the debate raised by Mr. Callan, on the 28th, about the language used by Mr. Bright at the Spencer banquet, and has been emphasized by the conciliatory, not to say coaxing, tone which these ministers have assumed towards Mr. Parnell and his henchmen on every conceivable occasion. No doubt this attitude has only been adopted for valuable consideration. The easy passage of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, which if proposed by a Liberal Government the Parnellites would have resisted tooth and nail, and the general freedom from obstruction which has characterized the course of public business since the accession of the present Government to power, are Mr. Parnell's return for the unwonted respect and deference with which he has been treated by an English Ministry. But that is no consolation to the bulk of the Tories. They hate Mr. Parnell, and the fact that they are kept in office by his assistance, and that even so unbending a Conservative as Lord Salisbury is bound to pay this tribute to the man whom, of all others, his followers have most recklessly denounced, embitters the very sweets of office, and makes many a man long to be back again in a position where he could, at least, give his hatred voice. When they see Lord Carnarvon kotowing to the "rebel" corporation of Limerick, receiving them in his bedroom as a special mark of favour, and going as near as he dare to promise them

a remission of the obnoxious police-tax, the Conservatives proper grind their teeth in silent rage. Nor is the Irish policy of the Government the only pill that they have had to swallow. The abandonment of every Conservative principle in the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill—a sacrifice all the more galling because so wholly ineffectual—has added a fresh sting to the humiliation of being “in office but not in power,” with which their adversaries are continually taunting them.

At one time indeed during the past month it seemed as if the smouldering discontent in the rank and file of the Conservative party were going to break out into open flame. A disruption appeared imminent. A great meeting which was to have been held in Liverpool, on the 29th, and at which Lord Randolph Churchill was to have been the principal speaker, collapsed at the last moment, because the members for the town, Mr. Whitley and Lord Claud Hamilton, declined to give Lord Randolph the countenance of their presence, and he, taking huff in his turn, accordingly declined to come. The undisguised approval with which the protest of the recalcitrant members was received by the bulk of the party, and a series of most vehement attacks upon Lord Randolph appearing at the same time in the columns of the leading Conservative newspaper, the *Standard*, gave the matter a still more serious appearance. And no doubt if the more Conservative section of the Liberal party had made a move in this direction, the Ministerialists who are Conservative not in name only, but in temper and conviction, might at that juncture easily have broken loose and formed a new political union with the more congenial spirits on the other side. Or, on the other hand, Lord Randolph might easily have taken offence at the dislike which so many of his own supporters take no pains to conceal from him, and have been tempted to inflict upon an ungrateful party the heaviest possible blow of leaving them to see how they got on without him. But as a matter of fact nothing decisive happened. No leading man on either side seized the occasion to make a move, and the “psychological moment” passed without advantage being taken of it. Lord Randolph soon after took occasion, in his speech on the Indian Budget, to revive the loyalty of his followers to himself by a vigorous, though wholly unjustifiable, attack upon Lord Ripon, which pleased the bulk of the Conservatives, as much as his desertion of Lord Spencer had offended them. Since then he has been making a thorough party speech of the ordinary type at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. The danger of a secession which would have shaken the party system to its foundation has once more been escaped, and at the next election politicians will again range themselves, with whatever reluctance and misgiving, under one or other of the old banners, to fight the battle on the old familiar, but now unmeaning, lines.

Meanwhile one good result has followed from the peculiar position of parties. The Conservatives, being in office in a minority, have been passing Liberal measures, and the Liberals, though in Opposition, have necessarily been precluded from opposing Bills which aimed at promoting the objects they have themselves at heart. The consequence is that the fag-end of the session has been fertile of good work. More measures of public utility have been passed in the last six weeks than in all the six months that preceded them. There has been practically no obstruction. There has been no plethora of useless and irritating questions. Moreover, the Conservatives being in office, even important and questionable incidents in our foreign policy have been allowed to pass without debate. Thus Germany has practically imposed what terms she pleased upon our ally the Sultan of Zanzibar. Had the Liberals looked on at such a proceeding, the English language would have had no terms strong enough for the Opposition to express its horror and indignation at so dishonourable a surrender, a course, as we should have been told, which would infallibly annihilate the prestige of England—annihilated five or six times a year when the Liberals are in power—throughout the Mahometan world. But as it is the Conservatives who have done it, not a cat mews. No one is now found to draw unpleasant comparisons between the modest *rôle* of our own country and the domineering attitude of Germany throughout the world, though the latter has never been more strikingly exemplified than by her recent appropriation of a portion of the Caroline Islands, of which Spain has long claimed the undisputed suzerainty. And it is just the same about our Colonial policy. If there was one respect rather than another in which the Conservatives when in Opposition promised to give the Liberals a lesson, it was in the decision, firmness, and spirit with which they were going to deal with our colonial difficulties. Yet here is the fate of South Africa hanging in the balance. No two questions can possibly be more important than the annexation of Zululand or the future position of Bechuanaland—whether it is to be subject to the Imperial Government, or to the Parliament of Cape Colony. These are questions to which an answer cannot safely be delayed. And yet, when pressed to declare a clear policy with regard to them, Colonel Stanley is as vague and hesitating as if he were his own brother. And nobody much minds. Mr. Forster may bestir himself, and the various philanthropic societies which are interested in the aborigines of South Africa may raise their feeble note. But the House of Commons, as a whole, takes the thing very quietly. Had it been the Liberals who were thus “trifling with the most sacred interests of the Empire,” there would have been a great noise and a great deal of time spent in criticism. But as it is the Conservatives who are the guilty party, and the Liberals who would have to make the noise if there was to be

one, practically no noise is made, and a few hours' debate disposes of the whole question of South Africa.

And so, with the foreign and colonial topics of delay and irritation for the time suspended, legislation, and useful legislation, has gone on apace. To say nothing of the Medical Relief Disqualification Act, about which even sound Liberals may be of two opinions, and the Secretary for Scotland Act, enthusiasm for which must be left to Scotchmen, we have got the Irish Land Purchase Act, a measure for the better housing of the working classes, which will do some good, and the strengthening of the criminal law for the suppression of vice and the protection of girls, which ought to do a great deal.

The discussion of the last-named measure has been the Parliamentary event of the month, just as the continued agitation on the subject out of doors has remained its chief social topic. The legislative result may well be described as unusually satisfactory. In every single particular the new law has strengthened the deterrents to vice and rendered crime more difficult, without going beyond the limits which prudence and experience imperatively prescribe for this class of preventive legislation. That the House should have shown such a combination of persistence and good sense in the face of some stubborn resistance to doing anything on the part of its own members, and much extravagant impulse to try and do too much on the part of outsiders, is largely due to the moderation with which the popular agitation was guided and controlled by its creator, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Hateful as were some of the means employed by him to awaken and sustain the popular excitement, he has undoubtedly turned it, as far as the work of Parliament is concerned, to the best of uses. It was quite ludicrous to observe how, amidst much abuse of the *Pall Mall* and many protestations that they would never obey, or indeed take notice of, so debased and abominable a print, the House of Commons yet followed, point after point, the advice flung at them, with no superfluous gentleness certainly, by the originator of the whole movement. It is really extraordinary that any member of Parliament should think it worth while to pretend that this remarkable result would have been arrived at equally if the *Pall Mall Gazette* had never taken up the matter. Not only would the Criminal Law Amendment Bill never have become law in its present form without the *Pall Mall*, but it would not have become law at all in this any more than in previous years. As it is, a statute of extraordinary stringency, but not more stringent than the circumstances demanded, has been added to the Statute-book at the fag end of a session from which, according to the universal opinion two months ago, it was hopeless to expect important legislative work of any kind whatever.

As far as legislation goes, we can all be satisfied with the

result. But opinion, even that of the "most trustworthy friends of morality," to use Professor Stuart's phrase, may well be divided as to the desirability of keeping up the stream of literature on the subject with which the *Pall Mall* and its friends continue to inundate us, or of holding monster demonstrations in favour of social purity in Hyde Park. The vehement and enthusiastic articles in which the necessity of such a demonstration has been asserted, and reasserted, but not demonstrated, leave the critical mind entirely in the dark as to what in particular the demonstration of Saturday, August 22nd, is intended to do. The law is passed. No doubt it is quite true that legislation alone is not everything; in fact, that it can only go a very little way to remedy these gigantic evils. The agitators might have thought of that when they published with such profusion and such gusto obscenities only justified on the ground that they made the assurance of the required legislation, which the revelation of the principal facts alone would have given, doubly sure. No doubt it is true that all this stir which has been created will be of little permanent good unless it ends in screwing up by several degrees the moral standard of whole sections of the community. But how is that laudable object to be accomplished by the noise, the excitement, the mummary, and the clap-trap of a monster meeting in Hyde Park? Does it not rather show the hollowness of the movement that already, in the sixth week of its existence, it needs these violent tonics to keep it up to the mark?

A review of the past month would not be complete without some reference to a question always in the mouths of men of business, but now being brought home by bitter experience to every class of the people,—the widespread and long-protracted depression of trade. It has taken a long time for the falling off in English business to reach the bulk of the working-classes, the losses so far having chiefly fallen upon capital; but it is reaching down at last to the very foundations of the industrial pyramid. The contraction of British exports to the extent of thirteen millions in seven months is evidence of a condition of business so depressed, that it cannot fail to affect the earnings of many hundreds of thousands of our labouring population. And as a matter of fact the industrial disturbance, which had already become manifest in some of the chief branches of English production, notably coal-mining, has now come to the surface in the greatest of all our industries, the cotton trade. The strike of 25,000 operatives at Oldham in Lancashire against a 5 per cent. reduction of wages is evidence that the lean years are making themselves felt in the centre and stronghold of our national prosperity.

It is fortunate that there are some reassuring reflections possible to us in such a needful time. The great and universal patience with which what must be a terrible reduction in the incomes of the producers is being borne throughout the country

proves, beyond a doubt, not only the orderly temper, but the substantial well-being at ordinary times, the reserve of resources wherewith to weather seasons of adversity, of at least a large section of the working-classes. And then there are some signs that the protracted period of depression is at last drawing to a close. It is generally when a decline, which has been for some time in progress, at length assumes the most alarming proportions, that the tide begins to turn. And we may observe at the present moment a phenomenon which is a promising, though not an absolutely reliable symptom, of an approaching revival of trade—viz., a general rise of stocks. It is an old experience that the stock-markets are always a little ahead of general trade. A universal and well-sustained rise in the stock-markets (and there is some reason to hope that the present rise will prove to be of that character) is the almost invariable precursor of a general improvement in business. And note again that this “boon” has been begun by America. The last great revival of trade also began in that country. As yet, indeed, it is uncertain whether the great advance of American stocks during the past month is a genuine thing, or a mere device of the speculators. But it is beginning to wear a very genuine appearance. And if the United States are once more going ahead, and we manage to keep the peace over here in Europe, there is no reason why next year should not witness a general brightening of the prospects of industry. And assuredly it were high time.

A. M.

August 18th, 1885.

Critical Notices.

“BLACKBERRIES:” A REVIEW.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

“FORM, subject, given—I’ll find the skill,
And deftly cook whate’er you will.
Devil, whipt cream, all’s one to me,
So long as the *chef’s* fine hand you see.”

How good is this! And here is something better still:—

“In counting ruined men, we seldom guess
How many have been ruined by success.”

Yet again:—

“Some are so highly polished, they display
Only your own face when you turn their way.”

It was a happy thought of one of our most genuine poets thus to put together, in the form of a collection of epigrams, his matured reflections on life, judged from many standpoints. Who can find time nowadays to read long dissertations on men and manners, however philosophical or individual? But none of us are too busy to glance at an epigram; and an epigram, like a story-telling face in a crowd, keeps its place in the memory. From Mr. Allingham’s recent volume, fancifully entitled “Blackberries,” we may one and all cull something to our taste. Science, Theology, Books, Critics, Parsons, Love, Women, Snobs, and Shams, are all touched upon, and always from the writer’s own point of view.

Here is something on Darwinism:—

“How man is like to ape we have now heard enough and to spare,
How man is unlike ape is better worthy our care;
All that proves us animal, let us not fear to scan,
Then hopefully, heartily turn to all that makes us man.”

Jean Paul relates in one of his famous stories how a rich man bequeathed his fortune to the first of his relations who could squeeze out a tear for him. How the German novelist would have delighted in the following motto:—

“A hope that we are taught to prize
Is meeting kindred in the skies;
But many would as soon, I doubt,
Meet their old ulcer, cough, or gout.”

Equally true is this :—

“ If he draw you aside from your proper end,
No enemy like a bosom friend.”

Perhaps herein is conveyed some such sentiment as that of Emerson's poem, “ Oh ! devastators of the day ! ” or the prayer of poor Isaac Casaubon, when much troubled by the interruptions of friends and admirers, “ O God of my salvation, aid my studies, without which life is to me not life.” Otherwise we must suppose that the author of “ Blackberries ” is one of the favoured few who have not realised that drawback to happiness the thoughtless squandering of busy people's time by the lazy or less busy. Nothing puts a brain-worker into a waspish frame of mind like this ; but would twenty thousand epigrams lessen the evil ? Your especial interruptor is always quite certain that *he* is privileged to interrupt, that in fact his interruptions do not interrupt.

On what Byron calls the “ pen of all work,” and Schopenhauer a “ Brodschreiber,” he is severe enough ; yet if there was no book-making, how would book-makers live ? A question hard to answer in these days of struggle for existence. One of the best things in the book is this *plus ultra* :—

“ Count no man happy ere his death, and then
May come the foolish biographic pen.”

Here, too, is something that calls for comment. Is it not the voluminousness rather than the foolishness of biographies that merits castigation ? Many biographies of noteworthy men in our own day, written, if not with literary skill, at least with sincerity of purpose, might have been successes instead of failures but for a length out of all proportion with the importance of the subject. The very sight of two portly volumes deters the majority of readers, whilst, on the other hand, most stirring careers could be related to more effect on a small scale. But a few more of these quiddities, for such seems a more appropriate title than “ Blackberries ” :—

“ Undutiful children get many a curse,
There are more of undutiful parents, and worse.”

This is the writer's own, although we are reminded of De Foe's essay on Honesty, wherein he points out that the most dishonest act of a man is to neglect the education of his children. The following may offend some, but must find an echo in the minds of many :—

“ The highest-natured men, the best,
Are sole true priesthood for the rest.
Their Holy Orders have been given
To these by no man, but from heaven.
When living rightly here below,
I have no wish to Heaven to go.
Whatever be the full design,
That is the Lord's affair, not mine ;
Let me but live my best to-day,
And all beyond go as it may.”

Apposite are the following:—

“ Flung out of dreamland into cold, harsh day.
Work and keep warm ; there is no other way.”

“ Who cannot money save
Must live and die a slave.”

“ Better a hollow tree in a wood,
Or a cave by the wild sea-foam,
Than the warmest bed and the daintiest food,
And another man's house for home.”

“ An Englishman has a country,
A Scotchman has two,
An Irishman has none at all,
And doesn't know what to do.”

It is, above all, the amount of thought put into this little volume that makes its appearance phenomenal in our age of hasty literary achievement and flashy success. No author bent either upon winning popularity or pelf could quietly sit down and put the experience and musings of years into two lines. And the more carefully we read and con over these verselets, the more we are reminded of such writers as Goethe and Schiller, when they turned away from the drama and philosophical works on a large scale to give their wit and wisdom to the world in the form of an epigram. But we have more social problems to deal with in these days than troubled the minds of thinkers a hundred years ago, and the poet who sets himself the task of interpreting the spirit of the age, according to the light of poetic intuition, is riddled by a new Sphinx every day. Take, for instance, Mr. William Morris's social propaganda set forth in the weekly journal called *Justice*. Here we have the violent revolutionary doctrines of France and Russia outdone, and put to the blush—by whom? An English poet, “an idle singer of an empty day.” Mr. William Morris's social democracy is as wild and maniacal as his poetry is sweet and wholesome; but a volume could not deal with the questions involved so happily and effectually as Mr. Allingham's epigram:—

“ The worker's Revolution must begin
(Else that were also vanity) within ;
Grant honest life and honest work its aim,
Or do they merely envy whom they blame ? ”

Those who sympathise most deeply with the real burdens and wrongs of a working-man's life—his want of leisure, of elevating influences, of space—cannot shut their eyes to the painful fact that, as soon as you get beyond the lowest stratum of want and misery, the real enemy of the working-man is himself.

Wealth is purely relative. A curate or clerk, whose income amounts to no more than two hundred a year, might as well want to overturn society because it is not two thousand. The workman's worst foe is his recklessness in living from hand to mouth, want of conscience, as shown in his work, and his irresponsibility, testified in regard to his children. So long as men and women utterly disregard the moral responsibilities of bringing children

for whom they are unable to provide into the world, so long as they listen to their animal and not their better nature, just so long will society be degraded in spite of any revolution Mr. William Morris or Mr. Henry George can bring about by violent means.

To turn to a wholly different matter. We must all have been struck, and painfully struck, at some time or other with the pitiless way in which incapacity is nowadays ascribed to age.

It suffices for a man to have passed his fiftieth year to be put on the shelf as far as any chance of obtaining employment is concerned, whilst on women this stigma is put at a much earlier date. Yet this premium upon youth is short-sighted in the extreme. As our poet says :—

“ Old folk, tho’ weak, will serve you best ; of late
Conscience in work has quite gone out of date.”

And here a sly word to the Reds, Internationalists, and social democrats of which *Justice* (never was a title more ironical) is the mouthpiece. Is there not much more conscience put into the work of men and women in the better ranks of society, than in that of the working classes ? Is it not much easier to get literary, artistic, official, or philanthropic work well and conscientiously done than to get a door properly mended, a boot made to fit, a pocket-handkerchief properly washed ? Never was work so ill done as in these days when the workman cries out against the cruel injustice of society.

Here is something that strikes home to all :—

“ A *gentlemanly* tradesman this ;
To deal with such a man is bliss.
Him as a gentleman you treat
Of course—you have no other mind.
But he reserves in full, you’ll find,
The tradesman’s privilege to cheat.
Then scold, reprove him if you can—
He’s such a gentlemanly man !
Methinks a better time we had
With common-place, obsequious cad.”

In every fashionable watering-place we meet with such a type—the well-dressed, affable, plausible shopkeeper who manages to get all the best custom of visitors, not because he sells better goods than others, but because people believe in him. We prefer the Grunch type :—

“ Grunch, being sold to the Devil,
Would fain think everything evil,
Make lord and master of all,
The Devil that holds him in thrall.”

Brisk is equally familiar :—

“ Brisk’s a very industrious man, it is true ;
But most that he does ’twere well not to do.”

Click is harmless :—

“ Click’s brain is small, but hung
Close at the back of his tongue ;
His best without waiting you hear,
No better, and give him a year.”

Of epigrams that apply to humanity, pure and simple, take these as a good specimen :—

“ ‘ *Take time* to think.’ So do ; but this you’ll find,
You can’t *hold time*, till you’ve made up your mind.”

“ Life has enough of trouble,
Which men contrive to double.”

“ To what good end shall ear be lent
To preachers of discouragement?”

“ How different is the life within our breast
From what we seem to those who know us best.”

“ How obey, yet be autocrat still?
Will to give up your own will.”

“ The wise must keep open their eyes,
Nor expect the unwise to get wise.”

This precept is one of daily application. How much bitter disappointment and disenchantment would be spared benevolent men and women if they could but accept the truth that evil is absolute, not to be spirited away by any amount of Scripture or softness. Weed out the moral garden as often as we may, ill weeds grow apace, and we shall never achieve any real good whilst we shut our eyes to the fact that we cannot abolish the wicked, or expect the unwise to get wise. What we must, and ought to do, for the elevation of the race, is to get hold of the young born in vile atmospheres—to mould the clay whilst it is yet plastic. There, if anywhere, are our chances.

The following is admirable—a little history in two lines :—

“ Intolerance may be no doubt
; Virtue, but virtue wrong side out.”

Women will not certainly accept the following :—

“ If all might choose their sex, there would not then
Be left one woman to a hundred men.”

Let the author put this question to a hundred women, if he happen to know so many, and we shall be greatly astonished if he finds his assertion to be even near the truth. When physical force prevailed, and wherever physical force prevails still, women would naturally wish to change their sex. A Hindoo woman, for instance, would prefer to have her mate burned on a pyre than to undergo such a fate herself. The wife of a drunken sot in our civilized nineteenth century would as certainly prefer to have the power to beat, than to be beaten. But in well-ordered society, except in the case of very ambitious women here and there, Mr. Allingham may rest assured they are well content to be what they are.

The savour of the old Greek epigram is here :—

“ For thinking, one ; for converse, two, no more ;
Three for an argument ; for walking, four ;
For social pleasure, six ; for fun, a score.”

And here is a motto poor Charles Lamb would have delighted in when driven by too much company to the lonely fields of Enfield :—

“ Solitude is very bad,
Too much company twice as bad.”

Lamb, however, found, after all, that he could better support the last plague than the first, but then his was a nature sensitive to morbidness.

One or two more, and then we must conclude.

“ In sacred reverie and sublime delight
My soul was wrapt. One shouted in my ear,
‘ Remember God.’ Alas ! I see and hear
A vulgar man, and all my joy takes flight.”

“ Assuredly God’s word is true,
But, my poor brother, what are you ? ”

“ Every word your oracle saith,
You must reverently receive it ;
My weak faculty of faith
Can’t even believe that you believe it.”

“ ‘ Life is a jest.’ Flubb finds this true,
He’s a mighty dull one, too.”

Few lovers of genuine literature, of wit, wisdom, and outspoken sincerity, will, we think, after these extracts lose any time in possessing themselves of this remarkable volume, the opening lines of which recall our old friend the author of the delightful “ Day and Night Songs.”

BRAMBLE HILL.

“ Not much to find, not much to see,
But the air is fresh and the path is free,
On a lonely hill where bramble grows
In tangling clumps, and the brooklet flows
Around its feet with whispering.
Leaf-tufted are the twines in spring ;
The gold-finch builds, the hare has her form ;
And when the nightless days are warm,
When grass grows high, and small flowers peep,
Far and wide the trailers sweep
Their pinky silver blossoms, which
Are braided with a genuine stitch.

The berries swell with autumn’s power ;
Some are red and green and sour,
Some are black and juicy to bite,
Some have a maggot, some a blight.
Then frost-nipt leaves hang rusty and tattered.
With sleet and hail the bushes are battered.
A thorny brake on the barren hill,
Where the whistling blast blows chill ;
But under the snow, amid the dark,
Sleeping waits the vernal spark.

I had neither garden nor park.
On Bramble Hill by brake and stone,
Many a season I wandered lone,
With laughter and prayer, and singing and moan ;
In grey mist and in golden light,
Under the dawn and the starry night.
Not much to find, not much to see,
But the air was fresh and the path was free.”

“AN ILL-REGULATED MIND.”*

As a rule, we feel grateful to the young novelist who confines his early efforts to the modest limits of one volume, and spares the unhappy critic the labour of wading through three times that amount of probable trash. The book before us, however, might have been materially improved by being extended to the orthodox length. Miss Wylde has plenty of ideas, but she seems to lack the power or the patience to develop them. In *Hugh Cole*, the old bookseller, she has drawn with a few strokes a decidedly interesting study; and the slight sketch is so good as to give us the impression that she is capable of very much better work than she has here produced. But “*An Ill-Regulated Mind*” is crude and unfinished, and the reader feels, after closing it, as if he has been looking at a series of dissolving views, none of which have stayed by him long enough for him to grasp their meaning or connection. The principal characters, in the first instance well conceived, and not without a certain freshness, show absolutely no psychological growth. The hero speaks and acts at thirty precisely as he did at twenty-one, and the heroines—for there are two—seem to make no mental or moral progress during the eight or nine years of our acquaintance with them, while the subordinate characters appear and disappear without any apparent purpose, yet are as carefully described as are the more important ones.

It would be easy to criticise and condemn the book in detail, but we do not wish to do this, for it is manifestly the work of a young hand; and we think it shows promise. If the authoress will confine herself to reading and thinking for two or three years to come, sternly resisting, meanwhile, the desire of seeing herself again in print, we are inclined to believe that she may eventually produce something really worth reading. One word of hearty commendation in conclusion. Miss Wylde’s English is throughout unusually good, and that is no small merit in these days of slip-shod composition.

“STURM UND DRANG.”†

As included among the “grisly critics,” apostrophised in the preface of the volume of poems entitled “*Sturm und Drang*,” we were greatly relieved to discover the author of the verses in question thus concludes his exordium:—

“My heart has sworn he will not break,
O little book, for thy small sake,”

for we fear the adamant qualities thus attributed to the organ referred to will be tested to their utmost by the criticisms which

* By KATHARINE WYLDE. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

† “*Sturm und Drang*.” A volume of verse. Elliot Stock.

will be offered by the "grisly" members of the literary world, when it will be their duty to review the work of the unknown aspirant for poetic honours whose effusions we are called upon, in the discharge of our functions, to notice.

The writer of these verses is evidently a pessimist (*vide* "The World's Gifts," the first poem) of a not very strong intellectual type, possessing all the negative attributes of that mournful school without any of the redeeming qualities which genius might imply. And where our author is not pessimistic, he is weak (*vide*, amongst other poems, "A Sicilian Hermit," "Two Philosophers," etc.).

The pure, clear breezes of the Highlands, or the mountains of Switzerland, prior to the production of a future work, if our poet, impelled by an evil genius, again attempt the ascent of Parnassus, would do much to dispel the morbid, unhealthy views of life and its duties now entertained by him (or her), and lead to a more intelligent, a nobler conception of man's true position and destiny in the universe, than the lucubrations under review would seem to imply is at present possessed by the author (or authoress).

"CHRIST FOR TO-DAY." *

THIS volume presented for our consideration will be cordially welcomed, and attentively read by that intelligent and—we are pleased to add—steadily increasing class of cultured readers who desire to see the truths of the Christian faith, while maintaining in their essence their old vitality, yet adapting themselves to the ever-varying conditions of human thought and existence; examining with the fearless intelligence, which springs from true conviction, the many-sided and complex problems introduced into the domain of religion by the science and philosophy of the present day. They desire, indeed, that the religion of Christ should, like the Divine Intelligence from which it emanates, be all-embracing in its conceptions and sympathies, and adapted by its genius to become for all time the inspiring motive and rule of life to those who come within the sphere of its beneficent influence.

To indicate how these objects may be secured is the purpose of the work before us, which consists of twenty sermons contributed by some of the leading clergymen of the Episcopal Church in England and America, delivered, with two or three exceptions, in the ordinary course of their ministrations. They illustrate how, both here and in America, the life and teaching of Christ are to-day presented to the attention of men in the earnest effort to meet the religious and social desiderata of the age, and

* "Christ for To-day." International Sermons. Edited by Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

to direct the clear rays of truth upon the deep and dark problems of modern life.

The tone and matter of the discourses are decidedly above the average, both in regard to spiritual power and literary ability, and we can confidently assure our readers, who may presently possess the book, that they will neither suffer from somnolency in the perusal of its contents, nor vote it "dull," but, on the contrary, will accord it an honourable place on the shelves of their libraries.

All the sermons are characterized by deep earnestness of thought and expression, set forth with great felicity, and, in some instances, with poetic gracefulness, united with a clear perception and bold grasp of the difficulties—some of them apparently irreconcilable—the more recent researches of science and philosophy present to the earnest seeker after truth. A manful and sincere endeavour is, however, made to meet honestly the difficulties thus suggested.

It would be invidious, where each is so excellent, to select any one discourse for special commendation; we prefer, therefore, to refer our readers to the book itself, feeling sure that in thus devolving the pleasing task of selection upon themselves, they will discover several which will lay claim to be included as "favourites."

A word of praise is due to the editor, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, for the excellent judgment he has displayed in his selection and arrangement of the included sermons.

BRIEF NOTICES.

WE have received "The Persecution of the Jews in Roumania,"* a small pamphlet into which Mr. David F. Schloss has condensed a great deal of information as to the manner in which the Roumanian Government has persistently evaded the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin with regard to the treatment of the Roumanian Jews. The writer has confined himself to a bare statement of facts. He gives the text of recent Roumanian legislation, and cites a few instances of outrages on the person and property of Jews; but, although he abstains from anything approaching sensationalism, his pamphlet is calculated to make the most unthinking reader wonder whether these things can be, and if so, why they are allowed to continue. As the present Premier took an important part in negotiating the Treaty of Berlin, it is to be hoped that he may think it desirable to inquire why the Roumanian Government have steadily set themselves to override its provisions.

* "The Persecution of the Jews in Roumania," by D. F. Schloss. London: D. Nutt & Co., 1885.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which will be issued this year, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the dates of the first and the current editions, the size and price of each entry.

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Schaff, A. The Oldest Church Manual; 8vo, Edinburgh, 9s.

A 5.—DEVOTIONAL.

Friend, Rev. Hikleric. The Ministry of Flowers; ill., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 2.—LAW.

Clubs, Law relating to. By J. Wertheimer; cr. 8vo, Stevens, 6s.

Trade Marks, Law relating to. By R. S. Mushet; cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder, 5s.

D 4.—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Peter the Hermit." A New Crusade; ill., 8vo, Sonnenschein, 2s.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

[Kindergarten] Singleton, J. E. Occupation and Occup. Games; cr. 8vo, Jarrold, 3s.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 5.—CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

Vambery, A. The Coming Struggle for India; cr. 8vo, Cassell, 5s.

CLASS H.—NATURAL SCIENCE.

H 4.—ASTRONOMY.

Espin, T. H. E. C. A Star Atlas; super. royal, Sonnenschein, 1s. 6d.

H 10.—MEDICINE.

Chapman, J. Cholera Curable; 8vo, Churchill, 5s.

Fox, E. L. Influence of the Sympathetic on Disease; 8vo, Smith & Elder, 15s.

350 THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH

CLASS I—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 4. NAVAL ARTS, ETC.

James F. The Royal Navy: 4th. Grafton 42s.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Hobby, J. Forestry and Forest Products: 8v., Scribner 8s.

I 11.—MUSIC.

Yvonne Kidegy. The Musical Grade (V.: 16m., Schenkerian 2s.

CLASS K—LITERATURE.

K 3.—PHILOLOGY.

Arabic Poetry, Translations of Ancient. By C. G. Lyaill: 8vo. Williams. 18s. 6d.

K 9.—FICTION.

"Conway, Hugh." A Family Affair [repr. fr. "Eng. Ill. Mag."]: 3 v., 8vo. Macmillan. 31s. 6d.

K 11.—ESSAYS, LETTERS, AND COLLECTIONS.

Hobart, Lord. Essays and Miscellaneous Writings; 2 v., 8vo. Macmillan, 25s.

❖ TIME. ❖

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OCTOBER, 1883.
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THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.

BY STEPNIAK.

II.

WHAT FORCES THE REVOLUTION COMMANDS.

(Continued.)

IN every country considerable difference is observable between town and village life—the people of the town being always much quicker to accept innovations both in their customs and in the domain of intellect. In Russia, however, this difference is greater than elsewhere, owing to the social condition and the family life of our peasants. The type of the peasant families is strictly patriarchal. Only the independent Ruthenians are accustomed when married to establish separate households. The Russian peasant generally does not separate from his paternal home, all the members living together in very large families composed of two or three successive generations under the despotic rule of the head of the household, numbering sometimes ten to fifteen or more male and female workpeople. Such families are very advantageous from an economical point of view, being a kind of productive and consuming association. But family despotism, the complete dependence of the women and younger members upon the stubborn will of the elderly “head-man,” is one of the greatest evils of our country life. Besides, as only the independent householders have the right to assist in the village assembly, it follows as a result that a considerable part of the full-grown population is practically excluded from having any voice in the management of local affairs. Then village self-government in a country ruled by ruthless bureaucratic despotism, where nothing is known about individual dignity and independence, has naturally outstepped its limit, and become in many cases a sort of patriarchal tutorship. The Russian “Mir” interferes with the

individuality of private life in a manner that would never be suffered by a man of Saxon origin, while the Russian peasants bear this dependency with the utmost submission, accustomed as they are to consider the "Mir" as their only refuge and protector. In such a condition it would be surprising if the Russian peasantry were less conservative, less patriarchal than they are. And the part of the community which always is the most liable to be influenced by progressive ideas—the young generation—in our villages is precisely that which lacks any independence of spirit; nay, any interest in questions of general character. If you are a propagandist going "among the peasants," do not follow the traditional precept of addressing new ideas to the new generations. You will be entirely disappointed and dispirited by their utter frivolity. You must win the ear of their elders, who in the villages seem to have engrossed the intellectual activity and the social instincts of the whole community.

But go among the workmen of the towns, and you will be struck by a perfect contrast. Our towns possessed until lately comparatively few professional workmen. The majority of hands in our manufactories consists of peasants whose families live in some far distant village. If the workman cannot afford to go home even for a holiday, or the summer season, he brings his wife into town, but continues to hold a share in the land of the family. In nine cases out of ten, peasants going into the town are people occupying subordinate positions in the household. The "head man" never abandons the land unless he is totally ruined. Usually, he sends a younger member of the family, his son or younger brother, to town to make up the money required for taxes. The young people are, most of them, very anxious to go to the towns. It is a sort of emancipation from their dependent position at home. There is no "elder" to command him, no "old people," whose will is a law and guidance for him. He is a full-grown, independent man, responsible for his conduct, and bound to think for himself and those whom he has left at home. He has new cares, new interests; his mental activity is at once awakened. The stream of new impressions, conceptions, observations, rushing on him from every part, do not slide any more from his intellect without touching it. He is in the fittest disposition to accept everything new that strikes him, and the memory of his past dependence makes him only the more inclined to do so. As to the old ideas carried from home they have no strong hold on him, being associated with a standard of life and culture he cannot help now thinking are backward, and sometimes ridiculous. An intelligent young peasant coming for the first time into a town is really in a position somewhat similar to that of a young man or girl of the well-to-do classes fresh in the capital from some remote little town or country house. The workman's mental field of activity is certainly limited, for he is

generally illiterate, as the majority of Russian peasants are, but the more easily he is impressed by the less comprehensive but more subtle vehicle of speech.

The seed of revolution thrown by zealous hands on such a ground must have produced a very good harvest. We may add that the sowing itself was much easier in the towns than in the villages. An intelligent man, a new-comer, settled in a village, whether he be a schoolmaster, a communal clerk, or an artisan, becomes at once the object of general curiosity. All eyes are strictly kept on him. No step, no word of his passes unnoticed in the patriarchal drowsiness of village life, and the police have, of course, full knowledge of it. But in the busy swarming of great towns no police superintendence can impede frequent intercourse among people, provided they do not neglect to take some precautions. And a good deal of time will elapse before the spies catch any hints of the suspicious visits of a poorly-dressed student to the house of some workman. Finally, there is not so great an abyss between workmen and the representatives of the well-to-do classes as between the latter and the peasants. They are both townspeople; they are in immediate contact with the representatives of the authorities; they feel the vexations and wrongs inflicted by the despotism of the police. And to facilitate mutual understanding, there is an infinite variety of gradation between the workpeople of the towns, the skilled labourers living continually in the towns presenting by their intellectual development little, if any, difference with the workmen of any great capital.

To show what the revolutionary propaganda accomplished among workmen, let us stop a moment in St. Petersburg. The revolutionists of 1860 and 1866 had some adherents among the working people of St. Petersburg and Moscow, but with the destruction of organisations all connection between revolutionists and workpeople was broken, and the present generation had to begin anew. The first attempts to do something among working men were made at St. Petersburg about 1871, and it happened that the propaganda was chiefly addressed to the unskilled labourers, forming the bulk of the working class of the capital. To give an idea of the primitive state of their political conceptions, suffice it to relate the curious difficulty the propagandists encountered in their first steps, when, after some chatting in plebeian tea-rooms, we succeeded sufficiently in becoming acquainted with a number of intelligent workmen to invite them to our lodging to talk more freely about politics. Some called on us, but many who promised did not come. We suspected it was out of fear of the police, but it was not so. The fact was, that some of the propagandists were medical students, and the workmen having vaguely heard, not without superstitious dread, of the dissection of corpses made in the Anatomical Hall, the rumour spread among them that

the "students" invited the workmen for a mysterious interview, planned for nothing less than to murder them and to carry their bodies secretly to the dissecting-room. The more timid were afraid and abstained from coming. When, however, they saw that nothing of the kind happened, and their companions returned from the dangerous visits safe and sound, they grew emboldened and came more freely. But for a long time they were unable to understand what on earth those visits meant. They were so ignorant of politics that they could not conceive how the simple talking about the poverty of the peasants, the unjust distribution of taxes, and so forth, might be an object of importance in itself. The propagandists, in order to facilitate the acquirement of social knowledge for their disciples, taught them to read. The workmen thought that we were simply good-hearted schoolmasters out of employment. Many of them went so far as to offer us money spontaneously, as some remuneration for our trouble. And when we categorically declined, the workmen were quite puzzled, and decided among themselves that it was the Tzar who ordered these good men and women to give instruction to workmen, and to tell them the truth about everything, and that he would recompense the propagandists by giving them medals for doing this act of kindness. All this we learned later from the mouths of our friends the workmen of the Vyborg and Petersburg side district, in which the propaganda was initiated, when they became really converted to our ideas, and understood the meaning of what we taught them. Of course not all the St. Petersburg workmen were so ingenuous, but the great majority was undoubtedly not much in advance of such antediluvian ideas.

Ten years passed, and the political physiognomy of the St. Petersburg workmen changed completely. Save some stripling quite new from his village, it became difficult to meet with an average workman who did not know what revolution meant. And among those who knew there were few who did not sympathise with it. Many read the revolutionary periodical, or kept in their small chests revolutionary pamphlets. On the whole, we may affirm, without exaggeration, that the workmen of St. Petersburg at present are no less imbued with revolutionary ideas than the youth of the educated classes, and in all the trials of the last period (save the military ones), among the accused there was always a very large percentage of workmen. This striking change was wrought not by the propaganda only. With the best zeal and greatest ability of the propagandists it would be impossible to work such a miracle. We must remember that in Russia there is no opportunity for influencing the masses. We cannot convene large meetings, nor throw our pamphlets and papers to the four winds of heaven. To shake the secular torpor of the Russian masses we had nothing but the whisper, the secret propaganda addressed with circumspection to private men. Such a propaganda

is too inadequate for its task. To rouse the spirit of our masses deeds were required; words served only to explain and bring home to people's understanding that which had struck their mind and excited their spirit. The great change in the political atmosphere of St. Petersburg is chiefly due to the mighty struggle with the Autocracy, carried on for so many years by the Nihilists, naturally impressing most strongly the population of the town which was the chief scene of their activity. The feeling of amazement passed over, curiosity succeeded, and in the capital the means of satisfying it being always at hand, the vague sympathy which working people always feel for courage and pluck turned quickly into conscious partisanship. The longer the struggle lasted the greater was the wonder and admiration for the strugglers, and the stronger the sympathy with the cause they championed. And the secret adherents of the revolutionary organisation were always there ready to add fuel to this common sentiment, to remove objections, and to enlist in their ranks the most prominent and zealous among their sympathisers. Revolutionary organisations, composed of workmen, quite conscious of their revolutionary ends and means, had taken the place of the clumsy gatherings, half school, half club, of the period of 1871-74. Police persecutions began; hundreds of workmen were arrested, imprisoned, exiled. But the movement grew in extent and intensity, embracing new districts, spreading to other towns. As an example, I will mention that in the time of Kalturins' leadership (1879-80), for which I have positive data, the St. Petersburg workmen's organisation, known under the name of the Northern Workmen's League, was composed of about 200 to 300 members, divided into about fifteen to twenty groups, working in various quarters of the capital, having their regular secret meetings, their own finances, and their central governing committee to dispose of the material means and the *personnel* of the organisation. Such a force will seem very small to a member of an English trade union numbering many thousands. But it must be remembered that with secret revolutionary organisations it is quite different than with public and pacific ones. There are thousands of considerations unknown to the latter, which a revolutionary organisation must take into account before admitting a man into its ranks. One imprudent member may ruin in no time all which has been done during years of incessant and perilous toil. A secret society can only accept a small part of those who would be willing to enter it. It is not the body of the party, as it is with a public association, but only its nerves and sinews, which, ramified among the large body of sympathisers, can in the decisive moment give it the required impulse.

In November 1879, when the violent death of seven workmen at the explosion of the cartridge manufactory of Vasiliostrov

gave occasion for a revolutionary manifestation, the Northern League, though then in infancy, could lead into the street no less than ten to twelve thousand workmen. In the case of a barricade struggle a well selected organisation of 200 to 300 conspirators, having its ramifications in all the principal manufactories, can lead into the streets the bulk of the working population of an enormous town; provided the revolutionary feeling has a strong hold over the masses.

The St. Petersburg workmen are much in advance compared with those of the other towns; just as in France, in Germany, and other countries where the centralisation of the strength of the Government calls out naturally a similar concentration of revolutionary forces and exertions. But in all the principal towns the seed of disaffection is sufficiently spread to render them very "unsafe" for the Government, especially in the large towns of South and Western Russia. In 1877, Prince Krapotkin (cousin of the prisoner of Clairvaux), then Governor-General of the province of Kharkoff, in his secret annual report to the Emperor, which the Nihilists succeeded in obtaining and publishing, says plainly, that though in the country the efforts of the propagandists have not produced serious damages, in the towns it was quite the reverse, and he can no more answer for the faithfulness of the working population of Kharkoff. So it is in many other principal Russian towns. The conversion of so many workmen to revolutionary ideas is undoubtedly one of the most important and most useful services performed by the revolutionist of the present generation. The idea of liberty, the hatred to autocracy, is no more the exclusive patrimony of the superior classes, as it was formerly. These ideas are brought now to the heart of the masses, and nothing can prevent them continually oozing out from the towns' workpeople to the agricultural classes. Often wanting system, and leaving little deposit in the form of permanent organisation, the propaganda among the town labourers was carried on interruptedly all the time by a considerable number of people. The amount of intellectual change wrought by it is very great. And I am glad to state that lately a noticeable revival of this activity manifested itself in the ranks of the Russian Nihilists, and a numerous and growing body of people have accepted the propaganda among workmen as their chief aim.

Taking all this into account,—the general disaffection of the town population, and the facility afforded to the creation of revolutionary organisations among them,—we are fully entitled to conclude that if Russian towns were as large as those of Western Europe, and had formed so considerable a quota of the population as in France, England, or Germany, we could fairly have hope in town revolutions like those of Paris, Vienna, and Milan. But, unhappily, it is not so. Russian industrial development is very

slow, and will hardly become much quicker under the present *régime*, which is ruining the country both morally and materially. The capital which bears so strongly on the destinies of a centralized state, in Russia forms less than $\frac{1}{100}$ th, whilst Paris forms about $\frac{1}{7}$ th of the whole population of the country. In the insurrection of 1878 in Milan, a town of 200,000 inhabitants, it had to struggle against 40,000 of Radezki's battalions, and Milan won the battle. Paris, with its two-and-a-half millions, was under still more favourable conditions. And that great town has won many times, having been able to struggle with forces more or less equalized with those opposing them. Whilst in St. Petersburg there are two soldiers for every workman, and in the case of the prolongation of street fighting for a few days, there would be twice as many: in such conditions a purely civil insurrection is hopeless. The only insurrection having a chance of success in Russia is that which combines the advantages of surprise with energy; an insurrection which paralyzes the whole governmental machine by striking from within, while, in the meantime, other forces are attacking it from without. The Revolution, in a word, must have adherents among those who stand near the very centre of the Government, those who are the nominal supporters of the Autocracy—the army.

How far is this prospect likely to be realised?

Russians, waking up to political life, began by the insurrection of the Decembrist, in which the flower of the army took part. The military could not surely have a nobler tradition to inspire them, nor better examples to follow. In the epoch of the revival of intellectual and Liberal movement which followed the Crimean war, we see the military taking no less a part in it than the professors, students, *littérateurs*, etc. There were Liberal clubs composed of officers of all arms, and it is a well-known fact that the chief office for the reprint and distribution of *Kolorol* (Herzen's clandestine paper) was organised by the Military Academy of the general staff. The names of generals and colonels are connected with secret societies, and dozens of officers of every grade are condemned to Siberia to imprisonment for life, and to death for their revolutionary sympathies.

When, in 1870, ten years later, the socialistic rush of the young people "among the peasants" began, the officers, as such, could not take part in it. But even this movement had an echo with the officers of the army. About a score of them, chiefly of younger grade, but also some of a higher rank, abandoned the service, and united with the propagandists. The military, in a word, was always susceptible to the influence coming from the exterior world. And there is nothing surprising in this. The staff of Russian officers differs greatly from what people are wont to associate with the idea of a military caste. They are the direct contrast to the stiff-necked Prussian youngster, the ideal

of a modern soldier who is proud of his noble origin, proud of his uniform and traditional devotion to the king; who is enacting his drilling manœuvre with the earnestness of an officiating clergyman; who despises most sincerely all which is not rendered sacred by a brazen casque or a bottle-green overcoat. The Russian military officers are plain and unassuming men, with no sentiment of inborn superiority of origin, as such feeling is little known among the Russian nobility to which they belong. They possess neither particular devotion nor hostility to the existing *régime*. Russians, unless they begin to conspire, have little opportunity of thinking seriously about politics, and the general colour of political opinions of all official and non-official classes is that of indifference. Neither have they any special attachment to the profession they have adopted. They become military officers as they might become magistrates, surgeons, or agriculturists, because when still of tender age their parents send them to military, instead of civilian, schools. And they remain in the profession imposed on them, since a man must serve somewhere to get his living, and the military career, after all, is neither worse nor better than any other. Besides, they are doing their best to smooth that life, devoting to military duties as little time and trouble as possible. They are, of course, eager for promotion, but prefer to get their advancement remaining in their slippers and dressing-gown. They do not read professional books, and if they are subscribers *ex officio* to a military magazine, they leave it uncut. If reading anything at all, it is the current literature, especially our great popular monthly magazine, supplying with intellectual food our young generation. And among the young officers of distant regiments there are partisans of some popular author or the other, and discussions are held as warm as those among the undergraduates of a university. Military "jingoism" is quite unknown among our officers. If you hear of an officer who is raving about his bloody profession, or who has a passion for drilling exercises, you may bet twenty to one that he is a blockhead.

With such a staff of officers an army is not destined perhaps to develop to the utmost its military qualities, but it leaves it open to all humanitarian and really patriotic influences; it makes an irremovable obstacle to its turning to a lasting instrument of oppression of the country. Every Liberal movement will find supporters and adherents in its ranks. And, to return to our subject, so it was with the present phase of the Russian Revolution. From the epoch when the Nihilists entered resolutely into the fierce battle with Autocracy, their adherents among the officers grew very rapidly, extending from the capital over all Russia. In 1881-2, when the first conspiracy was discovered by treason, the police made about two hundred arrests among military officers of all grades and all arms. The

traces of conspiracy were discovered in fourteen among the greatest military centres of Russia, such as St. Petersburg, Cronstradt, Odessa, Nikolaieff. The judicial inquiry has brought out the fact that the military were united in a conspiracy with the determined purpose of helping the open insurrection intended to overthrow the Autocracy. They had a central directing committee, having its seat at St. Petersburg, and composed of few members, officers of the garrison of the capital, and of the navy of Cronstradt. By the care of their emissaries they founded conspiratory groups among the officers of other towns. The trial of October 1884, the only one which the Government had the courage to hold (all the rest of the military being sentenced to various penalties without judgment), has shown that really the best and noblest of Russia's sons are uniting in the name of its freedom. And they are no longer young people; for among the first stand the name of such men as Lieutenant-Colonel Ashenbrenner, a warrior of forty years of age, and with twenty years' military service, the hero of the Central Asian War, who won a dozen military distinctions: crosses, medals, swords of honour, and promotions, with honourable mention, by his splendid courage in many battles, in storming fortresses and towns, and who in his mature age became one of the most resolute champions of the Revolution, converting to it half a score of the officers of his regiment, founding military groups in other regiments, sending emissaries to far distant towns, and himself making propagandist journeys through Russia. There also is the brilliant artillery officer, Captain Pochitonov, hero of the Turkish war, who distinguished himself in many battles and difficult passages, sieges, and stormings, who returned home laden with honours and distinctions, finishing his career with distinguished success at the Artillery Academy, and entered the ranks of the conspirators, becoming most active in propagating the Revolution among them. There are Captain Rogachief, Baron Stromberg, the naval officer, Commander of the Pacific Squadron—all people to whom their very enemies were obliged to give credit for their merit. When such as these declare unanimously before the tribunal that the best service they felt bound, in honour, to render to their country was to unite with the enemy of the Government to which they had sworn fidelity, this is an emphatical proof that such a Government has become the worst enemy of the country.

It is quite evident that the adherents of the Revolution among the army in the epoch we are speaking of are not to be trifled with. Numerically, as well as morally, they represented a force which really promised to occasion serious trouble to the Russian Tzars. In a strongly constituted healthy state, the material forces represented by the conspiracies of 1881-2 would be ridiculously insufficient. But it is quite different in Russia. Despotic

states in general have little power of resistance against internal enemies. The concentration of all governmental functions to one centre leaves the whole body politic helpless, if the blow is adroitly struck at the head. This explains the notorious fact of the facility with which success was obtained by the Palace revolutions in many despotisms, including Russia of the eighteenth century, when a handful of body guards exalted and dethroned Tzars and Tzarinas. *That* is no longer likely to happen. If the Autocracy arrive at such a condition of decomposition that ambitious generals should aspire to Prætorian revolution, they will undoubtedly hoist some political banner to get support and conceal their private aims. But against liberatory insurrection the Russian Autocracy is no better guaranteed than against the Palace revolution in the past century. We must remember that the great Decembrist insurrection had few battalions under its command, and it imperilled most seriously the throne of Nicholas I., and might indeed have overthrown it, were it not for the want of resolution in the leaders. From early morning until 2 P.M. the soldiers stood on the Winter Palace Square before the quasi-defenceless palace, waiting vainly for the Dictator who had disappeared, to lead them to the assault. Nobody took his place, and Nicholas I. consequently had full time to assemble his troops and demolish his enemy with grape-shot.

True, the military conspiracy of which we are speaking now was much inferior to that of the Decembrists. Though having the best reason to count upon the immediate support of workmen and the bulk of the educated classes, it was not sufficient to raise the banner of insurrection. But it had collected such considerable forces in so short a time, and was spreading so quickly, that the best hopes were entertained for the next few years.

But the bright prospects of the conspiracy were blighted. Owing to the vilest of treason the military organisation was discovered. Hundreds of officers were arrested, to be either imprisoned, shot, hanged, or exiled, together with many hundreds of workmen. We may admit, as a rule, if the conspiracy had once obtained a given result, this example would have been an additional chance for obtaining the same next time, provided the general conditions remained unchanged. I hardly need to add that not all the military conspirators were arrested. There still are plenty to continue the work. And one of those conspirators, speaking for all his companions, has recently published in *Narod naia Volia Messenger*, a long letter, intended to answer the numerous accusations made against the military conspirators by their adversaries. Alarmed by the great spread of revolution among the officers, the Government nominated a Commission of Inquiry, composed of generals, ministers, and grand dukes. But those personages, in their high wisdom, concluded that the cause which induced the

officers to unite with the Revolution was their bad pay and slow promotion! In high society and the military circles of St. Petersburg people said that all the evil proceeded from the devilish cunning of the revolutionist who ensnared hundreds of officers, employing for this purpose female propagandists. No! answered the author of this interesting letter, there is no need of ensnaring, nor of meeting with a revolutionary emissary for converting an officer to an adherent of Revolution at present. The chief agent of conversion is the part which the Government forces the officer to play; the principal cause of discontent is the degradation of the functions laid on the modern military officer. "Imagine," he says, "a model officer, who has never troubled himself about politics, or read political books, but who is endowed with natural good sense, and think to what conclusions he must come in the execution of such duties as this. Strikes have lately grown common; and if they become serious the troops are always called out to 'restore order'—in other words, to force workmen to abandon their demands however moderate, and to submit to all which the masters wish to inflict on them. If the men call a meeting to discuss their grievances the troops disperse them, sometimes by force of arms, but no objection is raised to the meetings and discussions of the masters and their friends. The peasants, to take another instance, refuse to pay taxes—an event common enough of late. The 'stanovi' (chief of the district police) comes in order to realise the amount due by selling their effects. The peasants will not suffer the auction to proceed. It is a 'rebellion'; the troops are called in and set to work. They shoot down, slay, and make prisoners. The enemy is vanquished and surrenders. The leaders are bound, and sent to prison for more severe punishment. The rest receive patriarchal correction; they are knouted in a body, from the beardless boy to the white-haired grandfather. After the general flagellation, the stock and chattels of the conquered are sold up, and the victors are quartered for some weeks in the houses of the vanquished, to consume, in the way of punishment, the last crust left them after the auction. In the excitement of the struggle our officer has no time to think. But now the struggle is over, and he looks round him with surprise. He knows military history, and has read of wars with savage tribes, but he has never heard that it is a conqueror's business to flog and starve his defeated foes. The officer is curious to know something more of this same enemy—the very peasant so beloved of the Tzar and the *Tchinovniks*. He has time and opportunity for his studies now that he is billeted in the peasants' houses. He finds that the so-called rebellion was an act of sheer despair. The peasants had not a farthing to pay the taxes, which exceeded their whole income. They resisted the sale of their cattle, because they cannot till the land without them, and famine must follow their loss. The officer is forced to own with shame he has

played the part, not of a soldier, but of a policeman and executioner. Take another case. The Dissenters have built a chapel of their own, and will not permit the police to close it. The *Uniates*, converted to orthodoxy in the bishop's reports, and in them alone, continue to go to the Roman Catholic Church. In both instances the troops are called out with unavoidable results—a struggle, followed by general knouting, and the billeting of troops on the offenders.

“And the escort duties to Siberia, and the prison guard? What subjects for reflection these must give!—What victims of political and religious persecution he may find in his keeping! And the orders of the Government when revolution was expected, and the guards were put under the command of the police? No, gentlemen,” continues the writer, “it is not the cunning of revolutionary propagandists that urges us to side with the Revolution; it is the Government itself—the Government which every hour makes its officers, gaolers, executioners, gendarmes, the servants of every swindler.

“Every officer entering the service takes an oath of fidelity to the Tzar and the country. But is he pledged to serve the Tzar as representing the country, or to serve the country because it is the property of the Tzar? When the Tzar and the country are at open war, which side should an officer take? ‘If you want to side with the country,’ answer the partisans of the inviolability of military discipline, ‘if you want to conspire, quit the service. You are not forced to wear the uniform. You serve by your own wish. Unless you resign your commission you must do what you are paid for.’ Yes, and such a step would be quite reasonable did the army consist of officers alone. The malcontents would throw up their commissions, and organise themselves as a revolutionary force. They would give battle to their comrades who remained true to the Government, and the issue would be settled once for all. But the difficulty is that the officers who remain true to the Government will have over a million of soldiers under their orders; over a million of soldiers who are forced to serve, and cannot resign, while the officers who side with the nation will not be allowed to engage soldiers or recruits.”

I have transcribed these paragraphs because they are an authentic expression of the feelings and ideas of those military conspirators. Nothing could be more suited to give us a better assurance for the future. We may fairly hope that the Russian Revolution, once having begun this way, will proceed in the direction of open insurrection. It is the promptest, the surest,—and however energetic it be,—the most human means to get rid of the present abhorrent system. And I know that among Englishmen this new phase of our revolutionary movement will meet with much greater sympathy than the former one. But I

prefer to be quite frank. The difficulties Russian revolutionists have to cope with are enormous. With a much stronger tyranny against us than the Italian, whose struggle for liberty was the direst, we have to organise, on the soil of the enemy in a country swarming with spies, what the Italian patriots could prepare on friendly ground. Such work presents incalculable perils and difficulties, and the further the conspiracy extends the greater is the danger of its discovery. The revolutionary organisation which is growing now may incorporate hundreds of the military and thousands of civilians, and this only to be ruthlessly destroyed in its bloom, to rise anew and once more be destroyed; the dreadful test being repeated again and again, before arriving at the glorious and longed-for day of open battle.

Now, will the Russian revolutionists persevere in the purely insurrectional way, without wincing or chafing, readjusting again and again the broken thread, unmoved by the enormity of their losses, or by the absence of palpable results? It may be so, but nobody can wager that so it will be. Russian people, though born in an icy country, are very nervous and excitable. The word of "terrorism" was already uttered by the most popular of our clandestine periodicals, and it will be not at all surprising if we hear now and then of violent attempts against the persons of various representatives of the Government. It is a dreadful thing to take in one's own hands to decide the life or death of men whose guilt would be better judged by the country. But it is the greatest injustice to set against Russian patriots as an accusation what is their dire necessity. No man or woman living in political conditions so entirely different from the Russian has a right to condemn them before knowing what these conditions are. And no Russian, however moderate he be, who knows and feels for the wrongs of his country, *has* condemned them in the past, nor will ever condemn them in the future.

Here is poetically epitomised the deeply tragical position of Russians devoted to their country, expressed by the pen of our great novelist, Ivan Turgueneff, in his "verses in prose," under the title,

"THE THRESHOLD."

"I see a huge building, in the front wall a narrow door, which is wide open; beyond it stretches a dismal darkness. Before the high threshold stands a girl . . . a Russian girl.

"The impenetrable darkness is breathing frost, and with the icy breeze, from the depth of the building a slow, hollow voice is coming.

" 'O you! wanting to cross this threshold, do you know what awaits you?'

" 'I know it,' answers the girl.

“‘Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, prison, suffering, even death?’

“‘I know it.’

“‘Complete isolation, alienation from all?’

“‘I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrow and miseries.’

“‘Not only if inflicted by enemies, but by kindred and friends?’

“‘Yes, even by them.’

“‘Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘For an anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody, nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honoured.’

“‘I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name.’

“‘Are you ready . . . for a crime?’

“The girl bent her head.

“‘I am ready even for a crime.’

“The voice paused awhile before renewing its questioning.

“‘Do you know,’ said it at last, ‘that you may lose your faith in what you believe now; that you might come to feel that you were mistaken, and have lost in vain your young life?’

“‘I know that also. And, nevertheless, I will enter.’

“‘Enter then!’

“The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

“‘A fool!’ gnashed some one outside.

“‘A saint!’ answered a voice from somewhere.”

This vision is not to be found of course in the censured edition of Ivan Turgueneff's work. It appeared in the clandestine press, and Mr. P. Lavroff, to whom "The Threshold" was read by the author in the summer of 1882, at Baujiral, bears testimony to its fidelity to the original.

STEPNIAK.

(To be continued.)

PARTY ORGANISATION THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY.

BY W. EARL HODGSON.

"There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."—MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

IN a political crisis such as that which made the June of this year memorable, those who look below the surface of public bustle, and seek the source of partisan activities, must be shocked into an astonished perception that our social and political organism is seriously disordered. The bustle and the activities, such observers will find, have no direct bearing on their ostensible subject. The factions are not endeavouring to settle what is the best course by which the nation's interests may be promoted. Indeed, it is remarkable that during the whole course of the recent crisis we seldom heard of those interests at all. Just as a fool must now and then be right by chance, the partisan must sometimes be so hard-pressed that he forgets to be disingenuous; and thus we lately witnessed the prejudices and the spites of factions at work in perfect nakedness. It was not an inspiring spectacle. Everything was subordinated to the one engrossing question as to whether it would be in a triumph for Mr. Gladstone or in a triumph for Lord Salisbury that the incident would end. The same unseemly eagerness prevailed even in the higher orders of Conservatism: speculations as to whether the Tory leader would take office invariably revolved on the consideration as to what party advantage or disadvantage would be the result of his doing so. By stepping into the breach without regard to anything but his duty to Queen and country, Lord Salisbury read his followers a valuable lesson. In course of an essay on "Democracy and England,"* it was lately remarked that "the contest between Mr. Blaine and the President elect" was "avowedly fought on no question of public policy, but simply as a duel of personal disparagement." The incident under review was not at all unlike the American affair; and no natural Briton can regard the similarity with indifference. Unless the inspired utterances of the Slav press were only bombast, events leading up to what must be the most important epoch in our

* Lord Norton, in the *Nineteenth Century* for February 1885. Essay on "Democracy and England," p. 336

imperial history had been marching with abnormal activity; but even the problem of India to be kept or lost was insufficient to allay the popular frenzy over the wretched questions that began with the disagreement as to whether the Pot-house Politician was better entitled than the Radical Teetotaler to be conciliated for the sake of his vote. Before it ended, too, the squabble was narrowed down to a still more trivial dissension. Despicable as they both are individually, the Pot-house Politician and the Radical Teetotaler are each of them roughly representative of two large portions of the community, whose relative taxations are necessarily the subject of grave consideration by the country's managers. It is not to the question actually at issue between them that I wish to direct attention; nor would I have the reader think that this article is to any extent a criticism either of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Salisbury. What I desire to point out is the fact that the two great parties assumed to be conditioned by opposing theories as to how affairs of State might be best administered devoted so much of their energies to the question as to by what means the one could out-trick the other that so far as the masses were concerned the affairs of State were left to administer themselves. Many curious instances of my meaning rise up clamant for citation; but we will go to the fountain-head at once. How, during the bustle, did the masses regard the Throne? Were they filled with anxiety lest ministers, its servants, should fail to discharge their duties towards it aright? Let the advocate-in-chief of the late Government answer. It is thus that that journal adverted to the Queen's absence from Windsor when the government of the country was suspended:—"The practice of dragging the statesmen of the Empire six hundred miles into the wilderness merely because the Sovereign prefers coolness to heat, could not continue without exciting deep popular displeasure"!* Nowadays we are so habituated to thinking of the Monarch as a nonentity that it is probable few will see in those words anything worthy of special note. I propose to show, however, that there must be something radically wrong when as a matter of common-place experience the best Sovereign England ever had is thus insulted because, forsooth, she happened to be taking a well-earned holiday when in a fit of scheming petulance her servants resolved to forward their own adventurous fortunes by throwing her interests into confusion.

As I shall hope to show by-and-by, the fever of partisanship that has of late been epidemic through the land is in reality a disease. To a philosopher like Professor Drummond it would afford many interesting symptoms of natural law at work in the moral world. Smitten down with a physical fever, people sometimes in delirium say things that, secret at ordinary times

* The *Spectator* for June 13th, 1885, p. 770.

reveal characteristics quite different from those familiar to their relatives and friends. So it is when men lose themselves in the passion of party. Moralities to which they are even professionally pledged frequently go to the wall. They did so in the case of the Rev. W. Berkley, M.A., Vicar of Navestock, who, having been too ill to attend a certain political gathering at Ongar, sent a letter to one Josiah Gilbert stating his ideas as to how the votes of the newly-enfranchised labourers might be secured to the Radical party. "As to public affairs generally," he wrote,* "they know of nobody but Gladstone, as they think him 'a good man,' and that through him they have got the vote. That is a good card so long as he is alive. After his death I have no doubt the Conservatives will boast that they were his only true supporters. Meanwhile, I don't believe you will effect much with the working class except by saying that things are safer in his hands." It cannot be said of the Rev. Mr. Berkley, as it was of his idol, that he has no redeeming vice. He has an unabashed contempt for verity that would do credit to the most sinister of the mythical Jesuits against whose dark deeds he is doubtless accustomed to declaim. The sweet simplicity of his estimate that Liberalism is a gigantic fraud quite dims the lustre of the Blandfordian Opportunism. One of the proper persons posing before the world as the champions of that liberty and enlightenment of which Conservatism is the negation, he would emancipate the intellect of the people by perpetuating in it what he knows to be a preposterous falsehood. Full of reverential awe for the consuming earnestness of his great leader, he complacently sets about to manipulate an ignorant fiction about him "so long as he is alive." When Mr. Gladstone is dead, the reverend politician will cast aside the "good card," the falsehood, just as a gambler would a loaded dice that, having been the instrument of many a cheating, is too bruised and battered to be longer serviceable. It is obviously necessary to make for the Vicar of Navestock some excuse such as that in the delirium of partisan fever he is not altogether responsible for his thoughts and words. His, however, is a common ailment in the camps of Radicalism. In a chronicle of the Leeds Conference, † Dr. R. W. Dale has occasion to observe it as very extensively endemic. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, the Doctor remarks ‡ that "the very splendour of his great qualities and great services may indispose the Liberal party to that free exercise of personal judgment in all matters of legislation and policy which is essential to the very life of Liberalism." That is right. The Vicar of Navestock's rustics

* The *Spectator* for June 13th, 1885. Letter to the Editor on "The Labourers Vote," p. 782.

† The *Contemporary Review* for November 1883.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 764.

are abundant proof that "the very life of Liberalism" is decayed at the root of the party, and the cheerful vicarious acceptance of the fact indicates that the branches are going too. To Dr. Dale, however, the Delirious Vicar might reasonably retort, "Physician, heal thyself." "Everybody," the Doctor writes, * "who knows anything of how elections are won in the great Yorkshire towns knows the power of the Liberal Clubs; and on the question of the representative character of the Liberal Associations the splendid loyalty of the Manchester Liberals to the Manchester Liberal Association in the recent election, a loyalty displayed under conditions of extraordinary severity, is decisive." Splendid loyalty to the schemes of a prosaic clique! Gracious heavens! the age of chivalry must be gone indeed, when men habitually speak of a virtue that once had exclusive relation to a king or to a crown as the "splendid" perquisite of a caucus! Let it not be thought that Liberal falsehoods are alone responsible for the degradation of national ideals and the demoralisation of political life. I know nothing of its kind sadder than a council of war in an ordinary Conservative Association. "We must buckle on our armour," the chairman says, with a self-satisfied air of heroism; and then the gentlemen are adjured to get ready for the fight. I have witnessed the routine many a time; and I have never witnessed it without wondering what a soldier would think did he hear these sleek citizens travestying the phrases of his noble calling. They must buckle on their armour? Yes; but not the armour required to protect anything more serious than their dull dislikes, prejudices it were a mockery to call their principles. They must get ready for the fight? Yes; for a fight that, the rival ignorances being equal, will be won by the side that can bring the greater craftiness and corruption to its aid. It is quite impossible that under our present system of government the state of affairs could be other than it is. The social and the imperial problems about the right solution of which the wisest heads have always a modest doubt cannot possibly be understood, or even perceived, by the masses, into whose hands they are cast for final settlement. In the pride of their conscious power, and forgetful of their ignorance, the sense of which has been obliterated by persistent flattery from above, the masses have become vain, and pretentious, and sectarian; while, well knowing that they can succeed only by pampering those weaknesses, the leaders of the masses, the candidates and the demagogues, have lost the backbone of their morality altogether. Mr. Alfred Austin asserts† that as politicians the masses are no longer either patriotic or wise; and that their leaders, the men in Parliament and the men who would be there, are fools, or charlatans, or impostors. That is not a paradox: it

* *The Contemporary Review* for November 1883, p. 760.

† *The National Review* for June 1885. Article on "A Seat in the House."

is not even an exaggeration. It is a truism that has been establishing itself so gradually that we have grown familiar with it without realising its character. Let us dwell on it awhile: let us see what it is, and what it portends.

Without going to the heart of the theme, many observers have entertained the thinking world to leisurely discourses on some special portion of the age's political phenomena. As a rule, those writers have attributed the whole difficulties in hand to what, taking it for granted that the term has an arbitrary meaning accepted by every one, they call Democracy. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose love for the aristocrat is not profound, is in that matter content for once to be just as his neighbours are. "The world being what it is," he has assured us,* "we must expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints." On behalf of all good Whigs who neither see nor care to look for the distant scene, and for whom one step at a time is enough, Lord Cowper is likeminded on the subject of Democracy; placidly "leaving the far future to take care of itself, and having confidence in the destiny of our race."† M. de Laveleye, too, has broadly hinted‡ that much of the prevalent social friction is attributable to that democratic ideal, manhood suffrage, which proclaims "a legal equality" while "the actual inequality continues to exist, causes more suffering, and becomes more irritating than ever." Then, Mr. Herbert Spencer has written a volume§ in elaborate demonstration of his proposition that all the ills with which modern society is afflicted have been induced by the democratic or socialistic doctrine upon which nearly the whole of our recent legislation has been based.

I do not at present say or imply anything about the value of those observations as criticisms: that point is reserved for notice at a later stage of this article. I cite the instances of contemporary thought in order to show that in the schools represented by Mr. Arnold, Lord Cowper, M. de Laveleye, and Mr. Spencer, which are fairly representative of modern thought as a whole, Democracy is looked upon as the great fact of the age, and as an inevitable growth out of human instincts.

It seems to me that that assumption, which is more or less distinctly implied in all our talk and writing on the subject, is partly accurate and partly false. Let us see whether we can determine the relative proportions of the fact and of the falsehood. That Democracy is the great fact of the age is undeniable; but that it has become so from natural causes, causes that in

* *The Nineteenth Century* for April 1884. Essay on "Numbers; or, The Majority and the Remnant," p. 670.

† *The Nineteenth Century* for January 1885. Essay on "Cæsarism," p. 7.

‡ *Democracy and Political Economy*.

§ *The Man versus The State*.

themselves have sprung of necessity from the instincts of the natural man, is an assumption I see many reasons to dispute. If that thesis can be established, confidence in the destiny of our race will be based on a surer foundation than the fatalism of near-sighted Whiggery.

To begin with, let it be frankly admitted that there is no repudiating the literal meaning of De Tocqueville's observation that "Democracy is the most constant, the most ancient, and the most permanent fact of history." The record of every civilised nation stands forth in testimony to the verity of that assertion. The government of every civilisation has undergone, or is undergoing, development from Absolute Monarchy to Oligarchy, Democracy, Autocracy, and Decay. That is a fact all political thinkers must boldly face. It is, however, a fact so curious, so anomalous, that one cannot long contemplate it without beginning to have some doubt as to the character of the inference to be drawn from it. If we are to acquiesce in the general acceptance of it as a stage in the irresistible process of a natural law, we cannot fail of being struck with a thought analogous to that which amid similar circumstances arises in religious inquiry. Confronted with evidence that death is the end of being, the inquirer into religion is driven to the conclusion that there is no reason why he should follow the dictates of conscience, which, he thinks, must be merely a mirage reflecting the conventionalities of ethics; and straightway, if he be a man of any spirit at all, he lays himself out to make the best of his brief opportunity. Ere long, however, he finds that a course of unrestrained conduct cannot last. Apart from the theological sanctions that used to guide him, there is an irresistible whispering in his mind that, after all, there is a real distinction between right and wrong, a distinction to disregard which is to injure himself and society: even the most passionate apostles of Atheism are convinced that Rectitude is a universal necessity.* In the same way, it is impossible to rest content in the assumptions of political Agnosticism. It is impossible to believe that all the follies and the ailments of society, which every political school deplures, are the product of an inexorable law for which there was no alternative: it is impossible to believe that all the marvels of civilisation were brought forth only to be destroyed. As a matter of fact, no one really does hold that belief. Nearly all of us seem to do so, and think we do so; but the seeming is a delusion, and the thinking is a snare. Let us note the attitudes towards Democracy of the four philosophers whose common assumption about it, that it is inevitable, has just been stated in brief. Does Mr. Arnold really believe that the follies and the crimes of "numbers" are factors in the stream of tendency that, making for righteousness, had its source

* Miss L. S. Bevington's essay on "Modern Atheism," in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1879.

in the fundamental instincts of human nature? No. The whole burden of the very essay in which he treats of those things is that they are the result of the "silent, inexorable fatality" * that overtakes a country's violation of certain ethical principles laid down by all the great teachers from Christ and His apostles to Plato and his fellow sages among the heathen.† Does Lord Cowper, then, think better of Democracy? Alas! in his vaunted pride that he cannot see the distant scene, Lord Cowper is shortsighted than he thinks. Although in the first half of the essay quoted he convinces us that Democracy, Cæsarism, and Decay are a sequence absolutely inevitable, in the other half he proves to demonstration that, backed up by the patronage of Whiggery, the Destiny of our Race will rout the Inevitable all along the line! Surely, then, Democracy fares better in the esteem of M. de Laveleye? Not so. The great French student regards it as a poor, inadequate contrivance to checkmate the practices of certain men, the capitalists, who, he holds, have produced a derangement in human affairs by neglect of the same moral law with which Mr. Arnold has sometimes occasion to flirt. Is there, then, any hope that in Mr. Spencer Democracy will find a Daniel come to its rescue? None whatever. Having been passed under review by Mr. Spencer, its degradation is deeper and deeper still. Mr. Spencer despises Democracy so heartily that he cannot speak of it without indulging in the Agnostic's equivalent for bad language. Just as a religiously orthodox squire would become profane over the matter, Mr. Spencer so far forgets himself as to adopt with reference to it the language of the pulpit devoted to the service of the Primitive Ghost: he prefaces his unqualified condemnation of "the rule of the people in emotion," which, a high authority‡ has told us, is the real essence of Democracy, with a quite unctuous announcement that he is going forth to avenge the depredations that have come from "the sins of legislators"!§ Surely, then, it must be plain that, however they may seem, to others or to themselves, to regard Democracy, the first thinkers of all schools do not really regard it in the way De Tocqueville's maxim suggests. They do not take it to be the outcome of social aspirations or activities that must inevitably arise: they regard it as the product of aspirations that in certain circumstances, commonplace in all communities, ordinarily do arise. In short, Democracy is not the result of a fundamental law: it is merely the result of a rule. It is not the creation of man's deepest instincts: it is the creation of his superficial characteristics. The causes of it are not themselves inevitable in a nation: they are only usual. Those causes are the aggregate of certain capacities

* *The Nineteenth Century* for April 1884, p. 676.

† *Ibid.*, p. 675.

‡ *The Spectator* for January 13th, 1883.

§ *The Contemporary Review* for May 1884.

of popular folly; capacities that, as it has happened, have hitherto been exercised in every civilised community.

Notwithstanding the great preponderance of evidence in its favour, that rule does not seem to me to be one that must obtain for ever. If only for the reason that in the eyes of all men it has invariably led nations to decay, and stands adjudged a failure by such men as M. de Laveleye, who began by preferring it, a nation such as ours, I think, might be brought to give the alternative course a trial. That course is the one man is naturally disposed to adopt. We are not by nature partisans. "Politics, indeed!" Mr. Austin has remarked,* "they are too much with us late and soon. People see so much about politics in the daily papers that they end by thinking them the most important and interesting, if not the only important and interesting, thing in the world. The age must have lost all accuracy of vision, all sense of proportion, to cherish such a notion." The age undoubtedly has done so. Of all things under the sun, politics, the strifes of parties, are precisely what, so far as man's ordinary interests are concerned, are of the smallest moment. Unless the circumstances be exceptional, engaging in them adds nothing to his health, or to his wealth, or to his wisdom. It seems to me that there is a deep significance in the fact that the most vehement partisans are usually men who cannot successfully attend to their own affairs. It is not as a rule that you find the well-to-do professional man or business man in great excitement as to how an election is to end: rather, it is the man whose business is in a shaky condition, or whose interest in his own affairs is not sufficient to appease the call of his intellect for something to do. Thus, just as persons of weak mind and virulent emotions are easily attracted to join in such excitements as those of the Salvation Army, a man lacking strength of purpose to properly benefit himself individually is impelled to join a party to the end that what energy he does possess may not be altogether lost. In the patrician's reserve and the mobsman's loudness there is implied something more than a mere difference of social customs. Behind the one there is a character well balanced: behind the other there is no constant character at all. Further, the natural man is modest. He is a being quite different from the typical modern portrayed in Mr. Spencer's observation † that "one might have expected that whether they observed the implication of domestic failures, or whether they contemplated in every newspaper the indications of a social life too vast, too varied, too involved, to be even vaguely pictured in thought, men would have entered on the business of law-making with the greatest hesitation. Yet in

* The *National Review* for June 1885. Essay on "A Seat in the House," p. 482.

† The *Contemporary Review* for June 1884. Essay on "The Sins of Legislators," p. 774.

this more than in anything else do they show a confident readiness. Nowhere is there so astounding a contrast between the difficulty of the task and the unpreparedness of those who undertake it. Unquestionably among monstrous beliefs one of the most monstrous is that while for a simple handicraft, such as shoe-making, a long apprenticeship is needful, the sole thing which needs no apprenticeship is making a nation's laws." That monstrous belief is not entertained by the natural man. It is entertained only by the man who has allowed himself and his natural instincts to be lost in the artificial atmosphere of Democracy. It is the delusion of a people in what Mr. Spencer calls "a state of political intoxication." * To reason with those people, Mr. Spencer thinks, were useless. It may not be unprofitable, however, to have a word with those who are responsible for the intoxication: I allude to the political leaders of the masses.

The last clause, I think, is the key to our problem.

With its faulty aims and doings, its Cæsarism and degeneration, its sham philanthropy, and its monstrous beliefs, Democracy is not a spontaneous growth. It is a political intoxication into which the masses have been seduced by men seeking to profit by the consequent excitement and confusion. The masses have been courted by demagogues until the unnatural passions thus excited have given birth to monstrosities of presumption such as that noted by Mr. Spencer; corruptions that, like a foul fungus polluting the fragrant air of a Highland glen, have vitiated the nation's political life. As Mr. Austin says,† "we have talked ourselves into impotence, and wrangled ourselves into want of purpose." The masses are living in an atmosphere of rancour, in which, for a time at least, their patriotism and their wisdom have given way to demoralising and desolating partisanship; and the statesman has been supplanted by the charlatan. "We are still orderly; but we have lost all sense of duty and patriotism, and we are beginning to find out that, in the absence of those qualities, safety will not last long." ‡ Ways of thinking so far divergent from Mr. Austin's as are those of Professor Goldwin Smith lead to much the same conclusion. "We are out of the fray," says that gentleman,§ writing from America; "we stand clear of English parties; we care for nothing but the country; we see, while those immediately engaged do not see, the heady current of faction, ambition, chimerical aspiration, political fatalism, and disunionist conspiracy hurrying the nation towards a bourne which all the speakers and writers on the

* The *Contemporary Review* for April 1884. Essay on "The Coming Slavery," p. 473.

† The *National Review* for June 1885. Essay on "A Seat in the House," p. 475.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 479.

§ The *Contemporary Review* for March 1885. Essay on "The Organization of Democracy," p. 315.

Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill, by the vagueness of their speculations on the practical results, proclaim to be unknown."

It seems, therefore, that we have come upon a crisis in the history of our nation when we must consider as to what fresh methods of government should be adopted. The old ones, clearly, are no longer sufficient to secure the country's safety. Indeed, as I have all along been endeavouring to indicate, they are the very causes of the country's peril. Is it unreasonable to think that the dangers of Democracy would be mitigated if our latter-day Party System were allowed to lapse?

The answer to that query will probably be indirect. The Party System, it will be said, is an essential factor in our national life; and, before thinking about what would happen if it were allowed to lapse, we must inquire whether it could be allowed to lapse at all.

That is a cogent consideration, and it must be disposed of before our argument can go on.

"If individuality has no play," Professor Huxley says,* "Society does not advance. If individuality breaks out of all bounds, Society perishes." That dogma is a striking illustration of the general rule that in some mysterious way what Lord Cowper would call the destiny of the country is wrought out by the conflict of utterly contradictory motives, to one and the other set of which one half the community or the other is violently opposed, and to neither set of which any reasonable man would permanently pin his faith. As Lord Pembroke has skilfully argued,† "there are no plain ways to absolute truth and wisdom in human affairs, no simple principles by adhering to which we can make sure of always being right." Nevertheless, Lord Pembroke seems to think the nation has managed to get on pretty well without any arbitrary principle. Liberalism and Conservatism are both patchwork systems of political philosophy; yet they have supplied the place of such a principle fairly well. Are we not still the wealthiest and most powerful people in the world?

I will not deny that there is great force in that argument. On the contrary, I will admit that it must do much to induce the reader to make a new application of the "*Laissez-faire*" doctrine by adopting it as against the suggestion I am about to respectfully submit. It is quite to be expected that, imbued with the idea Professor Huxley and Lord Pembroke have stated as a law, society should languidly reject such scepticism as my own, and resolve to go on in its old partisan ways.

However, there is a certain confusion of thought alike in Professor Huxley's dogma and in Lord Pembroke's administration of it, both of which have the appearance of a scientific precision

* *Critiques and Addresses.*

† *The National Review*, vol. i., p. 343. Essay on "Liberty and Socialism."

that vanishes when we examine them carefully. About the dogma it has to be observed that, although incontestable as a deduction from certain social phenomena, it must be treated as such a deduction merely. As an absolute rule, it has no basis in fact. There never has been a society in which there was no exercise of individuality and no advancement: there never has been a society that perished because individuality broke "out of all bounds." The dogma, therefore, has no authority from experiment, which, as Professor Huxley himself assures us, is the first necessity of Science. The bearing of my argument, however, will be more clearly observed in the light shed by a criticism of Lord Pembroke's teaching. What reason has his lordship to assume that society is indebted for its amenities to the clash of two rude wrangling forces? He has none whatever. I could deny that society is to any extent so indebted with as much show of reason as he applies to his assertion of its whole indebtedness. I could assert that had the rude forces been absent society might have been happier than it is; for happiness, Professor Huxley and Lord Pembroke must remember, is a peculiar thing, quite as much dependent upon the lack as it is upon the possession of experience, which the Professor treats as essential in advancement, and the Peer as the prime necessity of progress. If I did make that assertion, neither the Professor nor the Peer could gainsay me; for neither is in possession of the thing the want of which leaves me unable to flatly contradict them, the authority of sufficient experience. As a Conservative thinker in contemplation of political perplexities, Lord Pembroke ought to have adopted a certain consolatory maxim from the proverbial philosophy of the North. "Things maun aye be some way," the Scotsman says when specially grievous afflictions come upon him; and the thought rarely fails of comfort. "Society must always be in some state," Lord Pembroke should likewise have reflected; and I rather think that the balance of facts he was observing should have inclined him to the resigned spirit of the vexed Scot rather than to the optimism he entertained. His lordship's proposition is capable of no complete disproof; but, even so, it only shares the distinction of the logic that impels you to believe that there must always be weather of some kind. Scientific as at the first glance it seemed to be, the idea Lord Pembroke stated as a law is in reality only Lord Cowper's fatalism with variations.

It seems clear, then, that, just as we have no experience to tell us how affairs would have been ordered had there been no destiny-compelling system of partisanship, we have no reason to assume that it is to that system we owe all our blessings, such as they are. The only thing about the problem concerning which we can be positive is that it is to that system we are indebted for our curses, upon which we have dwelt

sufficiently. Thus, the balance of evidence leads us to conclude that, being quite certain of the ills it inflicts, and having nothing but a fatalistic confidence in Destiny to warrant us in assuming that it has done any good, we are quite at liberty to revise our Party System.

Such is my respectful suggestion. Its adoption, I think, is the only remedy for the evils all patriots are deploring. It would cut at their root at once. With admirable force, Mr. Austin has stated the same opinion. "I believe," he writes,* "and the belief is greatly strengthened by recent events, that the root of our misfortunes is, if not our Party System of Government, in other words our Constitution, at least the illicit, and, I must add, imperfectly sincere manner in which that system has of late years been applied. . . . Our Party System, even when worked as according to Constitutional theory it is supposed to be worked, is attended, as all thoughtful men have long discerned, with great dangers to the State. It is enough to indicate two of these dangers. One is that the sudden and abrupt changes of Rulers, such as we witnessed in 1874 and 1880, and are, perhaps, now going to witness again, renders it difficult, if not impossible, to have any consistent Foreign or continuous Colonial Policy. The other is that, in domestic questions, the exigencies of Party constantly compel men, and sometimes the ablest men, to surrender or suppress their convictions, lest they should destroy or damage the particular Party to which they belong. Now, this state of things is in itself bad and dangerous enough, and is leading many persons to the conclusion, which I confess I have for some time shared, that our Party System of Government, even when applied conformably with the theory of the Constitution, is a standing peril to the Empire, and a slow but sure corrupter of the public conscience; and two worse mischiefs than these, I suppose, there could not well be." Then Mr. Austin goes on to establish his generalisation in detail. Our Governments, he points out, are frequently composed of men whose only common sympathy is that of their common partisanship; and their rule of action is at best a maleficent compromise cemented by "putting the head of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways on the body of the Siamese Twins." In short, our Party System "throws the whole country into a trance"; into a trance under the influence of which, obeying the directions of some strong-willed leader, men naturally disposed to attend only to their own homely affairs band themselves together into blatant factions, and then, frenzied utterly, with all sense of their original modesty and shrewdness and patriotism gone, rush headlong to destruction, like the devil-demented swine in the country of the Gadarenes.

Serious though our subject be, it is difficult to study it without

* The *National Review* for March 1885. Essay on "The Root of our Misfortunes," p. 1.

being strongly impressed by its comic aspect. If he followed up his "country-in-a-trance" figure of speech a little way, Mr. Austin himself must have been tickled more than his essay indicates. Just as the subjects of ordinary mesmerism do many ludicrous things, the subjects of political mesmerism excite us to melancholy amusement as well as to alarm. In its own wan way the average Liberal or Conservative Association affords quite as good an entertainment as the theatre in the season of pantomime and burlesque! Depressing though it also is, it is certainly amusing to see the wizened little chairman drawing himself up to his full stature, striving to expand a chest chronically contracted by a life's work at desk or at counter, straining his voice into a bass croak, and calling upon his associates to buckle on their armour for the fight. I wonder whether he and they would be so valorous were the fight to be anything more serious than a bloodless battle of dirty tricks and seedy sophisms. It is certainly amusing to observe the greengrocer, for example, solemnly told off to "work" a certain district of the town, like the disciple of some modern Loyola entrusted with a serious mission in the interests of faith. In appointing the greengrocer, the Association is actuated solely by the consideration that, although in politics he may be as ignorant as the townsman who did not know a bull from a bee's foot, the working man must be recognised and deferred to: it never occurs to the Association that to proselytise a portion of the community requires any qualification whatever. There are other vanities and follies in the Association inclining one to merriment; but we need not now go into them. I mention the comic aspect of the subject in order to point the suggestion I have made. Ridicule is often more effective than reason; and it does seem to me that the sure way to bring the country out of its trance is to show it how ridiculously that trance causes it to behave. Let the patriotic Press show up the absurdities that flow from following the injunction to "Organise! organise! organise!" and men will soon begin to think that they have made fools of themselves long enough.

The result, I know, would be ill-favoured in the eyes of Professor Goldwin Smith. Democracy would be disorganised. That, however, would not be in any way deplorable. I see no reason why those who estimate it rightly should wish Democracy organised, any more than they would desire to see a similar service done by St. Vitus' Dance. As much as that phenomenon, Democracy is a malady; and, very much more than it, Democracy is a curse to civilisation. To stimulate it and to hound it on, as our Party System does, is absolutely suicidal. It is to rob man of all his natural dignity, and to leave him a wretched creature, the incarnation of vanity and folly.

Some may think that without political organisation we should

ere long see Professor Huxley's dogma illustrated by the decay of public spirit. There is no reason to contemplate such a contingency. What would die with the death of political associations would be merely the bastard monstrosities that, as Mr. Spencer tells us, have demoralised our modern society. The stereotyped lines of our present party division would certainly be obliterated, and caucuses would no longer live to forward the designs of ambitious men. Neither of those results, however, would be fraught with ill to anybody. On the contrary, each of them would be fraught with good to all. To a very large extent, our two great parties are artificial combinations; and, therefore, they cannot be expected, either separately or in rivalry with each other, to work naturally and healthfully. The leading literary exponent of Democracy admits that as handsomely as any one could wish. Criticising some opinions of my own, the *Spectator* dropped the remark* that "professional journalists know quite well that if they were independent they would develop just as many sets of opinions as they are persons." Well, then: if the most cultivated and most thoughtful class in the nation are thus agreed that the ties binding the members of any party to one another are thoroughly artificial, why, I ask in the name of common sense, should anybody wish to preserve them?

If there were no organisation such as that at present in vogue, the root of our misfortunes would be cut. The individual man would be liberated from the degrading thralldom of being a political associate; society would once more grow into its natural vitality; and the country would cast off the congestion that, since it began the futile effort to digest Democracy, has impeded it in the discharge of its work. In ceasing to be a Liberal or a Conservative associate, the uneducated citizen would rid himself of the "monstrous belief" that, although nobody would trust him with the architecture of a coal-shed, he is perfectly capable of revising the architecture of an empire; and he would find scope for the exercise of his energies in his own business and family affairs, as well as abundant happiness in sport or in recreation. Candidates for seats in Parliament, who would be more numerous than they are at present, would come forth with some genuine political theory to be earnestly expounded, for they would have no compact party upon which to rely; and thus, although the votes cast would be much fewer than under our present system, the nation would have a more faithful representation, for each member of Parliament would bring to bear upon legislation the largest body of coherent and definite opinion in his constituency, instead of, as at present, a huge body of opinion that is coherent and definite only in being the negation of the other moiety. Elections would cause less

* The *Spectator* for April 4th, 1885, p. 446.

excitement than at present, and, on the whole, those only would vote who had some idea as to what they were voting about; but that would be to purify public spirit, not to kill it.

We have only two courses to choose from. Either we may organise Democracy, or we may disorganise it. If we adopt the one course, we shall, all competent observers are agreed, perpetuate and accentuate "faulty aims and doings," Cæsarism, sham philanthropy, and political superstition: at least, we shall do so while yet degeneration has not relieved us of the power to do anything at all. If we adopt the other, casting off the hideous ailments under which it is at present suffering, the nation will give itself a chance to avoid the fatal destiny otherwise in near-at-hand store for it.

Society will surely give grave consideration to the question I have sought to bring clearly to the issue. "There is but a very small remnant of honest followers of wisdom; and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just,—what are they to do?" Thus it was that the question we have now to face presented itself to Plato. How shall it be answered by those, the thinkers and the patriots of England, to whom it is now addressed? Shall it be answered, as in Plato's time, by a haughty holding-aloo from the vulgar energisings by which the life of our nation is being sapped away? Surely, no. Let us realise and act upon the meaning of Mr. Spencer's saying that stands as the text of this article: let us by derision and all other means at our command scorch out the leaden democratic instincts that no political alchemy can turn to beneficial purpose. That task accomplished, "confidence in the destiny of our race" will cease to be the cant of political fatalism, and will become the expression of an intelligent and creditable idea.

W. EARL HODGSON.

“VOX CLAMANTIS.”

THE exposure of the vices of London culminated in the Hyde Park Demonstration. All the harm that could be done by the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been done. It is now the duty of citizens to consider the position, and decide what practical good is possible. The earnestness of men of ordinary morality has been quickened. Those who for years have worked in the cause of social purity have found a sympathetic audience. The ordinarily immoral man has been brought to face the ultimate results of courses similar to those which he is himself pursuing, and the latent sense of chivalry which he possesses has been roused by the knowledge of the cruelty of vice. The extraordinarily immoral man has been forced by the only sentiment which appeals to him—the sentiment of fear—to think whether publicity may not one day bring him to open shame. Women have been obliged to consider the sin and shame attending the lives of their fallen sisters and their own relation to the whole question.

For some time it has been a matter of disgrace and complaint that two moral standards exist in England, the one for men, the other for women. The average Englishman expects that the women with whom he is connected by ties of blood or service shall be pure. He is even shocked that the innocence of any with whom he is connected should run the risk of being tainted by philanthropic effort. But as regards his male relations he seems not to care one jot what their private life may be; he puts the question on one side with the remark that so-and-so “is sowing his wild oats,” “boys will be boys,” and the like.

This line of argument obviously ends in a dual standard of morality. Women must be pure, but men need not, so long as they avoid inconvenient scandal. To such an extent is this opinion carried, that in certain circles those who hold aloof from vicious courses are regarded as contemptible purists, something less than men. As one result of this dual standard, the following instance may be quoted. A lady for years had been interested, in the *dilettante* way which some ladies affect, in the rescue work carried on by a few of her friends. Her sons were of the type of ordinarily immoral men, and their immorality was concealed from all except from a few most intimate friends. This lady was induced to visit a well-known place of amusement in order to bring away

a girl who had once been persuaded to abandon her "sad, mad, bad" life. During conversation the lady observed that the girl bestowed a friendly greeting on a young man, who, after passing, turned to look at the girl and the lady who were so earnestly talking. A look of mutual recognition followed. The mother recognised her son, whom she believed to be rowing down the Thames. This instance proves one point, that no permanent improvement is possible without an uniform standard. To frown on the sinners of one sex, and ignore the identical sins in the other, is as unfair as it is unprincipled. We are thus brought face to face with two alternatives; either the present standard for one sex is absurdly high, or for the other it is scandalously low. Either we must boldly advocate a return to social life of the Hetaira, or we must fix a social ban on immoral men.

The man of the world will probably answer that sins of impurity are less harmful to man's moral nature than to woman's. But although this argument is frequently brought forward, it is difficult to see its logic. The law of purity is binding, because on it rests the home, and home life is the basis not only of society but of civilisation. Vice, whether in man or woman, whether published or concealed, breaks up homes. When a man once sins he regards all women and all home life with altered eyes; for him family life has lost its sanctity and charm; he can never again regard women as in the days of his innocence. For every man, whether controlled or licentious, woman is the ideal of purity. By helping to still further degrade a degraded woman he lowers his own ideal, and hence the whole current of his thoughts is vitiated. He regards all men and women through mud-coloured spectacles, and for him the world is fouled. It is no doubt less hard for a man to win back a character than for a woman, but this is only because the world is willing to forgive the sins in one sex, but not in the other. Theft, murder, lying, are judged independently of sex; why should impurity be differently treated? In moral questions sex is an accident, not an essential; if the law of purity is binding on women, it is binding on men.

The physiological aspect of the question cannot be here discussed, but doctors do not hesitate to say that continence is not injurious to health, and one of the greatest physicians of our day has recently declared "that marriage can safely be waited for." There are many men, no doubt, who through weakness of will and carelessness of life have reduced themselves to the level of brutes; but we must also hear the evidence of those who have fought the good fight and have conquered. If men inflame their passions by overfeeding, by overdrinking, by brooding on subjects which tend to impurity, by giving up physical exercise when they most need it, they hand themselves over to a power which they will with difficulty master. But victory even by such men has been won,

and-will be won again. In this question early training goes for much; and until the teaching of physiology breaks down the policy of silence in our schools, improvement is almost impossible. Boys should be told the facts of their physical life and the conditions of their developing manhood by their fathers. If boys are to hear this question discussed solely by evil-livers, they will adopt the lower standard—a standard which only compares with the morality of the lower empire and the more profligate of Hellenic states. It has been necessary to enter into these details in order to meet the arguments of the ordinarily immoral man, though we feel an apology is due.

The first point on which social reformers should insist is an identical moral standard for men and women. Impure men must be shunned as are impure women. Their society must only be sought by those who would save them just as they seek the society of impure women. Otherwise we must look for an indefinite increase in the vicious, the ultimate recognition of the Hetaira in social life, and the degradation of family life.

In this matter decent living men and women can do much. They must not choose as friends, or admit on terms of social equality, men known from their behaviour, conversation, and tone to be leading bad lives; indeed, they must go further, and shun them, regardless of the world's favour or their social position. What good woman would be bold enough to invite to her house a prostitute together with a general company of friends? In common justice, the same measure of social ostracism must be meted out to those whose money degrades womanhood, whose lusts blast women's lives, because, forsooth, their wills are too weak and enervated to control controllable passions. In this matter let us have no mawkish sentimentality, either about the lost woman or the degraded man. Our present standard is wrong; it must be altered regardless of cost. A surgeon who spares the knife to save the patient passing pain is a coward in his heart, and a traitor to his calling. For the good of men we must use the knife of sternness; for the good of women we must direct our thoughts and sympathy to the virgin saint, and not to the repentant Magdalen.

Some of those who feel that this vice is eating into the heart of society have banded themselves into Vigilance Committees to thwart its progress. Their chief difficulty is where to begin, and what line of policy to pursue. The chief thing is to raise the moral standard—but of this enough has been said. The remarks which we have to offer may be divided under the following heads:—

I. As to the enforcement of the law. Those of experience know the difficulty of getting information when the law relating to children is broken in towns where neighbours are strangers. The Committee (consisting almost entirely of trustworthy work-

men and women) should be in close communication with school board visitors and industrial schools' officers, and should use their influence to get the number largely increased. For instance, in the East of London one visitor has charge of enforcing the law in a district reaching from Finsbury to Blackwall, from Upper Clapton to the Tower of London—a district which includes the poor law areas of Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, St. George's East, Mile End, Stepney, Bethnal Green, Hoxton, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, Ratcliff, Bow, Bromley, and Dalston. This officer is expected to observe all the "bad houses" in East London, and remove all children under the age of sixteen years found living in them. It not infrequently takes ten days to work up evidence on which magistrates will make the requisite order. If these Acts are to be enforced,—and this is a policy which all reasonable men approve,—not only must the number of officers be increased, but their efforts will have to be supplemented by voluntary help.

II. As to the suppression of houses of ill-fame. On the whole, it is expedient that they should be closed, and pressure should be brought to bear on local authorities to put into operation the power which they already possess. It is urged that the suppression of these places will tend to the greater degradation of the sinners of both sexes—and that to avoid this result such resorts must be tolerated if quietly conducted. But no pity for the sinner should blind us to the nature of the sin. Sin is, in itself, degradation, and no surroundings can make it less or more so. Indeed, if the surroundings are softened, it only tends to make it more dangerous because less repulsive. Such houses should be closed, because men often fall into sin because the means are at hand. It is corrupting for the children of honest people to be brought within sight and sound of these houses. Young men and women are demoralized by familiarity with vice, and by degrees they adopt the opinion of the man of the world, that vice is not degradation. They learn, too, the methods by which the idle can get a livelihood without honest work. But before such a house is closed, every care should be taken to remove the children to industrial schools.

III. The police must be helped to do their duty. There is cause to complain of the moral tone of the force. They are bound by stringent rules which can be easily broken in ways where detection is difficult. But it must not be forgotten that in the matter of moral education they are a neglected body. Publicans, shop-keepers, street-sellers, etc., combine to lower their moral standard by offering bribes for neglect of duty; and there are but few agencies on the other side except official inspection. The police might become moral agents of the first importance if imbued with a truer sense of duty. To under-paid men bribes in money or kind are serious temptations. But as

long as the British public care more for money-getting than for righteousness little will be done. It is no doubt of importance that Vigilance Committees should keep on good terms with the police for the enforcement of existing law. But it must be clearly understood that they are prepared to do unpleasant work in order to raise the tone of the force.

IV. Vigilance Committees should make known methods for the attainment of personal purity, and the Central Association should issue leaflets dealing with this matter from a scientific standpoint. They should be prepared to institute a course of lectures on physiology wherever a class of men or women could be gathered. They should be prepared with lists of houses where those desirous of abandoning a vicious life might be at once received. They should take the necessary steps for the suppression of corrupting literature. In short, they should seek to arouse by every means the true spirit of democratic chivalry. Men must be made to understand that because women are more self-sacrificing, therefore they are to be guarded by men, and that to debase women to the gratification of conquerable lust is the work of a coward and a knave. On this matter all classes are equally to blame,—selfishness and vileness are not the distinctive marks of either the rich man or the poor; the common talk of the workshop is no better than that of the club where fast men congregate,—all classes are tarred with the same brush, and all classes must unite to remove the blot.

Besides all this, Vigilance Committees vigorously worked might by degrees reform the laws bearing on the question. Laws could be devised so as to compel the patients in the lock wards of pauper or charitable asylums to remain under control long enough to shake off the chains of habitual sin, and learn means of getting an honest livelihood. Vigilance Committees vigorously worked in combination might in time become a power felt by the nation and its rulers, a power which might make for righteousness.

So much can men do when banded together as committees or associations for the suppression of vice, but they can do more as individuals. To their younger relations (battling with desires strengthened by ignorance), amid the temptations of the workshop or large public school, they can speak of these things, pointing out not only the duty of self-restraint, but the holiness of the act, when used as a sacrament and as a means of creation. Men often cannot resist tempting sidepaths unless the main road is made clear by the light of an ideal. As individuals, men can seek out the society of those youths who, fresh from the country, are yearly thrown into our great cities, with innocence as their only safeguard. They can let them come to their own homes, introduce them to their wives or sisters, and tolerate their dulness in the hope of saving them from sin.

Men, too, can often do what women cannot for the saving of the fallen. The present writer can tell of an American who came to England on urgent business from a Friday to a Monday only. On the Friday he went to the play, and as he left the theatre he was accosted by one of those for whom all should sorrow. He replied, and speaking earnestly, gave her money to save her from sin that night, and asked her to meet him the following morning.

This she did, when he took her with him to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and other sights such as Americans love, in order to give her "some sense of self-respect, and belief in the possible chivalry of men." On his return to his hotel, he could think of no better way of helping the woman than that of placing her under one of the "Guardians of the Poor," whose title, he thought, expressed their vocation. He found in the Directory the address of one of the chairmen, and, applying personally, was referred to the vicar of a large parish, who was able to receive the young woman and place her where she could regain her character. In this she steadily persevered, and is now an honest working woman.

In such ways individual men, anxious that our nation should be pure, could work for that end. It costs something to show disapproval of conversation in railway carriages, club smoking rooms, or workshops, and perhaps something more to take solemnly to task those who thus offend; but those who have paid the cost can testify to the support they get from unexpected quarters, and the help that such talks have been to those who were beginning to think that the low, coarse standard in this matter is the only standard possible.

As individuals, men can do much, especially if they guard their own minds from the familiarity which much brooding on this vice ensures—familiarity which, even in the purest minds, must breed a certain want of delicate perception.

And how can women stem these evils? Their first duty is to get the system of education for girls radically reformed. If in the future women are to take their proper place in the development of the race, men "must find in them not merely comfort, but force, inspiration, the redoubling of moral and intellectual faculties. Long prejudice, inferior education, political and legal inferiority and injustice, have created a difference which has been converted into an argument of still farther repression. In the sight of God there is neither man nor woman, only the human being." The Mosaic story declared that God created man, and woman from man. The voice of the future will declare the further truth, that "God created humanity made manifest in the woman and the man." "Woman," said Kant, "must be taught never to allow her humanity to be used as a means to an end. Woman is an end in herself." "Women should not demand their

emancipation as a right, but must make men recognize as a duty the raising of womanhood."

Woman's education must deal with truer ideas of marriage. In the grossest savagery marriage is as rude and brutal as possible. As we rise in the scale of life it takes a purer form, and on the summits of life it is a sacrament, the most awful sacrament that can ever be taken, and most certain, if taken unworthily, to bring damnation. Men and women must be taught that the truest wedded life can only come out of the truest unwedded life. It is folly to imagine that a woman who has had half-a-dozen "affairs of the heart" can wed a man who has "sown his wild oats," and make a happy match. Purity and truth in deed, and thought, and word are imperative, not only towards one another, but towards their own most intimate life. Women must be taught that marriage is the greatest sacrament which they ever take; and all this, as wives and mothers, they must teach men.

But beside all this women can do more. They can help working women to form leagues and trades unions, for it is undoubtedly poverty which in some cases makes women so fatally ready to yield to the tempter's money, though it is blasphemy to say that under-paid needlewomen habitually degrade their womanhood to eke out miserable earnings. Working women must combine, as men have done, to secure a reasonable share in profits. Married women must learn the certain effects on their children, their husbands, and on the wage-earning prospects of their sex, of their selfishness in continuing to work after marriage. Women must be taught that their first and paramount duty is to make the home, not to earn the wages wherewith to keep the home.

Women with education and sympathy can gather together groups of working women in their workshops and clubs, or attend mothers' meetings, and, either collectively or individually, talk to the mothers on their daughters' training, their own duties towards them, and the reasons for plain speaking at critical times. And if ladies who desire the progress of the nation would give up some of the claims of society to perform their own functions as women their words would come with the force gathered by example.

There is, moreover, great need of an association for shop girls on the same lines as those adopted by the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. All young women of the less educated classes require the guiding hand of those who, knowing life, can warn some of its dangers, and guide all to its manifold good. Women can become the friends of their own servants, and of their servants' friends, including the lover and the follower. By such friendship some domestic tragedies, which become sources of national disgrace, would be prevented; and, having done this, they might extend their friendship to the many

homeless and unprotected girls who yearly find their way by hundreds into the great market of domestic service. It is astonishing what friendship can do to prevent vice, and this is more truly women's work than to rescue the vicious. In a letter which appeared in the *Daily News* on September 12th, an account is given of the work done by one of the branch committees of the Metropolitan Association. It is stated that out of girls who have in the last seven years come under the care of the Society, only 4 per cent. have gone astray, and not one who "has had the helpful influence of a real friend." The girls of this Association belong to the poorer class of East Londoners, and many of them come from single-roomed homes. The world talks as though virtue depended for its existence on harmonious environment. Here, at any rate, is a proof that virtue is not that exclusive property of the well-to-do which some would have us believe.

Women can also become playmates to the playless. The whole question of recreation is closely connected with that of social purity, and the exact form must be carefully devised to suit those of active or sedentary pursuits, of both sexes and of all ages. It must be provided as a religious duty for children, as well as for young men and women, to save them as much as possible from the contaminating influence of the streets. Playrooms for children, clubs, gymnasias, swimming baths, must be supplied—if need be, at the cost of the State—if the nation is really anxious to stop the causes which make men and women profligate and uncontrolled.

In all these ways women can help to purify the world; and although what they can do for their own sex has hitherto only been dealt with, they can perhaps do still more for men. It has been said that it is a sign of men's love of virtue that women of certain classes do not fall, and that it is a sign of the women's indifference to virtue that the men in the same classes so frequently fall. This is a hard saying, but it contains some truth. Men of ordinary morality of the middle and upper classes will not take a fallen woman as a wife, but women of the same classes do not make the same demand of those men whom they take as their husbands. Men, therefore, adopt the standard which women have made for them, and it has hitherto been low. But women can yet raise that standard higher, and by adhering to it individually and collectively they can do more than can be done by any agencies and associations to raise the moral tone. Let a woman not be content to be in ignorance of the manner of man whom she meets as an acquaintance, but let her make it her duty to inquire of her husband and brother of the man's private life, and let the bad be mercilessly ostracized. If it is objected that such action would condemn men only to the society of the vicious, it must be remembered men have a free choice, and that for the good of the whole, the lives of

those who choose vice must be made unattractive and undesirable. This would not prevent women gifted with the power of personal influence from seeing such men, but they would then do so as philanthropists, and not as social equals.

Women can also do much by making friends of young men; they need not talk with them on this matter; and, indeed, except in rare cases, such matters are better left undiscussed. But striking results would follow if women would allow themselves to be the friends of young men, entering into their amusements, hopes, and pleasures. Such a woman is known to the writer, who, herself confined for years to her invalid couch, has guided and influenced the lives of countless boys and young men; so many that, though she uses few other means than the simple method of caring for them, she herself will feel surprise when, in the far unknown future, she sees the many who can arise and call her blessed.

All women with homes of their own can do this sort of work, but perhaps it is specially given to those whose husbands are connected with large firms; for to these the introductions to men who more immediately need lady friends can come about in the most simple way. The young clerk, the lad freshly introduced into the business, can unaffectedly be invited to the elder man's house, and in the woman's hand is placed the rest. Often a man who has been blessed with such a friendship can affirm that it has altered his whole life.

Sometimes, too, a woman can influence her own brothers and relations even more directly. She can speak to them on these subjects as a woman's natural purity suggests, pointing out the high possibility of the relation of the sexes, and illustrating the lofty courtesy between man and woman, which alone paves the way for the right understanding of the highest power which is given unto man—the power wherein he most resembles God.

Manifold, then, are the opportunities which all possess of doing some work on behalf of purity.

"To have struck some blow for right with tongue or pen,
To have smoothed the path to light for wandering men,

* * * * *

A little backward to have thrust
The instant powers of drink and lust,"

will make a noble retrospect for a well-spent life. Righteousness alone exalteth nations. On this battle for purity hangs the future of England, and perhaps the destiny of the world. "Tremble ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones; gird sackcloth upon your loins—rise up: hear my voice; give ear unto my speech, ye careless daughters of God."

IGNOTUS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

BY A. SONNENSCHN. .

[Continued from May Number.]

"The highest end of government is the culture of men; and if men can be educated, the institutions will share their improvement, and the moral sentiment will write the law of the land."—EMERSON.

Suggestions for Improvements of the Code.

Apology for Delay.—An apology, I feel, is due for the delay in the appearance of this third part of my article. The indulgent reader will readily make the needful allowance, when he is informed that the writer is by profession not an author but a teacher, and that he can devote to literary work, of any kind, only such intervals of time as can be snatched from the pursuit of his regular labours.

Difficulties of Task.—Nor can the task now in hand be called an inviting one, being beset with inherent difficulties of no ordinary kind; difficulties which are enhanced by the opposition to all change made by those who are well content with, and feel comfortable under, the present state of things. And even they who feel the pressing need of radical reforms are by no means in accord as to what changes are desirable or feasible.

Colliding Interests and Views.—The interests and views of the teachers, for example, collide with those of the inspectors and bureaucrats, neither do the interests of the teachers wholly coincide with those of the public, nor do the views of the inspectors always accord with those of the other permanent officials of the Department. Hence it is that in the matter of Code Reform the dictum, "*Quot homines tot sententiæ*," is almost literally true, and therefore a radical reformer encounters formidable and deterrent difficulties in his problem, which must none the less be grappled with and solved.

Salient Defects.—In the outstart it seems desirable to enumerate our most salient defects, and to come to an understanding on the leading maxims, which must guide a circumspect reformer.

Our principal *fontes et origines malorum* are six:—

First and foremost stands our unique system of Payment by Results, the fruitful parent of many other evils.

Second. Our unscientific standards, which differ from those of all Europe, are spoken of with scorn by foreign educationists,* and make good teaching well-nigh impossible.

I have before me the Education Code of South Australia, forwarded to me by the kindness of Mr. J. A. Hartley, Inspector-General, and I wish it were in my power, within the limits of this article, to institute a comparison between the provisions and standards of that Code and of our own. We are badly defeated all along the line, and the question remains why English teachers should be deemed worthy of liberal provisions and scientific standards in the southern hemisphere and not in the northern?

Third. Our plausible, but radically false and absurd Pupil Teacher System.†

Fourth. Our Inspectorate.

Fifth. The commercial spirit, which, engendered by Payment by Results, actuates so many of our elementary teachers, and impels them to adopt certain "expeditious" methods of teaching, which are not, as a rule, most conducive to the children's benefit.

Sixth. The Irregular School attendance of the children.

There are other minor evils in our system, but they flow from the sources here enumerated, and will disappear when these are dried up.

Maxims of Reform.—As for the obvious maxims which must guide the Reformer, there are but two :—

First. Security must be furnished, that for every shilling of public money paid, twelve pennyworths of *real* service have been rendered.

Second. That it is unwise and dangerous suddenly to break with history; that we have not to deal with the problem of what we would do, if we had to start afresh, but of what is to be done in the England of the present day, such as history has handed down to us. In fact, it is all the difference between writing on a palimpsest and on a clean sheet of parchment. In one word, we cannot erase the past.

"In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." He will prove himself the wise administrator, who, within the narrow circle of these limitations, will, at a minimum of loss and inconvenience, free us from our evils.

A Minister of Education.—The whole turns on our getting a Ministry instead of a Department of Education presided over

* Apologists of our scholastic legislation ascribe the adverse opinion foreigners hold of us to "the mis-statement of controversialists." Whatever value this plea may have, surely it does not hold of our Standards, which tell their own tale, and cannot be misrepresented.

† A few weeks ago a pupil teacher giving a lesson on the four cardinal points said : "The top of the map is always called the North; we don't know why it is so, but so it is."

by a Cabinet Minister, and not by a Vice-President, etc., with or without a seat in the Cabinet.

This difference of names must indicate a radical difference of functions.

Functions of the New Ministry.—We want a Ministry that guides and directs Education, that does not shrink from the responsibility of laying down sound general canons of teaching, school keeping, school books, and school buildings, and not a mere administrative department, which avowedly restricts itself to the distribution of the enormous subsidies in a manner that is most convenient to itself; a minister who not only is an orator in and out of the House, but also a profound statesman, and above all an educational expert, who can give to permanent officials a Roland for an Oliver for every verse and chapter they quote, and is possessed of the moral and material force needful to give effect to his wider and sounder views. This, the first and most urgent reform, includes all the others, and is well expressed in and between the lines of the following passage extracted from the memorandum issued by the Educational Institute of Scotland:—

“The rapid development of education in other countries renders it necessary to place the education of this country under the control of a minister, thoroughly conversant with every phase of the education question at home and abroad, and fitted by official position to give effect to enlightened views on the subject. The work would sufficiently tax the energies of a Cabinet Minister.”

Royal Commission.—The first goal that a minister, who is not a mere figurehead, would, if he is wise, set before himself, is the appointment of a Royal Commission, consisting of eminent statesmen, philosophers, and teachers, to enlighten the public, and to strengthen his hands in the arduous task devolving upon him. Who will venture to forecast the conclusions of such a commission? Nevertheless, some of the aspirations of practical teachers may here be enumerated.

Inspection v. Examination.—Inspection will supersede, if not wholly set aside, examination. All school work must be diaphanous, like the works of a skeleton clock under a glass case, showing all the Processes, and not merely the Results, on the clock's face. And this is readily attainable. School must be subject to frequent and unannounced inspections by *different* inspectors; the country must be parcelled out into districts, each placed under its own

Board of Inspectors.—And this Board, and no individual inspector, gives its award, and is answerable for it. And it must be an instruction to the inspectors to base their awards not so much on the pupils' spoken or written answers to their questions, as on the methods of teaching exhibited in the lessons given in their presence, and in the exercise and ciphering books submitted to their investigation.

Right of Appeal to Teachers.—At the same time, the

teacher ought to have, within limits, the right to appeal against an award which is manifestly unfair.

Abolition of Slates.—Let all slates and slate-work be banished from the school; the pale-grey slate-pencil marks on the dark-grey slate surface are injurious to the eye, and slate-work, intended for immediate effacement, induces slovenly habits of work; these evils are avoided by the exclusive use of pen-and-ink work carefully corrected and preserved for the inspector's searching scrutiny. True, this means much work on the part of the teacher, but here comes in usefully the help of the pupil teachers.

Use of Pupil Teachers.—The teacher corrects a part of the books, and, following this guidance, the pupil teachers correct the remainder. If a proper rotation be adopted every pupil's work and its corrections will come, in due order, under the teacher's eye.

Best Training of Pupil Teachers.—From such corrections, and from recapitulatory lessons given by the pupil teachers under the superintendence of the teacher, the pupil teacher will best learn the subject-matter and the methods of teaching it. At the same time, these exercise books are the most reliable record and index of the actual school work done.

Correction of Exercises in Prussia and Saxony.—In the Prussian Code I find the following instructions given anent correction of exercises:—

"Correction is to be made out of school hours, the errors being underlined in coloured ink, and afterwards corrected by the pupils themselves. The teacher will give an award to every such exercise. Neat transcription of fully corrected exercises is not to be made."

The Saxon Code says:—

"With reference to corrections, the law demands of the teacher punctuality, accuracy, neatness, appropriate comments in the margin, an award at the end according to well-known principles, and re-examination of the corrections made by the pupil.

In correcting, the following principles must be observed: (a) The teacher must distinguish between errors which the pupil at his stage of knowledge might have avoided, and such as are evidently accounted for by insufficiency of knowledge. (b) Errors of the first kind the teacher will simply underline, calling upon the pupil to correct them himself; errors of the second kind the teacher will correct himself and discuss with the scholar." *

If such investigation of Processes be favourable, the Results may be allowed to take care of themselves; at any rate, the teacher will stand exonerated, for he will furnish irrefragable proof that his work is honestly and thoroughly done, and that he is a labourer worthy of his hire. Such payment for processes would effectually exercise and ban the commercial spirit now, unfortunately, too rampant in the rank and file of elementary teachers.

Award of the Government Subvention.—Government subvention of schools can then be awarded according to the

* "Foreign Educational Codes," pp. 97, 100.

needs of the school, which would be carefully ascertained by strict and repeated scrutiny of accounts. I, for one, am convinced that this would lead to a great saving in the national expenditure, because unfair earnings would be cut off.

It is well known that there are so-called voluntary schools, which, by undue attention to grant-earning, have become so entirely self-supporting that they can renounce calling in the voluntary subscriptions; these managers, then, are irresponsible, self-appointed administrators of public funds, and they use their power for religious propaganda. Is this state of things desirable and conducive to economy? A searching scrutiny of accounts would lead to very curious revelations.

Teacher's Salary Fixed.—The teacher's salary should be fixed according to his reasonable necessities and requirements, and should in no way be allowed to depend on examination results, or on supply and demand.

A Career to Teachers.—To encourage the introduction of the best methods of teaching, a stimulating career should be opened to the teacher, and his advancement in it should be made to depend on the inspectors' reports, and upon the quality and success of the methods employed by him. If the teacher is given to understand this, he will bring to bear upon meritorious Processes the same energies that he has hitherto employed on the productions of meritricious examination Results. And if it comes to pass in England, as has happened elsewhere, that an elementary teacher has climbed into the highest educational post in the country, the whole body of masters and mistresses would rejoice, and be stimulated by such an auspicious event.

“ . . . Dem ganzen Corps gereicht's
Zum Sporn, zum Beispiel, macht einmal ein alter,
Verdienter Kriegsmann seinen Weg.”

SCHILLER.

If the teacher's salary is fixed, and the promotion in his career is made to depend solely on his talent and honest industry, the whole tendency of the profession must be to ascend to ever higher levels, and 'Trades' Unionism is deprived of its very roots of existence. The principal business of the authorities must be to weed out the bad teachers, and to nourish, foster, and rear into greatness the good and the best.

What is the difference between a profession and a trade? Is it not, that from professional men we are entitled to look for co-operation, of tradesmen we expect competition? What else but the vulgar spirit of competition is it amongst teachers that makes them look with jealousy on the throwing open of the profession to University graduates not trained in training colleges? The spirit of co-operation, on the other hand, would make them hail with delight the advent of new light, the infusion of new blood into their body. Let me not be misunderstood. Admitting,

as I do, the existence of a commercial spirit amongst many teachers, I do not hold them answerable for it, but the pernicious system which has created and fostered it.

Admission of Teachers into the Inspectorate.—An important stage in the teacher's career should be admission into the inspectorate, with a corresponding rise in his income. Let it not occur in the army of teachers that a sergeant should be forced to decline a commission, because he lacks the needful means to sustain it. An officer that has served up and been promoted from the ranks is more likely to know the ins and outs of the service than an outsider, be he never so cultured and gentlemanly, that has been hoisted over the heads of the real toilers in the field. "*Celui qui a été élevé dans le serail, en connait tous les détours.*"

Travelling Stipends to Teachers.—Many continental governments give to their most distinguished teachers travelling stipends to visit foreign schools and to report on them. If this practice were adopted by ourselves it might be used as a first step in the teacher's promotion. To gain this much-coveted stipend he should first have to be favourably reported on by his board of inspectors, and by the local managers. Next he ought to give proof of his having studied the language and read some classical educational work of the country to be visited; and lastly, he should bind himself to send in to the Ministry an exhaustive report of, at least, one eminent school he has visited. On these foreign schools he might try his 'prentice hand, and his report would show whether he has eyes to see and ability to pass judgment on what he sees. Visits to Germany and German Switzerland should be specially encouraged; for, let the reader believe me in this, if in nothing else, he that has not read some of the German classical works on the practical application of educational principles, has no right to join in the discussion. For, however well a general principle may be apprehended, however heartily it may be accepted, it yet requires either long experience or earnest study, before it can be successfully applied. Having gained the travelling stipend, and written an accepted report, should constitute a preliminary and indispensable condition for admission into the inspectorate.

Freedom of Classification conceded to the Teacher.—The teacher claims perfect freedom of classification, and it should be conceded to him without stint. Can any one know better than he, know as well as he does, the child's qualifications and abilities? Why should it be considered wrong, if in one subject the pupil is in a high, and in the other in a low standard? Is it not, on the contrary, a matter of daily experience that children's aptitudes vary? Why, then, are they to be compelled to advance in an unbroken line, like a company of soldiers? Such geometric beauty may please a martinet's eye, but it is not the outcome of natural growth.

Irregularity of School Attendance.—Children are also, unfortunately, very regular in their irregularity of attendance, and this untoward regularity makes itself felt by one child in one branch, by another child in another branch, of study. Why blink that fact? Why insist on advancement into a new standard in all the subjects, because some have been mastered? To minimize this evil, let compulsory attendance be made more of a reality than it is; but few are sanguine enough, considering our social state, to hope for a speedy, greatly perceptible diminution of this evil.

Decentralisation.—Such and other details of school management might surely be left, with much benefit to all parties, to the teachers and local managers. When the Ministry has once laid down canons and principles for general guidance, it would be able to decentralise and place some of its minor burdens on shoulders fitter to bear them.

Standards.—Now I have yet to deal with the last, and by far the most important, difficulty of all—viz., the Standards. Anybody would shrink from a sudden adoption of the continental or colonial standards, greatly superior as they are to our own. It is obviously very dangerous to change the course of study with pupils already far advanced in the present sequence of subjects; it is also no small matter to teachers to prepare new series of lessons fitted to the new requirements; a great many school-books, too, would become useless, involving severe pecuniary losses, and the work of the training colleges would have to undergo considerable modifications. This, then, is a deep-reaching and painful revolution; gladly would I ignore the question of changing the standards altogether, were I not convinced that it cannot be shirked, and that without this improvement all others will prove futile. It is to be feared, that nothing short of the labours and the authority of a Royal Commission can carry through this change, but in the meanwhile the ground might be prepared by the Department. Principals of training colleges and eminent teachers, who express dissatisfaction with the present standards, might be invited to submit alternative standards for the approval of the Department, and if they are accepted, a trial should be allowed; the results being carefully watched, reported upon, and registered by a committee of officials specially entrusted with this task. The same committee should collect foreign and colonial standards, make all needful inquiries on obscure or moot points, and elaborate a careful digest of them all for the use of the Department and of the Royal Commission. The progress made in this work should from time to time be published, so that teachers could somewhat prepare themselves for the coming change.

Summary.—With scientific and somewhat elastic standards duly adjusted to the varying needs and capabilities of the children,

with absolute freedom of classification conceded to teachers and local managers, with improved regularity of attendance, and with rewarding teachers by Promotion for Processes instead of by Payment for Results, mechanical teaching, with its attendant evils of Overpressure and Cram, would speedily disappear, their causes having ceased to exist.

APPENDIX.

A FEW REGULATIONS EXTRACTED FROM THE CODE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

§ 9. "At the general inspection the management of the school will be left in the hands of the principal teacher, unless the inspector should find it necessary to take the teaching of a class, or of the whole school, into his hands for a time, *to show the teacher how defective methods may be improved.*"

§ 28. "Boards of advice are empowered to investigate any complaints that may be made to them as to the relations of teachers and parents. They are, however, expected to protect the teachers from frivolous and vexatious complaints."

§ 87. "The head teachers of boys' and girls' departments are required to examine each class quarterly, and to keep a record of the results of such examination and of any instructions given to the teacher of the class for his or her future guidance."

§ 96. "Teachers are expressly forbidden to detain children after the usual school hours in order to prepare them for examination."

§ 114. "None but *approved* books may be used in any school."

§ 121. "Teachers are authorized to keep the copy-books and exercise books in the school till after the annual examination."

In § 130. *Reading*.—" . . . A wider choice of books is now allowed, and children in each class above the junior will be required to have had at least two in use exclusive of the little works on Elementary Agricultural Science. It is expected that one of these will have been thoroughly studied, and *from this the passage for dictation will be selected by the inspector.*" . . .

§ 134. *Writing*.—"The inspectors will require a finished copy book to be shown at the examination. Such book must have been written. . . . *A special series of books is being prepared for schools*; but, until this is ready, any book suitable for the class will be allowed."

§ 136. *Arithmetic*.—"The plan of instruction has been so arranged that the classes are not required to learn certain rules, as is usually the case, but to perform the various operations *with numbers limited according to the intellectual capacity of the children.*" . . . [Here follow several admirable principles of teaching and excellent standards, occupying three 8vo pages closely printed. With similar minuteness and excellency are treated Grammar, Composition, History, Poetry, and Recitation.]

§ 149. *The Programme of Special Lessons to take the place of the Object Lessons hitherto found unprofitable is left in the hand of the teachers*.—"It is, however, expected that lessons on the elementary principles of morality will be given in all cases, and that the fourth and fifth classes will receive instructions in the duties of a citizen, based on the text-book on the '*Laws we Live Under*,' issued by the Department."

§ 179. "Any teacher who may have reason to complain of the manner in which an examination has been conducted must report the circumstances within forty-eight hours after the conclusion thereof."

A. SONNENSCHN.

THE GREAT JUBILEE.

RETROSPECTIVE AND ANTICIPATORY.

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.

TIME is hurrying fast towards the Great Jubilee of the modern world. Five years more, and there will be witnessed on French soil such a celebration as few of us who are then living will surely care to miss. In 1889, a hundred years will have elapsed since the declaration of the rights of man was voted by the National Assembly, and a new era of progress and advanced thought was inaugurated not only in France but throughout the civilized globe.

It is curious to speculate on the crowds that will flock to France from the uttermost corners of the earth upon this occasion. If Paris presented an unforgettable appearance during the Exhibition of Industry a few years back, what will be the spectacle that awaits the fortunate participators in an anniversary also to be fêted by a grand exhibition of international industry? The imagination fails to grasp such a scene. It is, moreover, not so much the varied physiognomies and nationalities of the multitudes, sure to be attracted to Paris then, that will lend interest to the great gathering together, but rather the errand on which these strangers come, and the sentiment binding them together. The principles of the French Revolution are familiar to most, yet, seeing the hazy notions still existing on certain points in the minds of educated people, and the errors that creep into print, it seems worth while to dwell on a few points that, above all, should be clearly understood.

Take, for instance, the division of the land as effected by the Revolution. People talk loosely of the taking away from the rich and giving to the poor which then occurred, as if indeed up to that time the land had altogether belonged to the upper classes, and the Revolution had stepped in to destroy that monopoly after rough-and-ready fashion. The truth is, that one-fourth of the territory of France already belonged to the people, although so burdened with taxation and impositions that even the thriftiest could not derive any benefit from their share. The remainder belonged to the Crown, the clergy, and the nobility, who enjoyed entire immunity from the burdens that pressed upon the other classes. What the Revolution did was this:—The existing holders of land were eased of their

burdens, and the great bulk of the population enabled by little and little to become owners of the soil. The lands of the clergy were taken from them, an indemnity being paid, and the famous Concordat of 1802, according the clergy a regular stipend paid by the State in lieu of their enormous possessions, was merely a ratification of the principles of '89. Similarly the estates that had been awarded to court favourites, royal mistresses, and their illegitimate children, and others held on the same tenure, were sold by public auction, and in course of time came into the hands of the peasantry and the people generally. The process was very gradual, and nothing is more interesting to the traveller in France than to learn from village folks the history of their own commune. The rich bourgeois of to-day can thus trace his wealth to the small acquaintance of some humble ancestor, perhaps a serf, made a landed proprietor several generations back, the tiny parcel of land purchased then having been added to from year to year till it has become a valuable property. Nor are French people ashamed of such an origin; on the contrary, many are proud of it.

Again, the tourist in France is constantly misled into passing unfair judgments on the Revolution, with regard to the spoliation of public monuments. It is the habit to ascribe any act of vandalism of which we find traces to the fury of the revolutionary mob, but a very slight acquaintance with French history serves to dispose of such an assumption. The wars of the Crown with the House of Burgundy; the feudal and religious wars; last, but not least, isolated acts of despotism, are quite enough to account for many of the ruins we find, and the only wonder is that any monument remained for the Revolution to lay hands on at all. By way of example, we cite the fate of Maguelone on the coast of Languedoc, for many centuries a flourishing episcopal city and seaport, now a deserted ruin. The fragment still standing of its ancient cathedral is one of the most interesting specimens in existence of the mediæval fortified church; but the monks of Maguelone had grown too powerful, and Louis XI., and also the States of Languedoc, decreed the destruction of the city. Monastery, public buildings, walls, were ruthlessly demolished upon that occasion. The church, indeed, was spared, but it gradually fell into decay, whilst Maguelone itself long remained a veritable quarry, whither all powerful folk who would went in search of building-stone. What happened at Orange? The iconoclasts here were Maurice de Saxe and Louis XIV., who between them entirely destroyed the Roman circus and the citadel. The theatre, as in the case of Maguelone, was turned into a quarry, not only during the Middle Ages, but down to the last century. The history of Arles tells a variation of the same tale. A majestic triumphal arch, dedicated to Constantine, was pulled down in 1743 by the municipal authorities in order to enlarge a street, whilst the

magnificent art-treasures of the theatre were carried away by cart-loads. The iconoclasm of the Revolution is certainly a fact, yet that of former ages equally so. We should no more overlook the one than the other.

Now a word or two with regard to the excesses of the Revolutionary Tribune and of the Revolution generally.

English writers, purporting to instruct us, are apt to ignore one all-important fact: the Revolution abolished torture. The swiftest, perhaps least painful mode of inflicting death conceivable, was substituted for horrible torments prolonged with fiendish ingenuity, and often inflicted upon entirely innocent people for trifling offences. Such an upheaval of society could hardly be accomplished without excesses. The Revolution could not be effected, as M. Taine seems to think possible, by half-a-dozen gentlemen in dress-coats and white gloves, met in courteous conclave. What, moreover, were the worst crimes of the Terror and the sufferings caused to humanity, from the overthrow of the ancient *régime* to the Consulate, compared with those with which history has rendered us equally familiar? The systematic slavery of ancient Rome, the gladiatorial shows of the Empire, the religious persecutions of the Middle Ages, the extermination of the Moors in Andalusia and of the Indians in America by Catholic Spain, the armaments of mediæval maritime powers manned by captives, the Inquisition, the despotism of Russia, the persecution of the Jews throughout civilized Europe, lastly, American slavery in our own epoch—can the excesses of the French Revolution be matched for a moment with these horrors? Recent investigations, moreover, have demonstrated that the accepted statistics of the Terror and September massacre have been greatly in excess of the truth, and the given number of victims much exaggerated.

When we turn from the past to the present, we find that, in spite of retrogressive periods and temporary delirations, there is a steady progress, moral, material, and social, throughout France. It may indeed be said that the Third Republic has educated the people. The system of free State education, the foundation of free libraries, the dissemination of good cheap literature, have all contributed to the good work; and the present Government is the first that has seen the importance of educating women. There are as yet no Girtons and Newnham in France, it is true, but Lycées, or high schools for girls, are already opened, or about to be opened, in every city and chief town throughout the country; whilst medical and university degrees are accessible to women, as well as many official positions.

On the whole, therefore, if the state of affairs in France is not satisfactory from all points of view, those who look forward to taking part in her great jubilee must admit that there is ample room for self-congratulation.

THE MODERN PULPIT AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

BY A WORKING MAN.

It is often remarked that the race of great preachers is dying out, and that the next generation will be without them. It is sometimes said that the next generation will not require them ; but upon this there is some difference of opinion. Sermons, we are told, are no longer cared for by thoughtful men and women, since they rarely rise above the commonplace, and afford the listener neither instruction nor inspiration. And even those who object to this statement are obliged to admit, when questioned on the subject, that it contains a great deal of truth. If evidence is asked for, the indisputable fact is pointed out that the working classes at one end of the social scale, and the wealthy and cultured classes at the other, stand equally aloof from them. It is true that religious organisations obtain considerable support from wealthy people ; but this is because they regard them rather as a means of promoting social order than as a means of spiritual good. Religious conviction, in the old sense of the word, does not exist to-day, and the reason for this, say many who deplore it, is to be found in the general feebleness of the modern pulpit and the foolishness of modern preaching.

In considering how far this is true it will be necessary to glance for a moment at the chief religious teachers of the various churches, and to endeavour to estimate their influence on the thought of the time. Opinions differ about popular preachers almost as much as they do about popular actors ; but there is not much doubt as to which are the three greatest. The three greatest preachers among us are to be found in the three leading religious organisations. They are Canon Liddon, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. R. W. Dale. There are eloquent and scholarly men among the Unitarians ; but they have had no great preacher since the days of William Johnson Fox. The debt which the religious world owes to Dr. Martineau is not forgotten in saying this, but the gifts which are admired in that eminent man prevent him from being a great preacher.

It is not possible for the popular religions, Salvationism, and the various forms of revivalism connected with it, to produce public teachers who are in any sense great. The teaching from

their platforms is either mawkish and sentimental, or else it is absolutely immoral; and only the hysterical or the mentally weak are likely to remain for any length of time in these organisations. Men who are fitted to inspire their fellows with high moral ideas will find no centre to work from among the revivalists, and they are as little likely to find it among the other religious bodies unless these change considerably their present forms.

For those who stand in the front rank among our teachers of religion, if they teach, as they undoubtedly do, a lofty morality, teach also a moribund theology. Men are recognizing now, as they have never recognized before, that theology is always a useless, and is very often a vicious, element in our moral evolution. It may have been necessary in the past, but its work is done now, and the men and women of the future will have none of it. The influence of Mr. Spurgeon—and it is a great and far-reaching influence, in spite of the defects of his creed and Church—is due not so much to his theology as to the splendid moral enthusiasm which now and again fills his discourses. He is at his best when his Calvinism is shelved, and that is pretty often the case now. For he is a man who has modified his creed by his experience of life, and where he finds theology interfering with his ideal of manliness, he has not the least compunction in throwing it over. He is free from the besetting sin of modern preachers, of pretending to reconcile science with religion. It cannot be reconciled with his religion, and he is clear-headed enough to see this, and honest enough to say it. There is no compromise with Mr. Spurgeon, and though there is a good deal of inconsistency in the doctrines he teaches, there is none in himself. He is a hater of hypocrisy and a lover of truth and righteousness, and therefore he is a power for good in the world.

Mr. R. W. Dale resembles Mr. Spurgeon in many things, but his influence is of a different kind. His Calvinistic training, too, has been modified by contact with practical life. For him, to be a Christian it is not sufficient to believe in the Trinity and the Atonement; you must also fulfil your duties, especially your political ones, to society. A man cannot be a good Christian, according to the minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, without also being a good citizen. It is quite possible that some day he may admit that a man who is a good citizen is not very far off from being a good Christian. Like Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Dale, in the pulpit, is capable of inspiring men with an enthusiasm for righteousness, as he understands it. The man who can do this will always be among the ranks of the great preachers, let him be of what Church he may.

The two preachers just considered influence the middle classes, and in some degree the working classes. Canon Liddon's eloquence, on the other hand, appeals to a different class from either of these. He is a scholar, and he is also an ecclesiastic, and his

sympathies are entirely with ecclesiasticism. These facts alone are sufficient to divide him from working men, and, in some degree, to separate him from the middle classes also. His great gifts cause many to listen to him who care nothing for the dogmas which he regards as vital to the Christian life, but who are helped by his spiritual enthusiasm, and sometimes inspired by his zeal, when he is zealous for men and not churches. His power therefore lies in a different direction from that of Mr. Dale or Mr. Spurgeon. He can never influence the common-place popular mind as they have done, for he has no touch of the common-place in him. If Mr. Spurgeon found himself in the pulpit of St. Paul's he might find an audience a good deal out of sympathy with him, yet he would soon make them understand him. Canon Liddon, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, would be a stranger in a strange land; his audience and he would be hopelessly out of harmony each with the other, and there would be no point of contact between them. In many ways Canon Liddon is greater than Mr. Spurgeon, but he lacks that which is so marked a characteristic of the great Baptist preacher—the power to touch the feelings, and to stimulate men to an actively useful life, without seeming to do it in the interests of theology.

There are some others among our religious teachers who are worthy to be ranked with these men in usefulness and in religious power, but there are not many. It may be that the work of the modern clergyman is no longer to be in the pulpit, but in the social life of the day, where so much waits to be done. Certain it is that many a religious teacher whose pulpit work is of little value, is quietly, and in an unnoticed way, doing work that is more valuable than preaching, even at its best. Especially is this so among the younger clergy. It is often said that religion can no longer command the services of the best heads as well as the best hearts of our time. This is because it is, as yet, so entirely identified with theology. It is not religion that repels, but the dogmatic form in which religious truths are cast. It is true that the dogmas are often practically dropped soon after entering upon ministerial work; but the fact that they have to be professed at its beginning deters many who would be well fitted for it from undertaking religious work. This is the reason for the feebleness of the pulpit at the present day, and this is why so many men and women no longer care for, or value its ministrations.

And yet there is no reason in the nature of things why this should be. It is true we are passing through a religious revolution, only the more thorough because it is silent. Men no longer believe as they did in other days. Said Mirabeau of Robespierre, "That man will go far; he believes every word he says." But too many preachers, in their efforts to destroy unbelief, only succeed in increasing it, both in themselves and in their congregations. They dare not go far, because they are not sure

whether they believe every word they say. They are not conscious hypocrites ; it is the tragedy of their position that they seek to be honest in an environment that will not admit of honesty. The men who became great through the influence of evangelical theology, devoutly believed every proposition that theology laid down. But no one who thinks for himself believes, or pretends to believe, in that theology now. Many who think they believe it rarely preach it in its completeness. They have not gone away from it ; it has fallen off from them. It sometimes happens that neither they, nor those to whom they minister, are conscious of this. But if the consciousness comes, then also comes the struggle between faith and doubt, and meanwhile the power of preaching is lost.

One thing, and one thing only, will restore the influence of religion, and that is absolute religious freedom. It is not possible to seek for truth when it is believed that all truth must harmonise with a set of ideas that had their origin in an unscientific age. It is not possible to speak truth when it has to be expressed in theological terms or not at all. And it is not possible to know truth while men's minds are obscured by preconceived theological ideas. No enthusiasm is possible where there is doubt, and doubt is the predominant element in the religious world to-day. Men can only teach that which they believe. The men who are best fitted to become teachers of their fellows cannot believe what the Churches require of them, and the pulpit, therefore, offers no place for the man who boldly faces the problems of the time, and seeks to solve them for the sake of humanity.

But if it be true that absolute freedom is necessary in order to win the best men into the Churches, then we have to inquire how far this is to be obtained. Is it likely that we shall ever get it in Churches whose very existence is bound up in creed and dogma? If we do not, it is perfectly certain that by-and-by the pulpit will cease to have any influence whatever on our religious life ; men will find new methods of developing their moral and spiritual natures. They find nothing helpful in dogma, and nothing either in an amiable morality too colourless to provoke even the most feeble opposition. But in the majority of sermons they have only a choice between these two alternatives.

Probably none of our religious organisations are better fitted for the promotion of religious freedom than the Church of England. This, to many, will seem an extraordinary assertion, but it is nevertheless true. Whether that Church will take the lead in the new moral and spiritual development that is now beginning is another matter ; but it is perfectly certain that she is better able to do this than any other Church, if the conservative forces within her do not prove too strong. Nonconformity claims that its churches are free, but its tendency has been and is in favour of a narrow and exclusive orthodoxy, while the tendency of the

Established Church is towards a broader and more liberal interpretation of religious formulas. In spite of the fact that her preachers are supposed to be bound by law to teach certain dogmas, there is more actual freedom in her pulpits than in those of any other religious denomination, the Unitarians not excepted. Deacons who can deprive a minister of his means of existence, and who can, if they choose, prevent his obtaining a pulpit elsewhere, are far more dangerous to spiritual freedom than legal proceedings that are too costly for any person of ordinary means to take up.

But there cannot be true freedom in any Church until there is a release from dogma. Mr. Moncure D. Conway once pointed out that a complete revolution might be made to take place in the National Church by the substitution of the word "may" for the word "shall" in the Prayer-Book. It is because men *must* proclaim that they believe certain theological propositions that have no value in practical life, that they avoid the churches, and seek for centres of usefulness elsewhere.

And yet religion is not dead, and the work of its teachers has not come to an end. Many things which men in the past have believed and have suffered for are now known to be no longer real. But sin and moral evil are just as real as ever, and the need of an inspiration to lift us above them is real too. The old theologies furnished that to those who believed in them, and the preachers who were a force in their day and generation, became so because their own intense belief produced conviction in those who came under their influence. And if the old theologies are dying or dead, the spiritual forces which they imprisoned live, and only need directing into other channels. It is this that the modern preacher who would find the noblest work must set himself to do. His duties outside the pulpit now include things of which his predecessors never dreamed; but these bring with them an experience they could never obtain. It is easy, and perhaps it is sometimes pardonable, to avoid mental difficulties, and to forget them in practical work. Those who do this make it so much the better for the social success of the Church which they would serve; but the spiritual success is just as important as the social. There can be no doubt that there is a tendency to-day in all the Churches to develop the social element in religious life. This is a good thing so far as it goes, but it may bring with it a danger to those higher aspects of religion, which, if not guarded against, will only result in destroying that which it professes to uphold.

The man who will be the greatest spiritual teacher in the future will still be he who has most faith. Not faith in creeds or churches, but in the transforming power of truth, of virtue, of righteousness. The preacher of the days to come will leave theological problems to solve themselves, and will face the social and

moral problems, which grow more numerous as the world grows older. He will bring to them an experience that is born of the changing conditions that are surrounding him now. He will know humanity because he has been brought into close contact with it, and has seen it at its best as well as at its worst. But he will not, as now, be under the necessity of making that knowledge harmonise with preconceived theories about man, his origin, or his destiny. Such knowledge as he may have on these subjects will be based on evidence and not conjecture, and when he does not know he will not affirm. Ever will it be his task—and no nobler task can be given to any man—to inspire his fellows with a faith in, and an enthusiasm for, the noblest ideals. Still will it remain his duty to lift up the fallen, and cheer the weak and sorrowful. Still will he proclaim that which for all time remains true, that there can be no social or political progress without moral progress, and there can be no moral progress with a belief in the supremacy of the moral law.

And for this will be needed all the gifts that made men powerful to inspire men in days gone by. Eloquence of speech may no doubt be shaped and directed by art, but it is born of the inspiration that comes of faith. Nobility of character, that comes of loyalty of soul to the highest moral sanction men know; sympathy with humanity, but sympathy that is guided by reason and knowledge; stability of purpose, and the power to face the worst for the sake of helping on the best; all these things are needed, and all these things will come. They will come to the men of the future, because they are with the men of to-day. In all the Churches there are those who would cast aside the letter that killeth for the spirit that giveth life; but in all the fetters of custom and tradition hold them fast. They cannot speak with the freedom they desire, and, therefore, men will not listen to their words. With freedom to cast aside dogmas that are no longer respected, there would come a revival of moral enthusiasm and spiritual life. Which among the Churches will be the first to accord this to its teachers? Will it be the National Church? There are fewer actual fetters there than in any other; but there are enough still to keep out of her pale many who would put new life into her work, and lift her out of the conservatism and respectability which shut her out from the great mass of the nation she is supposed to minister to. Whichever it is, it will have the highest life of the nation in its hands. It will make plain to all men that it does not fear the truth, for where the spirit of truth is found there is liberty.

A WORKING MAN.

THE GHOST OF THE LEDERSTRASSE.

BY J. J. BRITTON.

WE have become epicures in the supernatural. The respectable and conventional ghost, and the haunted chamber of the old manor-house, no longer serve our turn. A spectre to command our respect must be, nowadays, of original habits, and so stand somewhat apart from the other members of his extensive clan.

I was, therefore, not a little pleased when, a few years ago, I succeeded in lighting upon a spectre of a somewhat unconventional type.

My treasure trove was acquired as follows:—

I happened to be detained for a short time in a small and exceedingly tumble-down old town in the middle of the Black Forest.

The place of which I speak is little better than a large village,—though in deference to the feelings of its worthy inhabitants, who consider it no doubt as the “hub of the universe,” I have dignified it with the appellation of town,—and lies quite out of the ordinary run of tourists, high and dry above the restless ebb and flow of the great excursional ocean.

Why I went to such an isolated spot matters little, wherefore I was detained there matters less; but what I heard and saw during my sojourn, may, perhaps, have some interest for the readers of this magazine.

Let us call the old place by the name of “Dummelsheim”; it will do as well as any other name, and will convey a delicate and not unmerited compliment to its respected inhabitants.

Dummelsheim, then, lies in one of the loveliest of the many lovely green valleys which run like tongues of verdure between the pine-clad heights and crags of the Black Forest. It is set down on a small patch of tableland, above which rise some wonderful shapes of crag and pine forest, and below which a little mountain stream rushes frantically night and day, raging and tearing its little life out among the great boulders and between the fern-clad banks, yearning to obliterate itself in the nearest river that offers a refuge.

I happened to be detained in this place on special business for a whole fortnight.

A fortnight in Dummelsheim, with nothing to do, represents about five years of ordinary existence in length and tedium.

I explored the lovely valley not without duly feeling the charm of its peace and isolation; I drank, as in duty bound, very many tumblers of the peculiarly nauseous spa water, of which the Dummelsheimers are so unreasonably proud; and then time began indeed to hang heavily on my hands. There was no gaming table, no theatre, no concert hall; a few noisy *Gästhäuser* in which German *Lieder* made night and morning hideous, and where the *Lagerbier* was the worst that money could purchase, afforded the only amusement of which the stupid little place was capable.

To be sure there was "billiards." Every one plays billiards in Dummelsheim, otherwise its folk could not exist. Even billiards, however, with cork pool and the fearful delight of overturning your opponent's cork with its pile of *silbergroschen*, begins to pall upon one in time, and ere my fourteen days' sojourn drew to a close, I became not only weary of poor little Dummelsheim, but began absolutely to loathe the place. I could not leave it, however. A certain event had to happen, a letter to arrive, and before my time I could not stir.

At last I discovered a diversion. It came in the shape of a compatriot, a resident compatriot. Not that in appearance or garb he was much of an Englishman. Twenty years' residence in Dummelsheim had made him more German than the Germans, and had quite obliterated the handiwork of the good old land that gave him birth. He had all but forgotten his mother speech, and when he endeavoured to use it, his sentences were patched together by the Teutonic words and phrases which came more readily to his tongue. He was as regardless of his personal appearance as the most inborn of the Dummelsheimers, and as devoted to the consumption of tobacco as the best of them. It was supposed that he was a bachelor. At any rate, of "womankind" he had none, and lived alone with merely the intermittent aid of a supernaturally hideous *frau*, at those times when scouring and cleansing became a bitter necessity.

It was in a *café* that I first met with him. I thought when I first saw him "what a dreadfully shaggy old German that is; no one could mistake *his* nationality, at any rate." He seemed to be a part and parcel of the green, mouldy place, a sort of human lichen, an animated fungus, on two short and sturdy legs. And his smoking and spitting were an honour to his adopted country, and would have been creditable even in a citizen of San Francisco, or a dweller in "Poverty flat." However, a compatriot is a compatriot, and if one have to scrape the dirt from his countenance in order to recognise him, the operation must be gone through for the sake of the dear land of our fathers.

My German-Englishman proved, as a companion, decidedly better than none at all; and in his morning rambles with me pointed out with great care what he knew of the antiquities of

the little town; showed me a wood where one of the Dummelsheimers had once, in a fit of playfulness, applied a hatchet to the back-hair of his betrothed, and also the jail in front of which he was afterwards hung as a punishment for his little escapade. Many other spots of interest, where incidents of a less tragic, though still striking, character had occurred, were also designated by his kindly walking-stick as we strolled along. After a day or so my newly-found friend began to resume his native speech, so long disused, and by that time I also had learned to translate into ordinary English his quaint and puzzling Anglo-German expressions.

So we managed to get on very well together, and I found him an interesting if a slightly dirty old man. The town, when explained by such a cicerone, was invested with quite a new charm of interest. It was quaint enough without any extraneous help, and the houses, being for the most part ancient, timbered edifices, and the gables leaning forward with age and hanging over the streets, one obtained every now and again a street vista of delicious picturesqueness, in which the ancient houses, nodding towards each other, seemed to be whispering forgotten and piquant scandal of the good old German days.

There were at every turn and corner abundant "bits" which an artist for an illustrated paper would have found very handy, and sketches of which he could have rapidly converted into current coin of the realm.

I am no artist, but to my great surprise I discovered that my dear and dirty new-found acquaintance and countryman *was*. One day, having accompanied him to the queer and humble lodging which he inhabited, I found on the walls certain indubitable proofs of his artistic bent. There were many admirable sketches in chalk and sepia of striking points in the valley, and of certain buildings and objects in the town itself.

The fountain in the market-place was there, with its great St. Christopher as its centre figure. There were the porch of St. Christopher's Church, the quaint turret at the angle of the town hall, and the crumbling ruins of an ancient fortress on the Ganzberg. Among other things I noticed a sketch of a certain picturesque old house which I had indeed seen, but the locality of which I did not remember at the time.

I mentioned this fact.

"*Ach nein*, I have not shown you him. He is in the Lederstrasse," he replied. "We will see him together *auf morgen*."

On the morrow accordingly we walked together to the Lederstrasse.

As we entered the dirty old street my companion remarked, "I have never been in this street for twenty years or more, and I never wished to enter it again."

My curiosity was roused.

"Why?" I inquired.

"I got so great a fright here once, and I was so much laughed at," he answered.

"Why, what is there about this street to frighten you? It is old enough certainly, and quaint enough, and smells rather—pah!" I exclaimed, as a full-flavoured German stench saluted my nostrils; "but nothing terrible, after all."

"Well, *mein Herr*, it is not the street; it is that house and—the *ghost* in it," the Anglo-German replied, with a sort of shudder, so to speak, in his voice.

"Oh, oh! then you have not lived long enough yet, and you are not *quite* a boy, to get rid of your superstitions, eh? You are still afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"I was afraid of what I saw," he replied, with a certain amount of dignity, as if hurt by my light manner and my tones of mockery.

My curiosity was of course roused, and I doubt not yours, reader, would have been by this speech, and I was about to question him further, when, pointing with his stick, he said briefly,—

"That's the house then."

I looked, and recognised in the ancient-timbered edifice on the further side of the street the original of the chalk sketch in his lodgings.

It was a tumble-down pile, with overhanging stories, and carved "barge board," having, moreover, a curiously twisted chimney of ancient ruddy brickwork, and certain obscure remains of armorial bearings over the door. There was a date which, however, I could only make out in its state of dilapidation to be 15— and something or other.

The edifice seemed to have been long deserted, and the grass was growing in tufts among the stones at the front of the door, as if the passers-by had long been accustomed to avoid a too near acquaintance with the old tenement.

Indeed, something about the building said, as plainly as a German version of Tom Hood's poem could have said:—

"The house is haunted."

Nay, the very street itself seemed to be haunted. It was in a great part deserted. The tumble-down buildings on either side of the picturesque house seemed to be devoid of occupants, and the few sordid and wretched houses in the street which appeared to enjoy the presence of tenants, had, to my imagination, and in the gathering dusk of evening, a scared and terrified aspect.

"Look well at that window," said my conductor, pointing to a large battered casement just above the door, "and when we go I will tell you what I know about it. That will do," he continued,

taking hold of my arm, "you have seen it, and it is not good to stay in the street; it chills the blood, I imagine."

"Indeed it does," I replied, and we moved off, not, I fancy, without a thrill of pleasure at leaving behind us the ghostly atmosphere of the Lederstrasse. A few crows, fitting inhabitants of the desolate street, were wheeling about the roofs and chimneys of the house as we departed.

I went with my acquaintance back to his lodging, and there, over a plentiful supply of *Lagerbier*, and the smoke of two big pipes, he told me his experience of the house and street we had quitted.

"Twenty years ago—I was rather younger, then, I fancy; I mean not in years merely, but in life and hopes—I had recently come to this town, and before I was long in it I heard much talk about a queer ghost, quite unlike any ghost I had heard or read of, which was said to haunt the Lederstrasse, and which the people of this town so much dreaded.

"Hans Hübblér, down the Ganzstrasse, had seen it when a boy, and old Frau Hertzler had all but died from fright, when she was sixteen years old, in consequence of a mere glimpse of it. It was the celebrity of the little town, as well as the *bête noire* of the place.

"Well, *mein Herr*, I laughed at all of the stories, and grew very courageous over the matter in my *café* when the night grew late and the bottle was low. Some of the fellows there tried to chaff me on the score of my nationality. '*Ein Engländer*,' they said, 'always asserts that he will brave anything,—dog, or fiend, or *fräulein*,—but let him be put to the test, and he is not always so brave as a lion.' Then one of them said:—

"'This *Herr Engländer* here, he has heard enough and is brave, but let him face a test we will give him if he be a brave *Engländer*, and we shall see.'

"So one night in the restaurant Kloppart, in the milk market—I remember well that night. *Ach, mein Herr!* is that door fast? So! I remember that night. I was fired with courage, and I said, when they spoke of the ghost, that I would face it, come what might.

"A grin of incredulity passed over the countenances of my listeners, and they puffed away at their pipes in contemptuous silence. At last big-boned Krantz Hübscher, the butcher, made me a bet that I would not sleep for one night in the old house in the Lederstrasse alone.

"'Done!' I cried, and the money was staked; not much, a few *silbergroschen*, and I was pledged to an adventure.

"It struck me afterwards that a great number of the ghost stories I had myself read turned upon some unused house or room, and an undertaking to sleep there; but further than this, as you will see, my case had little resemblance to any other spectral

adventure. Nor did this render my case less real or less terrifying.

“‘What sort of a ghost is it?’ I asked; ‘tell me just that so that I may know what kind of an appearance I am about to face.’ ‘*Ach mein!*’ they said, ‘*mein Herr* must just see him as he is, and enjoy him as he will.’

“So the night was fixed upon, and the key of the ancient house procured. A mattress, and some candles, and also a pistol, at my request, were taken into the biggest and best room, that one just over the doorway. A good bottle of Zeltinger and a supper for me were got ready, and a roaring fire of big logs was built up in the afternoon in the fireplace there.

“The people living in the Lederstrasse were much astonished and a good deal interested at the unwonted glare in the windows of the haunted house, and, when they were informed the reason of the illumination, expressed a good deal of pity for the mad Englishman whose craze had tempted him to brave the ghost of the locality.

“Night came—a dark night it was in November, with windy gusts every now and again sweeping down the street and among the crazy old chimneys. There was a pale, gibbous moon that showed herself at intervals from between the drifting clouds, in a very weird and uncanny fashion. ‘Just the night for a ghost story,’ I said to myself, and thought, as I felt a little thrill come over me, ‘Shall I pay that small bet, and have done with the matter? Shall I cry off, and smoke my pipe at home, and turn into my bed at my usual hour in peace?’ No! I decided, after a bit of consideration, I will go through with my undertaking now, come what come may, and show these Germans what an Englishman can do, and will do, at need.

“So I made all my preparations for my adventure, and about ten o’clock entered the house with two or three friends, who resolved to accompany me in order that they might see me comfortably disposed off.

“The crazy old stairs creaked a good deal as we went up them, but the room looked exceedingly cosy, for the great logs were smouldering in the chimney, and cast out an agreeable heat. In all the corners, and hanging from the beams, were many dingy cobwebs, the work of generations of spiders, undeterred from their work by the house’s evil reputation. Save these cobwebs, my mattress, a couple of chairs, and the small round table upon which stood my supper and the good bottle of Zeltinger, the room was unfurnished.

“As a further aid to courage I had provided myself with a flask of *eau-de-vie*, and, of course, had my pipe.

“My friends, having cast an approving glance round the room, sat down smoking for a few minutes, then bade me *guten abend* and *gute nacht*, and left me to my meditations.

"I listened to their heavy boots as they went stump, stump, stump down the stairs, and to the street door as it shut to with a bang.

"I was alone in the house of evil repute.

" 'Stay a bit,' I said to myself; 'this is perhaps a joke, a trick, and it will be with *living* Germans that I may have to deal. Well, the pistol will give an account of them; but I will make myself as safe as I can.'

"So I took from my pocket a screw-driver and a paper of big screws, and with a quiet smile at my own cunning,—for of these screws I had said nothing to any one,—proceeded forthwith to screw up the door.

"The door made fast, I walked round the room and carefully took stock of it. There was a small corner cupboard. I opened this; nothing there but spiders, their webs, and the carcasses of their victims.

"On the other side of the fireplace was a very low door, about the height of my shoulder. Another cupboard, I thought, and endeavoured, for a long time without success, to prise it open. When at last it yielded, I discovered, with some surprise, a step and another low door, evidently strongly nailed up, and which, from its appearance, had been for ages in the same condition.

"This discovery gave me for the moment what the ladies describe as 'a turn.' 'What a strange thing,' I said to myself, 'a passage leading to somewhere; just like these haunted chambers usually have. However, I will take good care that no one makes use of this passage to-night, at any rate.'

"And so closing the low door, I proceeded to make it fast with some more of my great screws. As I did so, and was driving the screws home, I felt a queer sensation from my right hand to my elbow, something like a faint electric shock, 'pressed on the nerve somehow,' I said, and continued my work.

"This done, I had my supper, lit my pipe, and drank the half of my wine. The chimes of St. Christopher's Tower startled me, sounding the hour of eleven. I was, however, in a peaceful frame of mind without the least fear of anything human or supernatural, and I gazed placidly at the red smouldering logs, and puffed my pipe in peace.

"Suddenly, however, the fact that the hour of midnight would soon approach, gave me just a little shiver. I quickly quenched the feeling with a drop of my *eau-de-vie*.

"Nevertheless, I thought, there is no use in sitting up thus. I may just as well go to bed, then I shall, without doubt, fall asleep, know of nothing till to-morrow morning, and be able to go home with flying colours.

"Accordingly I prepared for rest, and, as I can never sleep well with my clothes on, pulled off all my attire with the exception of my shirt, took a final drink of the *eau-de-vie*, laid ready

my pistol, and lay down upon my mattress, drawing a single blanket over me.

"I lay with my feet turned towards the glowing embers, which diffused grateful heat, and gave sufficient light to enable me to discern the objects, such as they were, in the chamber after I had extinguished my candle. The feeling of security, born of the fact that I had securely screwed up the only two doors which opened into the room, did its work, and in a very little time I fell asleep.

"I cannot tell how long I slept. All I know is, that I seemed to wake up from a feeling of cold, as if some one were blowing upon me with a pair of bellows; I rubbed my eyes, remembered where I was, and experienced a slight feeling of unhappiness to find that the night had not passed over, and that I was still in the haunted chamber.

"The fire was all but dead, the moon, as I could see through the uncurtained window, seemed to be plunging her way among great banks and masses of cloud, the room was fitfully lighted here and there with a strange twilight of moon and fire.

"Somehow my eyes fixed themselves on the low door by the side of the hearth. Could it be possible? Was that door *opening*? No; impossible! I had screwed it up far too tightly for that.

"Yet something strange was taking place. Whether the door was opening or something was coming *through* it I could not tell; but I *felt* that a change was taking place, and sat up on my bed in silent terror, with that peculiar sensation in my body which persons of an imaginative disposition are pleased to call 'gooseflesh.'

"Fixing my gaze firmly upon that mysterious door I sat and watched it. Little by little the aspect of the door changed. It became white, *bleached*, as it were, and then, to my intense horror, a *something* seemed to pass through it, and to stand in front of it. Yes; that something gradually assumed shape and proportion. I could see the head, the body, the arms; the form was that of a man. Then whilst my hair stood upright upon my head with terror, I noticed its stern, wan face, its costume of a long bygone age, its lean and withered arms, and its attenuated legs. Could it be a man in the flesh? No, clearly no; for I could *see through* it, and discern that the little door at the back of it was fast screwed up as I had left it. This was no man in whom was the breath of life, a phantom, a form, a show, merely an image, and how inexpressibly ghastly and terrific! When I had fully realised this fact I became a prey to the most abject terror. It was true, then, about the *Ghost*! It was no trick, no joke, that I was to be subjected to, but before me was a *supernatural* shape for the first time in my life. I became seized by a species of fascination as well as by terror; I gazed fixedly at the appearance, covered as it was by a strange unearthly white light.

"It was the figure of a tall, lean man; for it had by degrees risen far above the height of the low door from which it had emerged.

"Its eyes were fixed upon me, and over one of its arms it carried a number of dark objects, the shape of which I could not make out.

"But, horror of horrors! it was quietly *nearing my bed*.

"I arose at once and stood erect, trembling in every limb. In vain I tried to speak; my lips refused to utter a word. I could only stare fixedly and in silence at the strange, glittering figure. The form, doubtless, it was of some creature who had walked the streets of Dummelsheim in the flesh, and lived in this house some two hundred and fifty years ago, still haunting in its ancient shape the well-known spots.

"The spectre advanced, and I retreated before it, holding out my arms as if to ward it from me.

"I never thought of using my pistol save at one moment; but the fact that the figure was transparent at once convinced me that to fire at it would be of no avail.

"Still the terrible shape approached with a silent, noiseless stride; then, on reaching the middle of the room, it seemed to motion me with one of its arms towards the chair.

"I hesitated. Its action became imperative, and I was constrained to obey. Once seated, the spectre, which appeared to have acquired a perfect control over my paralyzed senses, took something from over its left arm, and signed to me to stretch out my leg. I did so mechanically—and then—how can I convey to you the feeling that came over me as it proceeded to pull what *seemed to be a stocking of ice upon my left leg*? I can even now at times feel the horrible icy coldness of that spectral hose. It was a stocking that the figure was pulling upon my bare leg and foot. I was chilled to the very bone, my hair bristled, my head swam, my heart ceased to beat for a moment, higher and higher crept the ice-cold stocking upon my leg. The stocking was on. This accomplished, the spectre motioned me to stretch out the other leg. My horror now fairly broke the spell that chained me. I fled to the door, the spectre glided after me smoothly and silently as a fate. I seized the handle of the door—miserable! I remember that I had *fastened myself in with the ghost*! My reason seemed to be escaping me. The steel-like glitter of the spectre's eyes was fixed upon me. Like a hunted and doomed animal I fled round the apartment. I leapt at the window, crashed through it, and fell into the street below.

"I must have lost consciousness at once, for the next thing I remember was lying on my bed in my own lodgings, with my good landlady and the acquaintances who had dared me to the terrible trial standing around my bed.

"It was said for some time after that the poor *Engländer* was

going mad, as all the others who had seen the ghost of the Lederstrasse had done. I cheated them, however. My head was too strong, I suppose, for I got over my fright, and after my broken leg had been set, could listen to their recital of what had taken place. I learnt that those who had set themselves to watch in the street had heard first a strange, low, grinding sound,—my screws, no doubt,—then, after a long interval, my frantic screams, a crash, and the clatter of broken glass, and had seen me fall as a lifeless lump upon the street pavement.

"They picked me up, and one of them described that as they did so he chanced to look upward, and saw at the broken window above, shining in the moonlight, a pale, shadowy face, and the glitter of two bright eyes.

"It is not strange to say that my right leg was broken by the fall; but it is, I think, somewhat strange to relate that my *left* was blackened to the knee, as if scorched; nay, it is so to this day—see!"

My friend showed me his blackened leg.

"And that is all?" I asked.

"All, *lieber Himmel!* is not *that* enough? Can you wonder after what I have told you that I don't like the Lederstrasse?"

"Wonder, not I! I would not go near the place again after dark for a grand duke's ransom. But who do they say the spectre was?"

"I do not quite know. There is a legend of some hosier who once lived in that house and was rich, who fell into some disgrace, and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Dummelsheim seized upon him, and with a refinement in cruelty, in order to extort from him his money, caused him to be put to a torture something in the manner of our ancient machine called 'the boot,' which crushed the leg of the victim. In this case the instrument was a hose of steel, which was at the onset icy cold, and was then heated by fire to almost a red heat. The poor hosier sank under the dreadful torture.

"It is said that his ghost now seeks to avenge itself upon all who approach his ancient abode, and that he tries on them his ghastly hose; if he succeeds in getting *both* hose on their legs they die, and his spirit is released from its wanderings."

Such was the tale of the queer old Anglo-German. I went to my inn and to bed; there I lay and pondered long upon the strange story I had heard. My sleep, when sleep came, was not of the best. Every now and again I awoke with a start and a shudder, and fancied that a ghostly hosier was pulling upon my own legs the spectral hose of the story.

A day or two passed by, and one night, as I was packing my portmanteau for my homeward journey on the morrow, I was startled by a great yellow light in the sky. Soon after I heard the hoarse and blatant voice of the alarum bell. I dressed and

went out, and found the whole population of the place running in one direction. I followed the stream of folk. It was a fire, some one told me, in the Lederstrasse; the haunted house was burning down. We arrived in the ancient narrow street; the sight was magnificent; the whole dwelling was enveloped in flames. No one took the slightest trouble or endeavoured to get the flames under. All were staring and gaping in idle curiosity.

"It was a bad place," some one said, "and they were well content to see it perish."

How, or by whom the fire was kindled I never knew.

J. J. BRITTON.

THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.*

A REVIEW.

BY JAMES SULLY, M.A.

AMONG the many new fields of investigation which modern science has opened up, there is none which is more inviting than that of infant psychology. The beginnings of all things are full of interest, as we see by the amount of inquiry now devoted to the origin of human institutions and ideas, and all the various forms of life. And the beginnings of a human mind, the first dim stages in the development of man's God-like reason, ought surely to be most interesting of all. And infancy has its own peculiar charm. There is an exquisite poetry in the spontaneous promptings of the unsophisticated spirit of the child. So far removed at times from our one-sided prejudiced views, so high above our low conventional standards are the little one's intuitions of his new world. Childhood has its unlovely and unworthy side no doubt. Still I cannot think that any close observer of infancy ever thoroughly believed in its total depravity. Possibly, indeed, to a perfectly candid mind its fresh and striking observations about things, which, though often bizarre, are, on the whole, thoroughly sound and wholesome, are always apt to suggest the pleasing fancy of Plato and Wordsworth, that the little new-comer brings from his ante-natal abode ideas and feelings which lie high above the plane of earthly experience. However this be, no thoroughly open and unspoiled mind can fail to learn much that is good from a close study of childhood. This is the period when even very ordinary mortals display something remarkable. Perhaps indeed no healthy child has ever failed to present some new mental or moral phenomenon, to impress, amuse, or instruct, if only the appreciating eyes had been there to see.

But it is not with the poetic side of infancy that we are here specially concerned. We have to look on the opening germ of intelligence from the colder point of view of science. Not that the *savant* need be insensible to the æsthetic charm of his subject. A botanist *ought* perhaps to feel something of the rich store of loveliness which lies enclosed within the tiny confines of a way-side flower. Scientific curiosity often leaps into full and vigorous life under the genial, vivifying influence of a glowing admiration.

* "The First Three Years of Childhood." By BERNARD PEREZ, translated and edited by ALICE M. CHRISTIE, pp. 316, cr. 8vo. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Price 4s. 6d.

And a man who has a keen eye for all the pretty and humorous traits of infant life is all the better qualified for a close scientific observation of its processes. Only that in this case the æsthetic interest must be subordinated to the scientific.

The science which is specially concerned with the baby mind is Psychology. It is only the psychologist who can pretend to record and interpret all its strange ways. And, on the other hand, the domain of infant life is of peculiar interest to the psychologist. True, he can study in other ways the manner in which the human mind behaves, and the laws which bind together its sequent movements. He has a mind of his own, which is directly accessible to his internal vision; and there are the minds of his friends and acquaintances, about which he can know a good deal too, always provided that they are quite open and confiding. Still, he cannot dispense with the young unformed minds of infants. His business, like that of all scientific workers, is to explain the complex in terms of the simple, to trace back the final perfectly-shaped result to the first rude beginnings. In order to do this, he must make a careful study of the early phases of mental life, and these manifest themselves directly under his eye in each new infant.

Some of the gravest questions relating to man's nature and destiny carry us back to the observation of infancy. Take, for instance, the warmly-discussed question, whether conscience is an innate faculty—each man's possession anterior to and independently of all the external human influences, authority, discipline, moral education, which go to shape it; or whether, on the contrary, it is a mere outgrowth from the impressions received in the course of this training. Nothing seems so likely to throw light on this burning question as a painstaking observation of the first years of life.

This, however, is not the whole of the significance of infancy to the modern psychologist. We are learning to connect the individual life with that of the race, and this again with the collective life of all sentient creatures. The doctrine of evolution bids us view the unfolding of a human intelligence to-day as conditioned and prepared by long ages of human experience, and still longer cycles of animal experience. The civilized individual is thus a memento, a kind of short-hand record of nature's far-receding work of organizing, or building up living conscious structures. And according to this view the successive stages of the mental life of the individual roughly answer to the periods of this extensive process of organization—vegetal, animal, human, civilized life. This being so, the first years of the child are of a peculiar antiquarian interest.

Here we may note the points of contact of man's proud reason with the lowly intelligence of the brutes. In the most ordinary child we may see a new dramatic representation of the great

cosmic action, the laborious emergence of intelligence out of its shell of animal sense and appetite.

Yet it must not be supposed that the interest here is wholly historical or archæological. For in thus detecting in the developmental processes of the child's mind an epitome of human and animal evolution, we learn the better to understand those processes. We are able to see in such a simple phenomenon as an infant's responsive smile a product of far-reaching activities lying outside the individual existence. In the light of the new doctrine of evolution, the early period of individual development, which is pre-eminently the domain of instinct,—that is to say, of tendencies and impulses which cannot be referred to the action of the preceding circumstances of the individual,—is seen to be the region which bears the clearest testimony to this preparatory work of the race. It is in infancy that we are least indebted to our individual exertions, mental as well as bodily, and that our debt to our progenitors seems heaviest. In the rapidity with which the infant co-ordinates external impressions and movements, as in learning to follow a light with the eyes, or stretch out the hand to seize an object, and with which feelings of fear, anger, etc., attach themselves to objects and persons, we can plainly trace the play of heredity—that law by which each new individual starts on his life course enriched by a legacy of ancestral experience.

Viewed in this light, infant psychology is seen to be closely related to other departments of the science. To begin with, it has obvious points of contact with what is known as the psychology of race (*Völkerpsychologie*). The first years of the child answer indeed to the earliest known stages of human history. How curiously do the naïve conceptions of nature, the fanciful animistic ideas of things, and the rude emotions of awe and terror, which there is good reason to attribute to our earliest human ancestors, reflect themselves in the language of the child! It is probable indeed that inquiries into the beginnings of human culture, the origin of language, of primitive ideas and institutions, might derive much more help than they have yet done from a close scrutiny of the events of childhood.

Again, it is evident that the psychology of the infant borders on animal psychology. The child's love of animals points to a special facility in understanding their ways; and this, again, indicates a certain community of nature. The intelligence of children and of animals has this in common, that each is simple and direct, unencumbered with the fruit of wide comparison and abstract reflection, keen and incisive within its own narrow compass. Both the child and the brute are exposed by their ignorance to similar risks of danger and deception; both show the same instincts of attachment and trustfulness. And so a study of the one helps the understanding of the other. The man

or woman who sees most clearly into the workings of a child's mind will, other things being equal, understand best the ways of animals, and *vice versa*.

There is one particular aspect of this relation between infant and animal psychology which calls for special notice. The baby contrasts strongly with the young of the lower animals in the meagreness of its equipment for life. Though, as observed before, the child reaps the heritage of the past in instinctive germs of capacity, these are far less conspicuous, far less perfect and self-sufficing than the unlearnt aptitudes of young animals. The young chick seems able to co-ordinate the movements of its head with visual impressions so perfectly from the very first that it can aim with accuracy at so small an object as a grain of corn. The young kitten displays quite an experienced and mature hostility to the hereditary foes of its species. There is nothing corresponding to this in the case of human offspring. The baby has to begin life in the most pitiable state of helplessness. For a year and more he cannot execute one of the most important and wide-spread functions of animal life—namely, locomotion. And this prolonged period of helplessness has a deeply interesting significance from the point of view of the evolutionist. The backwardness of the human offspring, as compared with the forwardness of the animal, is only a striking illustration of a general law or tendency of evolution. As creatures rise in the scale of organization they have to adapt their actions to a wider and wider variety of circumstances and actions of the environment. In the lower grades of animal life there is much more sameness and routine just because there is much more simplicity. In the higher grades, actions, having to adapt themselves to more complex and changeful surroundings, are more varied, or undergo more numerous and extensive modifications: contrast the actions performed by the bee in obtaining its food with those carried out by the fox. And the capability of thus varying or modifying actions is the result of individual experience and education. Hence, as the variability of the actions of life increases, so does the area of individual learning or acquisition, as distinct from that of inherited aptitude or instinct. And since the range and variability of human actions are immeasurably greater than those of the most intelligent animal performances, we find that the infant is least equipped for his earthly pilgrimage, and has most to do in the way of finding out how to live.

And here we seem to touch on the more practical side of our subject. To the helplessness of the infant there correspond those instincts of tendance, protection, and guidance which, though discernible in the lower animals, are only highly developed in man; and which, while they are seen most conspicuously in the human mother, are shared in by all adults, and underlie the long and tedious processes of education. It is not only the theoretic

psychologist who needs to study infantine ways ; it is the practical psychologist—that is to say, the educator. The first three or four years of life supply the golden harvest to which every scientific educationist should go to reap his facts. For the cardinal principle of the modern educational theory is, that systematic training should watch the spontaneous movements of the child's mind, and adapt its processes to these. And it is in the first years of life that the spontaneous tendencies show themselves most distinctly. It is in this period, before the example and direct instruction of others have had time to do much in modifying and restraining innate tendency, that we can most distinctly spy out the characteristics of the child. It is the infant who tells us most unmistakably how the young intelligence proceeds in groping its way out of darkness into light. It is an historical fact, that the supreme necessity in education of setting out with training the senses and the faculty of observation, was discovered by a close consideration of the direction which children's mental activity spontaneously follows. By sitting at the feet of nature and conning the ways of untaught childhood we may learn that all the essential functions of intelligence,—separation or analysis, comparison, discrimination, etc.,—come into play under the stimulating force of a strong external impression. In the act of holding and looking at its brightly-coloured toy the infant is already showing himself to have a distinctively human mind, and to be on the road to abstract reflection or thought. It is during that prolonged gaze that the first rude tentatives in distinguishing and relating the parts and qualities of things are effected. And the object-lesson, properly conceived, is nothing but a methodical development of the mental processes which are involved in every serious effort of infantine inspection.

Nor is it only on the intellectual side that this study of the infant mind is of moment to the teacher. It is in the first three or four years of life that we have the key to the emotional and moral nature of the young. If we want to know how a child feels about things, what objects and articles bring him most pleasure, we must watch him at his self-prompted play and overhear his uncontrolled talk. It seems self-evident indeed that if the teacher is to adapt his method of training so far as may be to the tastes and predilections of the pupil, he must have made a preliminary study of these in their unprompted and unfettered expression. If the study be deferred to school life it will never be full or exact. The artificial character of even the brightest school surroundings offers too serious an obstacle to the free play of childish likings.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the observation and interpretation of the infant mind are at once a matter of great theoretic and practical importance. And now comes the question : By whom can this line of research be best pursued ? The conditions

of success are plainly two: (1) proper qualifications for the work, and (2) ample opportunity.

1. With respect to the first condition, it has already been suggested that a good observer of childish ways must combine a number of intellectual and moral excellences. He must, to begin with, be a painstaking and exact observer. He must be determined to see children as they actually are, and not to construct them out of his own presuppositions. And this implies a mind trained in observation, and a certain scientific rigour of intellect. Yet this is clearly not enough, for many an excellent observer of other domains of nature might prove a very sorry depicter of infant traits. The close habitual concentration of the mind on things so trivial, to robust common sense, as baby whims and oddities, presupposes a selective emotion, a strong loving interest in this particular domain of natural fact. And this, again, implies that the observer should be touched by that enthusiasm for childhood which shows itself as a kind of consuming passion in men like Pestalozzi and Froebel.

Nor is this all. The infant mind cannot be seen, but only divined. Every movement of the tiny hands, every modulation of the baby voice, is as meaningless as sounds of an unknown tongue, until the interpretative work of imagination is added. And it is just in the ability thus to construe the external signs of infantine feeling and thought that so many otherwise good observers fail. Nothing, perhaps, has been more misunderstood than childhood. Few have the retentive memory of their own early experiences which would at once put them *en rapport* with the mind they are observing. And few have the disposition to seriously endeavour to think themselves into the situation and circumstances of the child, casting aside their own adult habits of mind, and trying to become themselves for the moment as little children.

Neither the close observation nor the careful interpretation of children's words and actions can be counted on where there is not love and the habitual companionship which grows out of love. The man to whom children will reveal themselves, is not he who is wont to look on them as a nuisance or a bore, but he who finds them an amusement and a delight, who likes nothing better than to cast aside now and again the heavy armour of serious business, and indulge in a good childish romp. Understanding of the child's mental workings, his own peculiar *manière de voir*, his standard of the importance of things, and so forth, presupposes a habit of steeping the mind in the atmosphere of child-life.

2. It follows that a complete qualification for the office includes the second condition—namely, ample opportunity. Nobody ever acquired the art of reading the book of child-nature who had not enjoyed full opportunity of observation. When, however, we consider the first year or two of life, we see that opportunity is

necessarily greatly restricted. Beyond the mother, nurse, and perhaps the doctor, who is there that is privileged to watch the first tremulous movements of the baby-mind?

And here the thought naturally occurs, that the mother is the person specially marked out by nature for this honourable task. She is, or ought to be, the one who comes into closest contact with the baby, and gives it the first sweet taste of human fellowship. She, too, has, or ought to have, the liveliest interest in the child, the absorbing interest of idolatrous maternal love. She, we all cheerfully grant, will grudge no effort spent in divining the direction of those first obscure baby impulses, the form of that first unfamiliar baby thought. But has she the other qualifications—the mind severe in its insistence on plain, ungarnished fact, trained in minute and accurate observation, and in sober, methodical interpretation? Here our doubts begin to arise. Few mothers, one suspects, could be trusted to report in a perfectly cold-blooded, scientific way on the facts of infant consciousness. The feelings which rightly tend to baby-worship would, one feels sure, too often lead to an arbitrary limitation of the area of fact, to confusion of what is actually observed with what is only conjecturally inferred, to exaggeration and misrepresentation. The very excellences of maternity seem, in a measure, to be an obstacle to a rigorous scientific scrutiny of babyhood.

The doctor would, of course, be much more likely to possess the scientific qualifications for this office of baby-interpreter. And medical men have been known to throw themselves into the work. At the same time it is obvious that a doctor's pre-occupation of mind with the physical state of the infant would necessarily interfere with a close attention to psychical traits. And at best he could only obtain, by his direct observation alone, a few fragmentary results.

And here, perhaps, we may do well to think of another possible candidate for our post. The father can, it is evident, find an ampler opportunity than the doctor for a continuous systematic observation of his child. No doubt he will have obstacles put in his way. It is not improbable that the nurse may assert her authority, and set her face resolutely against a too free intrusion of man's footsteps into the woman's domain. Still, these obstacles may, by judicious cajoling, be greatly reduced in size, if not altogether removed. In most cases, it may be presumed, he will have a moderate paternal sort of interest in the doings of his tiny progeny. And his masculine intelligence will be less exposed to the risk of taking a too sentimental and eulogistic view of the baby mind.

The father cannot, however, hope to accomplish the task alone. His restricted leisure compels him to call in the mother as collaborateur. Indeed, one may safely say, that the mother's enthusiasm and patient, brooding watchfulness are needed quite as much as the father's keen analytic vision. The mother should

note under the guidance of the father; he taking due care to test and verify. In this way we may look for something like a complete record of infant life.

It is satisfactory to find that fathers are waking up to a sense of their duty in this matter, and are already laying the foundations of what may some day grow into a big biographical dictionary of infant worthies. The initiative, as might have been expected, has been taken by men of scientific habits and tastes. Physicians, naturalists, and psychologists have co-operated in this useful parental work. Among physicians may be named Tiedemann, Sigismund, and Löbisch. Among naturalists figure the names of Darwin and Professor Preyer. And the psychologists are represented by M. Taine, M. Perez, Mr. F. Pollock, and others.*

The volume which is here presented in an English garb, is from the pen of one who combines considerable physiological and psychological knowledge with a practical interest in education. M. Perez is best known, perhaps, as a writer of pædagogic literature. He has written a volume, as well as occasional articles on distinctly pædagogic themes, and in addition to this has edited writings of other pædagogists.

The peculiarity of this record of the first three years of the child, is that it is not a biographical sketch. M. Perez, so far as we can judge, has made special note of the progress of one or two favourites, but his record is a wide and comparative one. This gives it its peculiar utility. Each mode of chronicling the events of child-life is valuable—the careful chronological report of a single child's development, as that of Tiedemann, Darwin, Preyer, and others, and the larger survey of facts which comes from the observation of a number of children and the averaging of the results reached, as in the work of M. Perez. It may be added that our author appears to have enjoyed very exceptional advantages in finding out the ways of infants.

The obvious defect of a single biographical record is, that it cannot be taken as typical. As every mother of a family knows, children manifest striking differences from the very beginning of life. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the child shows its individuality the very first day of its post-natal existence, in the way it takes to the nutriment provided by nature. The differences of mental precocity in infants are very striking too. It is one merit of the present volume, that it presents us with a wide variety of childish character. In some places we have a distinctly precocious trait recorded, as, for example, in the odd

* Reference to the bibliography of the subject will be found in Preyer's "Die Seele des Kindes," cap. 19. The observations of Darwin, Taine, Pollock, and others are recorded in *Mind*, vol. ii., pp. 252, 285; vol. iii., p. 392; vol. vi., p. 104. I may also refer to two articles of my own, one on "Babies and Science," in *The Cornhill Magazine*, May 1881, and one on "Baby Linguistics," in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1884.

display of quasi-pity by a child of sixteen months, at the sight of an adult undergoing a douche bath (p. 80). *En revanche*, we have in other places instances of quite commonplace achievement, if not of decided backwardness, as when it is recorded that a child of eleven months was able to understand a number of words and "even a few little phrases" (p. 238). It is only by taking the dull and the clever infants together that we are able to reach the idea of an average typical development.

M. Perez combines in a very happy and unusual way the different qualifications of a good observer of children. He has the first condition—loving interest, and the clear sympathetic insight which grows out of this. Even the much-neglected dreams of children are a matter of concern to him, and receive illumination from his bright intelligence. Nor is he without a quick sense of the poetic charm of babyhood. Some of the stories he tells us are as fresh and delightful as idylls. They transport us into the very atmosphere of unconventional child-nature. At the same time he never allows his sentiment to get the better of him. He is before all other things *savant*, and as such he exposes the unlovely side of infancy in a most merciless fashion. The account of the little ones' fierce angers, petty jealousies, and brutal insensibilities to the sufferings of others will perhaps horrify some readers, who are accustomed to think of them as having only a Divine or angelic side; but they will be appreciated by every one who cares more for the accuracy of facts than for their conformity to our wishes and fancies.

Another prominent feature of this work is its clear recognition and appreciation of the bearings of evolution on the facts of child-life. M. Perez is evidently an ardent evolutionist, and makes excellent use of the new doctrine in explaining what he sees. This feature gives the air of newness to the volume. The reader feels that he is listening to one who is fully abreast of the latest developments of science.

With this feature may be coupled another—namely, the ample reference to animal psychology. M. Perez illustrates the observation made above, that interest in children has a close kinship with interest in animals. He has himself been a careful observer of domestic animals, and his references to his kittens are as delightful to the imagination as they are helpful to the understanding.

As remarked, M. Perez looks at the infant from an educator's point of view. He knows very well that education begins from the cradle, and his book abounds with practical hints on the proper way of training the very young. His kindly nature is quick in detecting the woes of childhood, and eloquent in pleading for their mitigation. Instance what is said about the wickedness of deceiving children (p. 98). At the same time, the pædagogic intention is never obtruded unpleasantly on the

reader's notice. It is by way of a passing suggestion, rather than of elaborate enforcement, that he aims at making this study of facts a practical guide to the mother and the teacher.

A last feature of this volume, which is deserving of mention, is its thoroughly French form and style. The reader feels at every page that he is listening to a Frenchman who knows how to shape his materials, give order and arrangement to his exposition, light it up with pertinent illustration, and adorn it with the graces of style. While in places the author ventures a few steps into the darker recesses of metaphysical psychology, he never long forgets that he is writing a popular work. And he has succeeded in producing a volume which, while it will be of special interest to the scientific student, will attract the general reader as well.

It may not be superfluous to say, perhaps, what I feel sure the author himself would endorse, that this volume makes no pretension to be a final and exhaustive study of its subject. A complete theory of the infant mind will need to be built up by the combined efforts of many observers and thinkers. In the region of psychology, much more than in that of the physical sciences, repetition of observation and experiment is needed to check and verify the results of individual research. The secrets of infancy will only be read after many pairs of eyes have pored over the page. Though, as observed, M. Perez has made his studies unusually wide, it may be reasonably doubted whether in some cases he does not give exceptional instances as typical and representative. Certain it is that his notes respecting the first appearance of sensations—*e.g.*, those of taste and smell, of the perceptions of distance, etc., of the movements of grasping objects, and so forth—differ in some important respects from those of other observers. In certain particulars, too, this volume is less full than some other records, notably that of Professor Preyer's "*Die Seele des Kindes*," which, as it was published after the work before us, is not referred to. Hence the student who wants to be quite abreast of the present results of research will do well to read other records in company with this. This circumstance, however, does not in the least detract from the value of "*The First Three Years*," as a rich mine of facts, and one of the fullest, if not indeed the very fullest, monographs on its subject.

In conclusion, we would express the hope that this pleasant volume will stimulate many an English parent to new individual research in the same promising field. After reading it carefully, any person of ordinary intelligence will have learnt something about the things to be looked for, and the way in which they are to be successfully investigated.

JAMES SULLY.

CRADLE AND SPADE.

BY WILLIAM SIME, AUTHOR OF "KING CAPITAL,"
"THE RED ROUTE."

CHAPTER XLVII.

IRRITATION.

ON the eventful night of the visit to Dunbeath House, when Nancy heard Elspeth's voice crying in agony, she swept through the bewildering darkness of the house and carried her with her to the door which she had entered. She lifted her into her phaeton and covered her with the rug beneath which she had slept on coming out.

"Sleep, girl, sleep," she cried in the darkness, yoking her horse and getting up to her seat.

And Elspeth slept all the way back to Ruddersdale. When they returned they found Elspeth's father and mother in the kitchen. Oliver had met his wife on the way home to his dwelling, and nothing would satisfy her but a return to Ruddersdale.

"Oh, poor lamb! poor lamb!" said Mrs. Gun, gathering Elspeth in her arms.

"There's no occasion," said Nancy, with slow frigidity, "for much o' that. None whatever."

"It's only natural, Mrs. Harper, that I should be glad to see my poor endangered child."

"Maybe it is, but it was your duty, when you knew the state o' the weather, to see that she wasn't in danger."

"Dinna be hard on us, Mrs. Harper; we cannot tie the girl up like a bit tame animal to the house for ever," said the shepherd.

"Now, Nancy, if you please, I know it was very wrong of me to go on Dirlot when the water had risen, and I had nothing to expect but danger, and I've given a great deal of unnecessary trouble—a great deal indeed, and I'm sorry for it; but you must just forgive me."

The shepherd and his wife fell back towards the fire. Nancy stooped over the girl, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Poor lamb! poor lamb!" said the shepherd's wife. "And, Elspeth, did ye not fear for your life on the river?"

"Dinna be rakin' it up again," exclaimed Nancy. "The girl's on the rack, wi' one thing and another."

Mother and father kept silence, gazing wistfully at Elspeth, who was sitting on a wooden chair, trying to look unfatigued.

"You're too good to me," she murmured.

"It's high time, Kirsty," said Nancy, turning on her domestic, who came in rubbing her eyes. "I wonder you're not ashamed o' yoursel' to sleep so soond and let everybody hear ye. You should have been at the door."

"'Deed, Mrs. Harper, your orders were very uncertain."

"Ay, that's your impudence."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Harper, it's——"

"That'll do now. Oliver Gun, you'll better go to your bed, and dinna leave your wife behind ye. On no account, by no manner o' means. I'll take charge o' Elspeth."

The pair went off together, preceded by Kirsty, to a little room, mentioned by the innkeeper, and Elspeth sat subdued and tired on her chair, surprised a little at Nancy's autocratic ways. She treated them as if they were strangers and culprits, her own father and mother.

"What are you going to do with me, Nancy?"

"Put you to your bed, lassie," said the innkeeper, looking out a bunch of steel keys and opening a drawer.

Within the drawer was a secret spring, which unlocked a small compartment, and from a bed of wadding Nancy took a key. She blew into it. She held it to the light. She rubbed it with a little chamois-leather till it shone. She held it to the light again, and sighed.

"Now, Nancy, you're not to put yourself to any trouble about me. I couldn't eat and I couldn't drink the best you have in your house. It's no use offering it me; none whatever."

"It's neither meat nor drink, Elspeth."

"I thought you were going to your gentry cupboard. I've seen ye at it before when some 'o the Duke's people were at the door, and you had nothing to give them from the bar."

"Ay, you see things, girl; you have an eye o' your own. You notice. You observe. You don't forget. But this is no key o' the cupboard. Here, my darling, put your arm in mine and come away wi' me. The house is full, and I'm going to give you a room all to yourself. You'll no be nervous, for I sleep next door. You'll no come runnin' in, cryin' what you cried this night."

"What was that, Nancy?"

"Father! father!"

"If I ever! It came out of me without my knowing it."

"Come away, girl."

They ascended Nancy's stairs, and at a door at the further end of a passage the innkeeper inserted her key. It only went half in.

"It's the roost," said Nancy, holding the light down and looking in at the keyhole. "It needs oil."

"I'll hold the light till you come back." Elspeth held it, and Nancy returned with a bottle of oil and a feather, with which she anointed the orifice.

"Now it'll do." And it "did."

By the next insertion the door turned on its hinges, and Elspeth found herself inside a room which was unlike any in the inn.

"Nancy, there's something queer about this room," said Elspeth.

"Ay, lassie."

"Was there ever anybody in it before?"

"Ay, dawtie."

"It's a long time since."

"Ay, Elspeth."

Nancy stood upon the threshold with her light. Elspeth advanced into the room, on one side of which stood a low four-post bed, mostly hidden with thick curtains. The window was curtained which looked on the roadway. A side window, smaller, had a blind down and one shutter closed. An empty caraffe stood on the table. A web of thick spider-work extended from ceiling to ceiling.

"Nancy, I'll be a little uncomfortable here."

"No, my dear, you'll sleep. I'll bide with you till you fa' over. Now, take off your things, and I'll be with you eenoo."

Elspeth looked about her uncomfortably. She went to the door and heard Nancy at her prayers. She could make out Oliver's snore and her mother's accompaniment. She returned to the bedside. The bed was "made." White and cool the sheets looked. Snowy the pillows, yet as if they had been made and frozen long, long ago. Elspeth turned to the looking-glass; it offered her no reflection—it was covered with cobwebs, thick as cloth. She went to the basin-stand: cobwebs in the tumblers, cobwebs in the ewers. She looked up to the wall: there was a picture, covered with cobwebs. She stood on a chair and wiped it. She uncovered a girl's face—a plain, sweet, homely face enough.

"Nancy, you've surely shown me this before," said the girl, as the innkeeper came in again.

"No, not I."

"Then it's a face I've surely seen in a dream."

"Like enough, Elspeth."

She undressed; but before she went into bed Nancy had warmed it with a hot bottle, and taken the long chill of disuse from the sheets.

"Nancy, it must be a great time since any person slept in this bed. Who was the last person, I wonder?"

"How can I remember, lassie?"

"I'll soon fall asleep, Nancy."

"Yes."

"I forgot to say my prayers."

"You can, maybe, say them in your bed. They'll no think ill o' ye when you're so tired, and had so hard a day and night."

But Elspeth, in her snowy gown, threw aside the coverlid, and came out on the floor, bending on both knees.

"You know, Nancy, I've had a wonderful escape. It would be unthankful not to say my prayers on such a night."

She buried her head in the mattress, and Nancy bent over her to listen, but she could not hear what the girl was saying. She presently thought she had fallen off to sleep, and stealthily put a shawl round her shoulders.

"I wonder, Nancy, if poor Mr. Nixon remembered to say his prayers?"

"Now, dawtie, sleep, sleep. And never you move till I waken ye up and tell ye it's time to stir."

Elspeth closed her eyes, and with one arm bare to the elbow reposing upon the coverlid, she went off into an immediate and deep sleep. Nancy sat motionless in a chair. Every sound in the house had subsided except the monotonous beat of the pendulum of a clock on the stair. Nancy listened to the steady movement of the pendulum, and murmured—

"It's hurrying on, hurrying on—hour in, hour out, and I'll maybe die, and he'll survive me, and he'll cheat them all—devil that he is. Oh, fool! oh, sinful one that I've been!"

And as the girl's breathing showed that she was unmistakably asleep for the night, the innkeeper leant down and laid her head on the spot where Elspeth prayed. What she said, as she moaned into aspiration, is only known to the powers above.

* * * * *

Leslie came back to Ruddersdale in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had set out. Everything had gone well with him in Edinburgh. He had been received with open arms at Parliament House. He had dined with Lord Straven. He had fairly sent the scheme of a company, through Porteous, to the Parisian Exchange. He was assured that the confidence in him as administrator of the estates was as strong as ever in the Court of Session. Before he left the capital he had even flirted a little with some eligible girls, and had revived for their benefit the gallantry of demeanour which had earned for him, all unawares to himself, the nickname of "The Tup," amid his own rural surroundings. He lost, therefore, the first bewilderment of look which overtook him on the morn of his supernatural experience at Dunbeath House. The threat of madness which the metropolitan physician held over him had induced a saner habit of mind and body. He drank less, and he brooded less over the

past or the future. Still, there had been some annoying incidents, particularly one which had revealed to him that a certain strip of a deed had been posted by Nancy Harper's hand to Sheriff Durie. The sheriff had shown him the address, and asked him whose handwriting he thought it was, had suggested to him that Joseph Nixon was being credited with the great expectations which Mina Durie had long entertained, and had ended up by declaring that "the best thing that could happen to the property was that it should be wound up and passed back to the Crown."

"I would still act," Leslie had gasped.

"I should say you were as permanent as any of the natural features of the estate," replied the sheriff. And the factor breathed freely.

He arrived at Ruddersdale with the conviction, however, that his fears and annoyances were premature. His lease of power was not over. It required nothing more than an exercise of business talent and tact to keep his footing.

The vision of blood which used to rise before him dissolved away into space.

The night after his return he called at Mrs. Harper's. He was surprised to see that Nancy had added a male attendant to her establishment—a real, live waiter, in addition to homely Kirsty, who met him in the passage towards the bar. The waiter had been drafted in from Oiley, and carried his towel with the air of an artist in that department long used to his work.

"Where is Mrs. Harper?"

"Upstairs, sir."

"Tell her I'm here."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her I'm in Laggan's room."

He went into the guard's room, and looked out of window. The waiter returned.

"They will see you upstairs, sir," said the waiter.

"They—who? Did you say that Mr. Leslie wanted to see her?"

"Yes, sir."

He had taken off his hat, but he resumed it, and swung upstairs with an air of irritation. Mrs. Harper was treating him very cavalierly indeed. He stood in the doorway to which the waiter ushered him, with some surprise. It was a new room in his experience of the house, and as he peered in he saw a young person at the window, with a box of tinsel and pig's wool and a wing or two of a grouse. Nancy, in her weeds, reclined in an easy-chair, knitting. The young person seemed to be "busking" hooks. He had seen her before, he was confident, but where he could not remember. Let him see—was she one of the Duke's people?

"Come away in, Mr. Leslie," exclaimed Nancy, with an unwonted dignity of utterance.

"You have a visitor with you, Mrs. Harper. Are you amusing yourself busking, Miss? I seem to know you, and yet I can't recall where."

"Ay, you know her," said Nancy drily.

He took off his hat and sat down.

The young lady was sufficiently attractive to remind him of the gallant manner he could command. He smoothed the hair on his brow; looked at the small feet which rested on a high footstool; admired the delicate mouth and the white teeth, which were snapping a thread at the end of a hook; examined the eyes, grey and calm; calculated the cost of the dress she wore. Then he started to his feet as the perspiration broke out on his brow.

"Ay, you know her," repeated Nancy, who had been looking at him over her stocking. "It's Miss Gun."

Elspeth was very unlike her old self. The fashionable dress-maker at Oiley, to whom Nancy had driven her since Leslie last saw them, had metamorphosed her. She seemed a few years older than the girl of the shieling, but there was so perfect an adaptation of form to dress that the age became her. Not only so, but she had changed her manner, as it appeared. She looked at him coolly, calmly, as if he were nothing particular; she, Elspeth Gun, the shepherd girl! It was not an aggressive kind of expression either, carrying in it the assertion, "a cat may look at a king." It was the look of a person used to social life, accustomed to give and receive courtesies to and from all sorts of people.

"Yes, I see," he said at length; "I see it's Miss Gun."

And he put on his hat as he opened a door and peered into the neighbouring room. It was Elspeth's bedroom.

"You're away very soon, Mr. Leslie," said Nancy.

"This is a new addition to the house," he remarked, wiping his brow.

"No, no, it's only long shut up. Miss Gun sleeps there; and sits here, breakfasts and dines here. Go in and see it, Mr. Leslie; look about ye."

She patronised him as she sat in the elbow-chair, knitting. He did not obey her, however. He only looked in at the resuscitated bedroom; and turning on her furiously, without seeming to observe Elspeth, exclaimed—

"You old fool! what's the meaning of this?"

Nancy went on with her wires, a heightened benignancy appearing in her face, as she looked at Elspeth, who laid down a grouse's wing.

"Sir," said Elspeth, "sir, you're using the wrong word when you say 'fool' to Nancy. She's no fool. I think you might find another."

He made no reply, but strode from the room, from the inn,

from the village, and late on in the night he was standing in the graveyard again. If the metropolitan doctor had seen him, he would have regretted that he had not put a strait waistcoat into the prescription which was torn at a corner and thrown away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ADIEU.

MINA'S exuberance at length forsook her. The sheriff's visitor was gone. There were no more dances. If there had been more, his ward could not have gone to them. She was fairly "down"; not ill, not requiring, not asking a doctor to be called in to see her, but in a condition which induced her to seek the seclusion of sofas, and to ask the sheriff to ring the bell, when she would, in ordinary circumstances, have tripped to the handle herself. He saw that he had been deceived by her sprightliness, that the tumble into unconsciousness that stormy Sunday afternoon really meant ill-health, and he blew himself up for accepting the deceitful signs of cheerfulness for what they seemed to be. Still he saw that the illness was of the mind and not of the body. No doubt it was the old story—love, forbidden or at least postponed love, for Joseph.

"Don't you think," said the sheriff in the twilight, as he sat at the open window of the drawing-room one evening, reflectively puffing a cigar as he watched a mavis hop, hop, hopping along his lawn, and seeming to feed plentifully upon nothing; "don't you think I'd better write to Nixon? I don't mind writing to him to come here as a visitor. Poor Joe! What the deuce he can be doing up there all this time is more than I comprehend."

Mina, as it happened, had been thinking of Craigmillar and the brilliant advocate and his imploring manner, and of Joseph's cowardice in sending her no letters. Yes, cowardice. She had got the length of calling his silence cowardice. But she only sighed as the sheriff smoked and talked.

"You know I don't want to be an obstacle," he continued. "Why should I? If you love the man, then that's an end of it; and upon my word I met Usher to-day, and his manner was very pert and overbearing. He hardly stopped to speak. No doubt he was just rushing to keep an engagement in the Outer House, but he need not have made it so apparent—no. What do you say, Mina? Shall I invite Joseph down to stay with us—for a week, or a month, or three months? Say the word."

"No, papa dear," moaned Mina.

"No?"

"No."

The sheriff smoked on, and thought he heard a sob. It decided him. He would be plain with Mina. He would speak

out. He would tell her what it had been in his mind to say for a long time.

"Mina, listen," he said, shutting the window and fastening the door. "I am going to tell you about a little matter which has been on my mind for some time. When you marry you come into £500 per annum. You don't know the details of my income. You only know that it is limited. But it is not so limited that I can't stretch a point to make you a start in life to the extent of £500 per annum. Never mind where I get this five hundred. It will come out of the outer darkness of stocks and shares. My friend Porteous will find it; and on your marriage-day you will start with that. Cheer up, girl. Great things can be done upon a limited income. It is possible to be happy on five hundred a year, and if you marry Joseph, with nothing, you will be in a position to pull his nose till he is able to put another five hundred a year to it. Now, don't sigh and look unhappy, and—and even sob, as if I were announcing bad news to you."

"Papa dear, I don't want to pull Joseph's nose. I cannot think of your proposing to settle money on me without feeling that I am robbing you. No, I will not accept it. Do not let us talk of marriage at all."

"Now, Mina, you must bethink yourself that I am not a young man, that I am growing older every day, and as I desire your happiness before everything else, I wish you to know that I will be no permanent barrier to you in your liking for any man."

"Dear papa!" said the girl, rising and crossing to the window. She leant over the back of his chair. He had covered the carpet with ashes, and his lowered cigar had ceased to smoke. She passed her hand over his head.

"You are not so very old," she murmured.

"Yes, as old as Corstorphine. I am frightfully, terribly old. I began with the geological record. I am millions of years of age. I am as old as my knowledge."

"But, dear papa, that still leaves you an 'eminent Scotch sheriff.'"

"Don't gibe at me, pet. I believe, though it may be a hundred years hence, that the book will be written."

"I wasn't gibing, papa; I know the book will be finished, and printed, and praised, a good deal sooner than you say. But you vex me when you talk of being old, and settling money, and suggesting marriage."

She still leant over him and passed her hand through his hair.

"Why shouldn't I suggest marriage?" he asked dreamily. "Are you like Mabel, the Queen of the Fairies, who remained in maiden meditation, fancy free, all her life?"

"You are confusing them," said Mina lightly. "Mab was not

a fairy herself. She only helped them in their hours of regret. But it was quite another person who was fancy free."

"You know more than I do," said the sheriff, relighting his cigar, feeling cheered by the turn the conversation had taken.

"Please then, papa, accept me as a Sagacity, and don't talk about money again, and marriage, and things that dispirit me."

He smoked on to the end of his cigar, opened the window and threw it out, shut the window and leant back in his chair. He thought she would put her hand on his head again. He thought she was still leaning over him. He shut his eyes and conjured up a dream of his very old age, when either Nixon or Usher's infants would be crawling about his feet and making little gurgling sounds, which he would reward with bits of sugar and sweetcake. He thought that feeding a baby would be like feeding a little dog. Yes, his work would be all over by that time. He would read appeals, of course, till he was at the last gasp. But he would not write. He would content himself with alluding to "Eminent Scotch Sheriffs" in the presence of persons actively engaged in writing. That would be enough for disconcertment.

"Where are you, Mina?" he asked suddenly.

"Here, papa," she said softly at his back.

He turned round and saw her leaning her brow on the pane, looking into the still grey of the twilight.

"Is my friend the mavis still finding worms?"

"No; the birds are all gone to bed."

"Time to light up, I think. I will do it myself. I propose to institute lighting up myself. Oil is dangerous, and there may be an explosion. Mina, the day after to-morrow we set out on our travels."

* * * * *

They met Usher at the station. The sheriff had not been able to make out which of the two young men she liked, so he invited Usher to the train, the evening of their departure to London *en route* for Paris. The bustle of leaving had done the girl a great deal of good. She was obliged to scheme for the condensation of unnumbered articles within a limited space. She had not been much of a traveller, and her imagination at the outset was filled with no end of articles of apparel which she regarded as essential, which the quantity of baggage allowed by the sheriff made impossible. To select and reject, consult with Nellie, and have everything in its place against the hour, had kept her mind fully occupied. At the station, however, she was not displeased at the sight of Usher, anxiously looking out for them.

"Now, Frank," said the sheriff, "I'm going up on a little business to the club. I'll just be in time to fill my flask and co-

back again. See that Mina is all right till I return. Cheer her up—she isn't very bright."

He took her maid to a refreshment-bar and got some hot coffee; he took Mina into a waiting-room, and sat down beside her.

"We have but a precious quarter of an hour," he murmured, trying to overlook the fact that there was another occupant of the room, sitting anxiously among parcels, and having hour-of-departure on the brain.

"It is not long." There was a pause; he looked in her face; she fascinated him with a certain subdued regretfulness of expression; and her eyes lit up gratefully as they caught the gleam of his own.

"I hope papa won't miss the train. It is the last Scotch whisky he will have—what he gets at the club. Other skies, he says, other drinks; but he is determined to have as much as will carry him to Paris."

Usher sighed. That was dismally irrelevant.

"We have only ten minutes to talk," he said, after a long pause.

"It is not long. It was kind of you to come and see the last of us. I hope to be in better spirits the next time I see you. I am not ill, but really in want of change. Yet it was a pain to me to leave dear old Durie Den."

A porter insinuated his head, and seeing the anxious female with the parcels, said,—

"Here you are, ma'am. Your train's in. Change at Granton, Burntisland, and Thornton Junction. No—we're not allowed, ma'am, to take money; we're paid our wages on this line." And the pair disappeared.

"It is a grief to me that you should leave Edinburgh."

"You take a deep interest in me. I ought to be deeply grateful. So indeed I am, Mr. Usher."

"Why should you freeze me with a Mister? Call me Frank, like the sheriff. We have only seven minutes."

"For what?" And she looked at him with a mischievous expression.

"For this, Mina," and he seized her hands in his. "For this: I want you to know that it is I who love you. I want you to go away feeling that the heart which is sore at your departure is my heart; that through the night watches the man who will remain sleepless in thoughts of you—it is I. I am your lover. I am prepared to go to the end of the earth for you, or, harder still, I am prepared to work, year after year, amidst the scorn and sarcasms of the Parliament House, to get up early and go to bed late, to keep my own brain clear to face the keenest intellects of Scotland—all, all that I may win your approval."

"No, not all for that. Frank let it be; but do not say that

you are fighting for no object but me. I should be miserable in the thought of it. Let my left hand go, Frank. I do not know my own mind."

"Then let me know it for you. Let me tell you what it is."

A porter put in his head again, and withdrew it as if he had been shot, owing to the glance of scorn cast at him by the advocate.

"Ha! Frank, my boy. I've filled my flask, and am back in plenty of time. Plenty of time, did I say? Well, three minutes. We'd better go. Where's Nellie?"

Reluctantly Usher went for the maid, and the sheriff and Mina got into their carriage.

"I wish you were coming along. We want somebody to do the grand courier for us. I am weak in linguistics," remarked the sheriff, with his head out.

"You have said 'good-bye,' of course?" he added, as the train moved off.

"No," said Usher in desperation, getting on the footboard.

"Don't do that, Frank. Stand down, man. Here, Mina, say good-bye."

Mina put down her head, and Usher snatched a kiss as the train moved out of the station.

* * * * *

The sheriff did not see the meeting of heads. It was as instantaneous as electricity, and the shock on Mina's part was not much short of a thunderbolt. The sheriff and she were travelling alone. She sat down at a window—looking out towards the sea, or such parts of the sea as might be revealed on their way towards the Border. She had not crossed it before. It was a tremendous experience for her. Had she been a Scotch boy, she would have been prepared, miles before she reached the old line of national hates, to clench her fist at the window of her carriage, and murmur "Jock Pudding" at the sight of the first English porter. She would have irreverently derided his self-assertive manner, and compared it unfavourably with the last Scotch porter on the other side of the border, who announced the name of his station as if it were a fact which admitted of controversial suggestions, to which his mind was open, not because suggestions could convince him, but because he was in a fool of a world, where a man must needs have an open ear, especially a public man on a platform, carrying a bell. She was not a Scotch boy, however; she was a girl, and the whirling of the train seemed to her, in a vague, strange way, to furnish suggestions of going home. Home to the parents she did not know. Home to the origin she had not probed. Here and there on her way to Newcastle, tracts of sea opened out before her, with the moonlight tipping the waves. She sighed as she looked at them, and turned to speak to the sheriff. But the sheriff was fast asleep at the other end of the carriage, with his legs stretched from side to side.

He slept sound all through the night, while Mina gazed upon the changing features of the English landscape, as morning came in, surprised and delighted with long tracts of meadow, circling windmills, cosy manor-houses, sleek cattle. Yes, that was like going home. But what would Paris be like?

CHAPTER XLIX.

CHANGE SWEETHEARTS.

ELSPETH stayed on at Nancy's hostelry, and liked it. She thought Nancy very good to her, and expostulated with her for the hours she devoted to her service. It was too kind of her, she insisted, to fit up her grand room and furnish her with magnificent dresses—they were very simple in reality—and wait upon herself, morning, noon, and night. "One would think, Nancy," she said on one occasion, "that no person was ever in danger before. Dear me, it's not so very awful, after all, to be at death's door. When you are there, you are reconciled to it. I think nothing's so awful as we think it is beforehand."

"That's your pluck," said Nancy. "But say you not another word about me and my attendance, Elspeth Gun. It's my pleasure, and maybe I think it's my duty to attend ye. And ye'll no be regrettin' it?"

Elspeth was surprised that she had so little feeling of regret in her removal from the mountain-side. She liked the bustle of the arriving and departing coaches. She liked to go out and about and talk to the fishermen. She enjoyed the Sunday at church, though the Rev. Mr. Johnson's voice had an effect very soporific to most of his hearers. It amused her to overhear people say, when they were coming out, "What young lady is that staying with Mrs. Harper?" Yet she did not lose her simplicity; though when she was addressed by personages like the hill farmer's wife from beyond the graveyard, she answered with an uncommon equality of tone. They knew so little of her when Nancy introduced her to the watchmaker's wife or the daughter of the great general merchant in the Square, that they thought she must be one of the substantial Guns at the other end of the county, whose father had given up a collectorship in the Customs and taken to gentleman-farming. She was, accordingly, invited to a variety of sumptuous teas; but Nancy would not accept these little parties for her.

"No, girl, they'll just badger ye." And Elspeth contented herself with "busking" hooks as an amusement, learnt to play "draughts," read with great eagerness some volumes of Scott and Defoe she found on a shelf, and her time passed rather easily.

"Girl," said Nancy, "you're a great favourite. D'ye know I believe ye could do great good on the shore. There's a coast

missionary down there sometimes; but he does nothing but preach. I'm not blaming him; but if you could speak to some of them about the folly of this gold, it might save many a poor family from want. They're making no preparation for their fishing this year at all. Now, look out at that window. Count the boats on the beach, neither caulked nor painted, blistering there in the sun, and all because our fishermen have lost their heads on account of the talk of the town."

"And what's the talk of the town?"

"Just that Mr. Russell brings into the bank night after night little pocketfuls of gold. Ye ken they have machinery up now, and it seems Ruddersdale is a precious land—a kind of Canaan, Mr. Johnson says, overflowing wi' milk and honey."

"Then what's the harm, Nancy?"

"I have my suspicions, girl, that where Roderick Leslie says there's gold there's nothing but cheaterie and dirt. I don't believe in it, not I; not though you, dear lassie, were the first to find it."

"You're hard on Roderick."

"Yes, I'm hard on him."

"I wonder what Mr. Nixon thinks about it?"

"We'll soon hear. He'll be coming in to see me."

"I have some good flies for him when he does come."

"Well, girl, in the meantime I wish you would call at some of the fishermen's homes, where they weave and mend their own nets, and tell them that it's your opinion they should be painting their boats and caulking them, and not sitting down thinking and talking and dreaming about gold that they can never get. Look out there. See the whales! See them spouting! I've known the time o' day when every wash-tub on the coast would be at sea on the chase, till the fish in front of these spouting animals were safe and sound inside the nets and barrels. But, bless me! the day they have lost their heads."

Elsbeth made several calls on the back of Nancy's speech. She went down to the pier, too, and the fishermen had not the least objection in the world to her representing to them that they should not neglect their fishing for the gold.

"What's the use o' fishing?" asked the man with whom Nixon had once gone out; "what's the use o' fishing when there's a windfall coming to the town?"

"But you're not sure yet."

"But we believe."

"That's faith without works, as Mr. Johnson says."

"Well, it saves a deal o' trouble."

"But it may starve your babes?"

"We'll risk it."

And the fishermen lounged from the pier to their homes; sailed out into the bay as little as possible, fathering immense

finds upon the community at the diggings, and anticipating that the sky would fall, if not to-day, to-morrow or the day after. The sky, however, continued to overarch Ruddersdale and the horizon, and the working community went from bad to worse, excusing themselves by the glory of anticipation, and neglecting the great opportunities which the whales showed them they possessed between the "stacks" and the shore. They would have gold for the lifting, not for the working. The Stock Exchange was nothing to it; the National Lottery was nothing to it; they opened their mouths, and thought Heaven would drop plenty down their throats.

Nixon did not come just when Nancy said he would. Elspeth sighed day after day for a sight of him. She wanted to make her little present, and she had a dim idea that in her new apparel she must look more attractive to him. She hoped she would. She wished to be attractive to him. She knew, instinctively, that a little ago she had been very rustic and open-air-like. Now it was different. She had seen people buy things in the shops. She had been to church, and knew how they held their psalm-books, and how they followed the "line" when the precentor gave it out. Timothy Tightbrecks, indeed, her young friend, had not shown her a good example, for in the overcrowded green pew of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Timothy distinguished himself by putting his thumb to his nose at impressive portions of his father's sermon, and otherwise behaved himself as a monkey rather than a boy, which also did other boys, in imitation of him, in other pews. And Elspeth, hearing appeals from the pulpit involving consequences incalculable throughout all time for such actions as Timothy was performing, looked at him with a puzzled feeling of his being doomed to a fearful fate of torture, reaching down futurity till her mind lost hold of it. Yet, with the penalty roaring over his head, she rather liked the boy for the audacity of his defiance. It was thus that she learned the way of the world.

"I would like to see the diggings," she said to Nancy, as Mr. Laggan was dining in his room one day.

"Mr. Laggan," said Nancy, "here's a young lady friend of my own would like to be set down at the cross-roads. There's my phaeton coming back, Miss Gun, from Oiley about nine o'clock. You can return from that. Do you think you have room for her so far, Mr. Laggan?"

"Room!" said the guard. "I have six seats for her if she likes to take them. No inside to-day at all. We'll be glad to have you, my dear young lady."

As the coach rolled down the road, the guard, with the courtesy of one of the great-grandfathers of the dukes who owned the territory on either side of the Rudder, showed her into her seat, and, horn in hand, ascended to his chair.

The coach went off at a great rate, and Elspeth had not long felt herself happy among the cushions before it stopped, and the guard, still with the manner of a polite ancestor, set her down on the grey road.

"Take care of yourself, my dear young lady. They are rough," he said, waving his hand and blowing his horn in honour of her.

But Elspeth did not know what roughness was. She had been on the hills all her life, and the only roughness was that of storms and streams. No living thing had ever crossed her. It was with something like surprise, therefore, when she had ascended the road from the shore towards the diggings, that she was accosted by a tall man with a black beard as if she had known him all her life.

"How am I?" she asked in reply to a question. "Very well, thank you. And am I on my road to the gold-fields?"

He laughed, and said "Yes;" adding, "Don't go on so fast. You won't meet another like me all the hill over."

"Very likely not."

"You're saucy."

"Good afternoon to you."

"You're awfully saucy."

"Now I know my way alone, if you please."

"And as beautiful as day. Why should I go on to Ruddersdale when you are here?"

"Kindly let me pass, sir."

"I was going into my sweetheart; but, lor' bless you, one's as good's another, and a great deal better, when I see you."

"I am going to the gold-fields."

"I'm coming from them. Now, Miss, sit down on this milestone, and put your hand on your heart, and swear you weren't coming out to meet me, Philip Stryde, and if you do it without blushing, I'll take my arm from round your waist."

"You'll never put it there, I assure you."

"Won't I, girl? Won't I?" and he seized her roughly by the waist.

"Hold hard!" cried a voice from the top of the road, at the side of a plantation.

"She's mine," said Philip, holding on, while the girl unloosed one of his fists and flung it away.

"Hands off!" cried the voice, and Nixon, like an engine with full steam on, charged down the road.

"Chum, I say she's mine," cried the man with the black beard.

"Chum, I'll punish you, if you don't begin to see your error in less than no time."

"Not for you."

"Hands off, I say!" roared Nixon, seizing him by the shoulder, and wheeling him round as if he had been a top.

"Hands on," says Philip, delivering a blow on the chest to the new arrival.

Nixon did not reply with blow for blow, but stooping, seized his adversary by the left leg, and shot him some yards across the road into a morass, where his head went into a soft spot with the sucking sound of a quagmire. He drew himself out blinking and humiliated.

"I suppose you're going into Ruddersdale?" said Nixon severely, waiting for another assault.

"I fancy I am," said Philip; and Elspeth, who had witnessed the whole scene with a tear in her eye and parted lips, began to breathe freely.

"Joseph Nixon," she said, "I came out to give you some flies I had made, and if I thought it would have led to this I would have been very sorry."

Nixon put out his hand and thrust her wrist within his right arm.

"He will be none the worse of his stumble," he exclaimed. "Come and sit down. I was coming into town."

They walked up the road, and Elspeth standing for a moment to recover her breath, he led her into a clump of trees, and they sat down on the low outspread branch of an ash.

"It will hold us perfectly," he said, putting out his arms to support her.

"There are the flies," said Elspeth, bringing out a little cotton purse of her own sewing and a collection of flies exquisitely made.

"Made for me?"

"For no other."

"By you?"

"By me."

The branch cracked, and they rose to their feet. Then there was a low murmur of expostulation on Elspeth's part. Nixon had his arms about her. He was kissing her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth, her hair.

"You came," she said, gasping and slightly pushing him away from her, "you came to find your love."

"And I have found—I have found—that I am not a faithful man," he replied, retiring from her. He glanced at her, as if he hated her. She resented the look, and drawing herself up, exclaimed,—

"Joseph Nixon, if I was grateful to you for saving my life and for punishing one who would have forgotten that I was not so strong as he was, I have given you no cause for regret."

"It is my own doing."

Elspeth leaned against the tree, and her glance again overpowered him.

"It is not as it was," he said hurriedly. "I am master here."

I would rather marry—I would rather love—the shepherd-girl than the daughter of the sheriff.”

“Gently, Mr. Nixon. I will go home again to Nancy.”

“And you shall have my protection.”

At the corner of the road he kissed her again, and assured her that he was not a faithful man.

“Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Elspeth, looking up in his face and clinging to his arm.

CHAPTER L.

ABROAD.

THE sheriff had reason to thank his stars that he had taken Mina abroad. She kept up all the way to Calais, but they were not three hours on their journey from there before she broke down, and he was obliged at one of the intermediate stations to have her maid into the carriage, and to take the maid's seat behind. He thought all the way to the St. Lazare station how unintelligible women were. Mina made no complaints, yet she was ill. He thought it was Joseph that was the matter with her, and mentioned him respectfully, when she went off into hysterics. He soothingly alluded to Frank, and she only pouted. “Leave me, dear papa,” she had pleaded, and he was glad to leave her with her maid. She came out at Paris very weak and sickly, and he had to take the nearest hotel, though he would have preferred to go down to the banks of the Seine, to an old haunt of his own, overlooking the Tuileries gardens. And she lay in her room for a week, unable to move; though she declined to see a doctor even when he was brought to her room door. The sheriff had to bring him his fee outside, sitting at a little table, where they discussed fresh lemonade together, and was unreasonably consoled by a man who had never seen his patient explaining that there was nothing the matter, except a phrase which rendered into English, meant pure “cussedness.” But pure “cussedness” may be heard in the soft lingo of the Seine without retaliation. The sheriff congratulated himself that it was nothing more serious, and began forthwith to arrange his plans for a lengthened stay. The first question to be attended to was of course Mina's health—he had come for that; but in the second place he meant to unite with his attention to her a little study, and with that object he strolled one forenoon to the English Embassy, got an introduction to the Imperial Library, and amused himself for a little in the Rue Richelieu with turning over books. Before Mina recovered, too, he visited the old quarters at the Rue de Rivoli, took rooms for himself and his ward and her maid, and bribed the porter a little. He even sat down in the flowered court of the Inn, had something at a table, and talked politics with an American, before he took his goods

and chattels into the place. The first day Mina went out was a joy to him, after they shifted to the Hotel Rivoli. She seemed to realize for the first time that they had got to Paris, though he did not carry her very far—only across the road to the Tuileries gardens, where a military band was amusing a crowd of quiet, decorous, contented citizens, who sat, to the number of about a couple of hundred, enjoying the melody which stole up among the trees.

"Papa, how is it that I begin to feel as if I were a country girl?" said Mina, as they took their place among the sitting crowd.

"I don't know. Why should you, coming from an ancient capital like Edinburgh. It's as near the centre of the universe as Paris."

"Perhaps it is; but there seems to me to be a common understanding among them. What is it? Is there something about my dress that suggests the rustic? Or is your coat hyperborean?"

"You are nervous, Mina. There is no difference between us and them, except that we are superior beings. Always remember that one of their queens was glad to marry into our kingdom."

"Don't allude to her again, papa dear."

"Allude to whom?"

"Her—the Scotch reformation and all that."

"My poor girl, you are cross. Listen: what music! It's that sinner Offenbach. I saw him sipping an ice at Tortoni's the other evening. Knew him from his photograph at once. Might have been one of our lairds who had resigned a commission in the army twenty years ago, and still retained a *soupeon* of the army smartness."

"To judge from these sounds I should think he was a man who stood on his head all the time he was composing."

"Afterwards, perhaps he does."

Mina sat with her eyes closed. She was thinking of Joseph in the tree, and Frank on the footboard of the departing train. She had had a long letter from Frank, written with beautiful pathos and commanding eloquence, and she did not know what to conclude. According to the code of the romances, she ought to have spurned him. She ought to have made up her mind to wait—wait till she was old and grey and useless, for the faithful lover to turn up. But being a young lady, abroad in the year 186—, she wondered if her frail heart had not originally deceived her. She opened her eyes again, the mad music still vibrating through the gardens, and noticed the sheriff earnestly gazing at a figure leaning on a tree outside the sitting group. He had his hands in his pockets, and seemed, from an almost indiscernible movement of his head, to be greatly enjoying the music. In a moment or two he became an object of interest to everybody within reach of him.

"Is it Offenbach, I wonder?" asked Mina.

"No, it isn't Offenbach. Curiously enough, I happen to know who it is. I presented a letter yesterday at a Mr. Cremieux's, and he was just bidding that young fellow 'good-day.' The moment he left the house he turned to me and said,—

"'Did you see him? Did you note him?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I saw him. This is a letter from Lord Straven, of the Outer House, Court of Session, Scotland, who, I believe, upon one occasion dined with you, Mr. Cremieux, though he has no sympathy with revolutionary movements?' It made no impression on him whatever, though I flatter myself I did not make a single mistake in my French. He only shoved his arm into mine and drew me to a window, exclaiming: 'He has raised Paris. Europe is talking of him—has been, all spring. He browbeat Delesvaux, and defied the Empire.' And, by Jove! it's true. The papers have been full of it all the year. His name is Gambetta. He's a lawyer, I'm proud to say. I've a good mind to go over and speak to him, though I'm rather imperial in my sympathies. You know the Empress came from the south of Scotland."

"He certainly is creating a great interest in the gardens," said Mina, profoundly interested in the easy figure at the tree, who seemed charged with any amount of suppressed cordiality.

"Ah, he's gone. I can't speak to him now," said the sheriff, as the man being observed disappeared at a swing to one of the gates, carrying with him a melody of Offenbach's, as it appeared from the rotundity of his lips.

"Gambetta!" resounded from row after row of seats; some of the tones being angry, others communicative.

"I'm afraid he's a humbugging revolutionist," murmured the sheriff, turning to listen to a madder tune than the last.

One concert in the gardens was enough for Mina that day. She said she would not go out again. So he went out himself, cigar in mouth. He had not gone far along the Rue de Rivoli before he noticed a shop with all the English magazines in it. It was Galignani's.

"Galignani's?" he asked himself. "Yes, of course; my old friend, the correspondent of the *Caledonian*, is here. He wrote all Scott's later novels. To be sure, I remember. Perhaps it accounts for the falling off in these works. I must look him up."

He went and took a ticket for the reading-room for a couple of months; went into the room itself, a cosy, cushioned place, with German, American, English, and French newspapers ranged about. A tidy little woman from a desk in a doorway came in and said they "did not smoke." He rose and pitched his cigar away at an open door, read for a quarter of an hour, and went out along the Place de la Concorde. He had more than a dozen undelivered letters of introduction to people about the Champs

Elysées streets. As yet he had not made up his mind whom he would call upon, or whether he would call upon them at all. Perhaps he might go farther south, to the shores of the Mediterranean, in which case it would be no use knocking up too many temporary acquaintanceships. On the whole, he thought he would avoid all English-speaking friends and stick to his French introductions. The French ones he was sure would lead to nothing more than a superficial interchange of courtesies. The English ones would probably, in one case out of a dozen, lead to the asking of a serious favour, which was a bore to a judge. Besides, he never asked favours himself, thanks to his uncle's oil-works. He strolled into the Champs Elysées, and saw the carriages come back from the Bois de Boulogne six deep; he stood in front of little puppet-shows and laughed at dirty little marionettes making practical jokes, which were only allowable in Scotland in the conversation of old gentlemen discussing the early memories of a youth extending to the verge of another and a freer century. Still, some of the ideas were as fresh as ever, and he laughed as he sauntered past, congratulating himself on the advanced civilization of the country he had left, which would not have tolerated such exhibitions in public. He walked a long way up among the trees towards the Triumphal Arch, and saw the Emperor and his wife come down. Nobody paid any attention to them. No hats were lifted. There were some little sounds of "Badinguet"! The Empress looked at him, and he bowed, thinking, "after all, she is a Scotch lassie. I rather think if I begin to count my kith and kin that I'm a cousin of hers. Not a full cousin to be sure, but a relation any way. She's nice-looking. My friends, the passing Mossoos, might have more gallantry." And he sat down on the outermost chair of a café whose dominion extended far out into the trees.

He sat, and the waiter brought him a paper, and took his orders for an inoffensive drink.

"Compagnie d'Or," he read, and without moving his eyes from the page, made out that a company had been started for working the precious metals on the estate of Ruddersdale, Scotland. He saw the name of the men who were working it, conspicuously one M. Roderick, on the spot, who would furnish information to anybody who wanted it. He read the name of his own broker, Porteous, and recognised from the last sentence of the announcement that the gold-mining in his country was ardently believed in.

"How d'ye do, Sheriff?" exclaimed a familiar voice, and looking up, the sheriff saw the veritable Porteous, smoking a cigar, dressed in full Parisian costume, accompanied by a statesmanlike person with a black moustache, and an apologetic manner about him. They had come down out of a carriage.

"Well, Porteous, this is great news."

"You have seen it?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"That wonders will never cease."

"It's a fact, however; Leslie's finding gold. That's my mission here. I'm seeing the thing through."

"And you believe in it?"

"I do."

"Are all the shares taken up?"

"No not all."

"You might buy me one or two."

"How many?"

"Exercise your own discretion. Enough to allow me to say when I am here that I am a gold-owner in my own country and in my own county."

The broker smiled grimly, made a note of the request, and the conversation became general. His French friend talked English, without much of an accent, and said he was delighted that the French mint was to be swollen from Scotland. Scotland and France had always been on good terms. *À bas* Jone Bool! Scotland was an old ally.

They talked for a full half hour, discussing the Empire, the Parisian giving it as his opinion that it was on its last legs, and that if Napoleon did not annex Europe, like his uncle, he had no chance of maintaining his popularity. Still, *à bas* Jone Bool! and *Vive* the *Compagnie d'Or*!

CHAPTER LI.

MADNESS.

WHEN is a man mad? The question has yet to be decided. When is he going mad? That is equally difficult to tell. Roderick Leslie's clerks saw him entering his room in the morning half an hour after they had begun the business of the bank. They remarked that he was more irritable than he had ever been before. They saw that he savagely closed accounts overdrawn by ninepence, and testily reminded persons who were drawing near the verge of their deposits of their dangerous proximity. When his door was half open, too, it was noted that he said "police!" and other things of a strange character to himself; that he would sometimes keep up long conversations with nobody, and end them with an abrupt peal of laughter. It was not, however, suggested that the man was mad. Yet he had his dangerous moments, and the maddening habit of excessive drink grew upon him. He had succeeded and failed at the same time. He had launched his mine, and it was taken up in Paris; he meant to realize every share he had in the course of the summer. What did it matter what a Frenchman or body of Frenchmen might suffer? And he also meant to retain his hold upon Ruddersdale; but the inn-

keeper's behaviour was inexplicable; she and Nixon at the mines stood between him and a prospect of honourable decline to the grave. He would like to die honourably. He had been a respectable and respected man all his life. He meant to have a large sorrowful crowd at his funeral. But he began to believe that if he were to die honourably and have a tombstone and all that, one or two other people must die suddenly, or go out of the road. He decided that he must have another interview with Nancy. Nancy was harking back on the past, and setting herself to thwart him. But thwarted he would not be. No, by Heaven! not by an old servant, or a young miner, or the girl from the shieling—not he; and they were his enemies, the only ones that stood between him and success, and peace and quiet. Nancy, however, would not see him alone. She would not come to him when he asked her. She affected religion, forsooth! Religion and a desire to do the right! When he called on her she led him into the room with the young person from Cnoc Dhu, and her patronage of him became altogether intolerable. . . . When is a man mad? When he wants to commit murder is possibly the safest answer, and Leslie on that theory was certainly as mad as a March hare. He wished, in these moments, when he had finished business or was alone, to murder Nancy, to murder Elspeth, to murder Nixon. The desire grew on him. It became a passion, and if any of the village loungers had been given to studying shadows on a blind, they might have judged from the hysterical movements of the shadow on Leslie's blind that the substance behind it meant no good to some of his fellow-creatures. Yet throughout the growing desire to smash and terminate, he still held one or two fixed ideas of personal safety—the desire to make sufficient fortune to run away with if possible, as a last resort; the desire, above all, to remain king of the land on which he had been since early boyhood. The end was clear enough; the means were not so clear. Yet he did not shrink, if the worst must come to the worst, from using the most sanguinary means. So a cloud, all unknown to them, hung round the lives of Nixon, Elspeth, and Nancy, unknown but not unsuspected to the latter, who drew no line upon what the factor might do as a very last resort to his desperation. Yet she read with some hope a little note that was brought to her one day after she had half-a-dozen times declined to meet Roderick.

The note ran:—

“DEAR MRS. HARPER,

“The Rev. Mr. Johnson and a few friends well known to you propose to take supper with me to-night. You will understand, for reasons well known to you, that it is time you and I were meeting these people at my table. Come by yourself to-night. At an early date you will bring your young friend.

“RODERICK LESLIE.”

And Nancy, looking at the little letter, thought, "Ah! he is softening. He is improving. He wants to do justice at last. Poor man, Roderick! Maybe, he had no opportunity before."

She left Elspeth with reluctance, but went in her widow's weeds to meet the minister and the other friends at Roderick's, but was sufficiently surprised when she was put into a room where there was no other body but the factor. The old woman was a little afraid of him. Not that she put any special value on her life, but there was vitality about her, life within death-like, dried-up muscles and nerves, any amount of it, and vitality that wanted to prolong itself as much as possible.

The factor closed the door on her as she came in, closed it, and peremptorily motioned her to a chair.

"I thought better of you," said Nancy, taking her chair with a demure look, and seeing at a glance that no preparations had been made for the reception of other guests.

Roderick turned the key in the door, and paced up and down like a wild animal.

"Nancy," he said, stopping in front of her with a tearful voice, "Nancy, you are betraying me. You are wishing to ruin me; you are forgetting old times."

He spoke softly, in a style that Nancy had not heard, year after year, since he was a young man. He was positively imploring her.

"Mr. Leslie," she said, "in those days when I lent you my assistance I was younger than I am now; but I did evil that good might come, and I trusted that you would bring round the good when the day arrived that such was to be."

"It's coming," he said bitterly; "it's coming. It will be all right enough. Everybody will have their own. Don't hurry; don't worry. Leave it to me."

"I'm preparing," she told him decisively, "to bring the day round myself. Roderick Leslie, you've no desire to do the right; but I warn ye, whatever the consequences may be to you or me, the right will be done. Sir Thomas will come no more home to his own, but Sir Thomas's true heir will go up into the house of Dunbeath and take possession in my good time, which will not be long now."

He sank into a chair with apparent exhaustion, and during a long interval twirled his thumbs, and looked at her pitifully.

The resolution in the little innkeeper's voice and face cowed him. She was sorry for his weakness. She altered the tone of her voice, and said—

"The evil is done, but the good need not be hindered."

"You are trying to betray me," he replied. "You sent on to the sheriff of the county what might be a bit of evidence that would hang you and me. You posted some o' these things—some o' those bits o' parchment. You needn't deny it—he showed me your handwriting."

"They came back again," said Nancy ruefully.

"And what good do ye suppose they would do to anybody?"

"I recall the day, Roderick—the dawn o' day when that babe came into the world, and I recall the hour when you came with a handful of papers in your hand, and tore up one of them in shreds, and parted the shreds among the babe's clothes; and when I asked ye what the meaning of it was, you said, 'Leave it all to me, Nancy.' But now a higher than you has opened my eyes, a higher than you has helped me to see that you were playing a devil's game, and that you had no intention to do the right; and I sent one of the shreds to the sheriff of the county, and he sent it back—yes, but to the young gentleman that was boarding with me—to Mr. Nixon; and the papers concern him, and he's a lawyer, and he'll find out everything."

Roderick rose, expanded his chest, and threw out a great braying laugh.

"You're laughin' now."

"You would laugh too, you old fool, if you knew the quantity of dust I've thrown in their eyes. And they'll have to take more of it—more of it—gold dust—dust they will have to pay for—without any gold in it. Ha, ha, ha!"

He had recovered himself to a sort of frenzy.

"Yes," he continued. "Dust in their eyes! If you could only know the castles in the air they have been building on these bits of parchment. But you, she-devil that you are, must needs come with a new bit, and throw light on everything, shift the ground of the reasoning of the most enlightened minds at the bar of Edinburgh which assigned a kingdom to Miss Durie, on the basis of the parchments, till they rearranged it in favour of quite another person."

"Ay, to Mr. Nixon, I'll warrant."

"Yes, Mr. Nixon."

* * * * *

While they conversed Nixon had come in from the diggings, and was shown straight up to Elspeth's sitting-room, in Nancy's inn. He was a melancholy-looking man—stricken with the appearance of remorse and desperation. Not that he regretted the labour of the diggings; but he had come into unpleasant relations with the body of the miners on account of his treatment of Stryde. Stryde complained that, having found a sweetheart on the road, he was deprived of her company in a summary fashion by Nixon. Nixon had assaulted him; therefore Nixon must fight. Russell tried to heal the breach, but it was to no purpose. The miners were unanimously in favour of seeing who was the better man.

"I'm not going to amuse you by a prize-fight," said Nixon. "I will not fight, but I give you fair warning that I will protect myself against blows from any one." He would enter no

ring formed by the miners; on the contrary, he sat down on a ridge of grass and took out his pipe, whereupon Stryde, approaching, pushed him with his foot.

"You did that unintentionally, I presume?" murmured Joseph, looking up, his eyes flashing.

"That time, yes. This time I intended it," as he approached with the object of repeating the aggravation. But springing to his legs, Nixon hit him a full right-hand blow on the jaw; his mouth filled with blood; he fainted sick into the arms of a man behind him.

"He don't deserve any sympathy," cried Armstrong, who had been the loudest in provoking the fight. "He brought it on himself." And Nixon resumed his seat.

It embittered him, however; and his own behaviour in regard to Elspeth embittered him still more.

When she saw him coming into the room, she rose from her seat at the window, where she was deep in the perusal of a romance; her face lightened as she advanced to him, shyly enough, but with so much gladness of welcome in her aspect that he hung down his head when he took her hand. He believed himself to be the master of the surrounding property, yet, in spite of that assumption of territorial possession, or the steps he meant to take in order to assure himself of his position, he slightly quailed before her.

"And have you tried them?" were her first words of welcome.

"Tried what, Miss Gun?"

"The flies I gave you."

"Yes; and on the Cranberry filled my basket thrice. They are irresistible. The trout go mad over them. They are the deadliest that ever went on to a casting-line."

"I thought you would like them; but you are not looking like yourself."

"We are each unlike ourselves, I think, since that fatal afternoon when you led me to the heights above your father's shieling."

She looked at him with a glance of repressed affection, and said, "You're not grieving that we've been thrown together, and that by chance you've been of much service to me?"

"No, I shall never regret that; but—why should I attempt to explain? I have been a fool. You know why I came here?"

"Yes, yes; and I'll help you—I'll help you to find your love." But the girl's eyes filled with tears as she turned to look out on the Marnock Firth.

"Elspeth," he said, touched by the sorrowful expression which came into her eyes, "tell me that you forgive me."

"For what?" she asked, with her face half-turned to him.

"You do forgive me?" and he held both her hands in his own. He pressed them fervently as he repeated his question.

"I would be sorry that you should regret anything that happened to you in your conversation with me."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I begin to doubt if I ever loved her at all. Elspeth, can a man love two girls at once?"

"That's more than I can say, though. But I think no girl can love more than one man at a time." He dropped her hands. He was in danger. He abruptly changed the conversation with the announcement, "I'm leaving the diggings. I believe it's all humbug. I have no belief in the gold."

"Couldn't ye be a shepherd, then, or a fisherman?"

"If I knew what I was about I would fly the country altogether, and never come back again at all."

"But you won't do that?"

"No, I suppose I won't."

"And see the good ye might do if ye became a fisherman; they're all sitting idle. They won't fish. They are waiting, waiting for what may never turn up."

"If it's gold they're waiting for, I'm very sure it never will. Come, Elspeth, you will hardly speak to me if you see me in a sou'-wester coming ashore from my nets—eh?"

"I would speak to you whatever you did."

CHAPTER LII.

WICKEDNESS.

PARIS agreed with the sheriff. It agreed with his ward, too, and he felt that only one thing was wanted to her complete recovery—that her sweetheart should come upon the scene and claim her. He did not care which, provided it was the man she loved. He did not know how nearly her restoration to cheerfulness was due to the first love-letter she had ever received. It came from Usher, and ran in this style:—

"I went back to my house, Mina dearest, and contemplated my work and sickened over it. It cannot be, without an assurance from you that you belong to me, that I can ever return to that work with zest. Indeed I may give it up altogether if I am not now assured possession of your heart. Work is much, success is much; but work and success are nothing without love. Love me then, Mina, and tell me you love me, and let me know that I may love you, and hope to cherish and protect you in a near time coming. Throw out of your heart the image of the man who has taken up his place there on false pretences. I have heard from him since you left—heard, and what do you think? I am to take up *his* cause. *He* is the documentary wonder of the world. *He* has been kept out of his birthright for many years, since his early boyhood. *He*, in fact, is *you*. Instead of your being Lady Dunbeath, *he* is Sir Thomas now. I am enclosed partial proof of it, which I am to keep until he has

found more. This, then, is the man who went out to find your parents, who proposed to give up friends, acquaintances, fortune, that you might be restored to your own. I do not hesitate to pronounce him a traitor, and I ask to be placed where he has been sitting in usurpation. If you do not answer me, I shall come and entreat an answer on the banks of the Seine."

Absence did not make the heart grow fonder in Mina's case, for Usher's letter pleased her, and she began to regard her connections with Nixon as a useless little flirtation, which had occupied his time, without deeply touching her. But she did not answer Usher. She let a week pass, and sure enough he followed them to Paris.

They were sitting in a little parlour overlooking the Rue de Rivoli when he came.

"How would you like to be presented at Court?" asked the sheriff.

"There's no end to your audacity, papa."

"It's the easiest thing in the world. He's very fond of Scotch people, the Emperor, and she's a Kirkpatrick. I've been looking into the matter, and find that my great-grandmother on the mother's side was a Kirkpatrick, too, and I find that I'm entitled to present my card as a country cousin; what do you think?"

"I should die of fright in those giddy altitudes."

"Oh no you wouldn't. It wouldn't be a fiftieth part such a trying ordeal as to shake hands with Lord Straven. And, by the way, that malicious old gentleman told me that when the Emperor visited the seat of his (Lord Straven's) title in Scotland, and was crossing a stream on the back of a ghillie, the calf of his leg came off and floated away."

"I say!"

"Now, if he knew that there was a man living in the Hotel Rivoli who could tell that story against him in Paris, he would invite me to dinner every day of the week: he would, indeed. The caricaturists might make him shake on his throne if they knew it. I wonder if His Majesty's historian will mention the incident in these later years, when he has smashed Germany, overrun the Rhine, taken over Belgium, and done some of the other things the world expects him to do? By Jupiter, here is Frank Usher!"

Yes, it was Frank, who had taken the precaution to make himself presentable before arriving. He was living, he said, in a street behind the Rue de Rivoli, in a little hotel called the Normandy; an easy-going place, where he expected to be comfortable. It was within five minutes' walk or so of the Hotel Rivoli. How was the sheriff? How was Miss Durie? Looking well, very well, he was so glad to observe.

"I don't know how you have done," said the sheriff, after a time, having welcomed the stranger with cordiality.

"Done what?"

"Broken loose at this time of year from Parliament House. It was bad enough for me, but for you it must have been a great deal harder."

"I'm playing truant, and hope to evade the consequences in school-boy fashion. I shall not stay long."

"You have business in Paris?" asked Mina, with a penetrating glance of her eye.

He looked at the sheriff, who waited an answer. He looked at her, and tried to convey two different impressions by his expression of the face. He would have liked the sheriff to think "yes, on business," Mina to think "yes, on love." And both would have been correct.

"You know Porteous is here?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen this?" handing Usher a description of the Ruddersdale fields, which had been contributed to a financial journal.

"It's very picturesque, all that. Reads like a translation, don't it? I can hardly believe my eyes when I look into it. There are touches there so accurate to what I know of the place, that it must have been drawn up on the spot. I wonder if they had a French engineer doing it. I'll ask Porteous. It makes one ache to put all one's guineas into it. But read that."

"I think you might do worse, sheriff, than keep it up by a share or two."

"Oh, do you? You think I haven't any eyes about me. You suppose I don't know. Why, my boy, I *have* taken a share or two. It's like putting it into a national lottery, no doubt; but then I'm abroad, I'm on a holiday, and I mean to enjoy myself. I've a good mind, just for the glory of the gold being in my country—bravo Ruddersdale!—to take one or two more. Wait a minute. Porteous lives in a little hotel on the Boulevards. I'll write him to take a share or two more on the advice of my friend, Mr. Usher. 'Dear Mr. Porteous, you are at liberty to take some more shares—as many as you think judicious, within a limit which you know.—Yours very truly, etc.' Yes, that will do. It will give an additional pleasure to the visit. I shall feel as if I were a man on 'Change. That's next thing to being introduced at Court. But, by the way, it's a good thing that De Morny is gone or—come along, Mina."

"Where shall we go, papa?" asked Mina, standing at the window as if she were a neutral party, entirely uninterested in anything or anybody.

"I am your slave," said Usher.

"Where shall we go, papa?"

"Anywhere."

"Last night I heard such robust singing beyond the broad,

open square—Place de la Concorde you call it—in below the trees; singing from all quarters of the globe. Shall we go and hear that?”

“An open-air concert,” said the sheriff.

“Yes, and you can hear it for nothing, for I had the curiosity to look at the gate, and I saw something or other to eat and drink for so much, concert for nothing.”

“Oh, you did? Then let’s go.”

Some hours afterwards they did set out, Mina remaining behind.

“Do you know Paris?” asked the sheriff of the advocate.

“No, I can’t say I do.”

“I don’t mean the great old Legitimist families. Poor Nap himself isn’t admitted there. Nor do I mean the high old American ladies and gentlemen who tear each other’s hair in the ‘buses, if they are South and North. No.”

“Whom do you mean?”

“I don’t mean the English snobs who ‘chum’ with people abroad, and snub each other in Hyde Park.”

“Whom do you mean?”

“Wicked Paris.”

“No.”

“No?”

“You are,” continued the sheriff, “a very moral man. You don’t want to know wicked Paris?”

“I am——”

“Eh!”

“I am——”

“Well, you made that remark before.”

“Yes, but you didn’t listen to the end of it. I am——”

“Look here, my boy, I am abroad. You are abroad. I am having a holiday. You are having a holiday. Good and well, let it be a holiday. But also, if I like, let it be a—a—a—eh—eh—you know.

“No, I don’t know.”

“Yes you do.”

“No, I don’t.”

“You do, you humbugging advocate.”

“I assure you I don’t. I would rather show Miss Durie into a seat fifty thousand times, than——than——”

“Oh, ah!”

“My dear sheriff, you are incomprehensible.”

“No I’m not. It’s just this. Here I am abroad. I am a judge—a serious judge, to be sure. Still I want to know life in all its phases. I want to see the Mabilles. You have heard of the Mabilles? No? It is an abominable place, to which every English-speaking man goes. And why? Because he knows he will hear there nothing but English. He will hear, and what will he see?”

"That I don't know."

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Would you like to know?"

"I would like to go to the concert with Miss Durie."

"You would?"

"Yes."

"Frank, you have still something to learn."

"What?"

"That a man who stands before a judge, parchment in hand, with a fine talking power, if he does not know life, is only a machine charged with suspicion."

"You think the Jardin Mabille is *life* then?"

"No."

"What do you call it?"

"All that Paris has to show of original savagery. We are all, you know, or ought to know, savages to start with—otherwise naked beneath our clothes, as the greatest poet of the century was told by the smallest man now on earth. Very well, let us see it."

"I would rather make love to my love."

"I begin to feel wicked."

"Sheriff, you are wicked."

"Go and make love."

CHAPTER LIII.

A NEW OCCUPATION.

"SOMETHING must be done," said the factor to himself, looking at Nixon on the pier, where he seemed to be haranguing some of the fishermen. He strolled down their way and the fishermen disappeared. Nixon would rather not have spoken to him. Frequently he had gone out of his way to avoid him. In a short time they would be coming into unpleasant relations; in the meantime he knew that he was dealing with an enemy.

"You're still on the ground?" said Leslie roughly.

"Yes, thanks, here I am."

"You seem to be a little down in the world, man."

"I'm afraid I owe you a fishing-rod, Mr. Leslie. That afternoon of the row on the water I was obliged to throw away the rod you lent me."

"To be sure, I didn't think of that. You will replace it, if you please, or hand in the amount at the bank that will cover the price of it. Otherwise, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of suing you for it."

"That's rather sharp practice, considering the narrow escape I made."

"I am tired of seeing you here, man."

"Well, you are likely to see a little more of me."

"You are a useless character. The best thing that could have happened to you was to get drowned."

"Thank you. Perhaps I see an easier way out of my difficulties."

"Perhaps you'll be shown a way off this estate in the first place."

"No, sir, not exactly. I mean to stay here still a little while. I mean to work here. I am a fisherman now."

"You blockhead! and I have offered you ease, opulence, and a rich commission!"

"And I have not accepted it."

"Then you may prepare your mind for worse things."

Nixon had, indeed, broken with the miners and come into town again. Elspeth had pointed out to him that he might render a great service by showing the example of going to sea, for the people were forsaking their work, and he might help them back to it. It was rare consolation to him to believe that, in turning fisherman, he could do more good.

"Am I not among my own people?" he reflected, "and will it not endear me to them later on?"

So he invested in a sou'-wester, and begged for a place in a boat—the boat in which he had once before gone out to the Stacks. He got a place, too, and during his first week he helped to bring ashore large quantities of fish, which sold well in the Square. The fisherman let him have a room off his hut, and was very well pleased with him, as he took a good deal of work off his hands and seemed to bring him luck.

It was the only boat which went out. The rest of them lay about the beaches unused, and the road to the diggings was covered all day with loiterers, who were neglecting the bountiful opportunities of the sea. Leslie did not mind. It increased the importance of the diggings, and gave them the temporary appearance of being the staple industry of the estate.

As a fisherman, Nixon forgot some of his remorse for his alienation from Mina. His hands were full, and he had no time for sorrow. Besides, the life presented him with considerable variety of experience. Take one evening of it, as the boat is coming in from the Stacks to the harbour without any fish. Besides Nixon at the bow, there is another man at the sheet, and the fisherman who owns the boat at the helm.

"Bad luck to-night," says the man at the helm.

"Don't say that yet. We're not ashore, and the luck may change."

"As how?" asked Nixon, who hated returning to the shore empty-handed.

"It's not the season for the seals; but there's plenty of them in there," responds the man from the sheet.

"We've got nothing to kill them with."

"Anyhow, here's these clubs, and plenty of light to show where they are lying."

And so the empty-handed boat, instead of making for the harbour, sailed straight for the lofty cliffs between Ruddersdale and Oiley, and lay rocking at the mouth of a high cave, where the tide rose and fell without breaking into waves. Nixon felt as if he were lying at the mouth of a cathedral, so high up did the ribbed rocks overarch the sea, and so solemn was the darkness beyond the rays of moonlight. He had never killed seals before, but he had heard over and over again of the amazing exploits of the fishermen. He fell into a waiting attitude, therefore, at the mouth of the cave, and did not speak for a full hour, and stooped, when his comrades stooped, for a club and a light, as if he had been used to the sport all his days. This sort of fishing was different from any he had tried. To get to the inner end of the cave, to suddenly light up, leap upon the sand and lay about among the astonished seals—that was the task. How he held his breath as, gripping the ledges of the rocks, he helped to noiselessly drift the boat within the cavern! How his heart beat as the first stroke of flint lit the tinder, and the tinder in turn flared up three torches of tow! How he leaped ashore and intercepted one and another of the amazed sleepers as they shuffled in a bewildered herd towards the sea!

They killed five in all, and instead of returning in ill-luck their boat leaned over to the gunwales, and the seals were well sold, and next night they got more. He liked his fisherman life.

CHAPTER LIV.

SWEETHEARTS CHANGED.

IF a treatise were to be composed upon engagements and the art of getting off with the old love and on with the new, much stress would have to be laid upon the kind of opportunities the new had presented to him in changing the engagement. Paris opened out before the wondering eyes of Mina Durie, and day after day, with the companionship of Frank Usher to accentuate its charms, she found herself parting with the last remnants of affection for the unwritten lover at Ruddersdale. From the Hotel Rivoli they drove together to every place of interest which it was their duty as tourists to see. He took her to museums, and seated in cool shadows he trotted out to her all he knew that she cared to hear of ancient art. His quotations were neither very amusing nor accurate; but they served to pass the time, and to strengthen her faith in Usher as the man upon whom she ought to have originally bestowed the promise of her hand. They wandered to leafy gardens together, on both sides of the river, and did not eschew the cemeteries as part of the "show," forgetful that the sun which shone on them had but the other day lightened the

faces of scores as fond, now well out of sight. As for the sheriff, he turned in upon his *magnum opus* again. Quite unexpectedly he had come across a great mine of material bearing upon the Scotch sheriffry during the period of the Reformation, in the Imperial Library. He had also discovered that an old Scots' College in a remote nook of the city had unransacked archives, which he was at liberty to search, and from which he promised himself some footnotes and allusions which would have a far more crushing look of scholarship than extracts in Cherokee or Maori. He thought, with chuckles of self-satisfaction, of his opponent, the great ransacker, who had bungled his way into the Royal Society and into the miserable honours of a Doctorship of Laws, through a reputation of unpublished finds of phenomenal antiquity. He doubted whether he ever knew there was a Scots' College; but he would now know, said the sheriff to himself. He would send a long account of it and a scholarly inventory of the archives to the *Caledonian*. The editor would give him ten columns, he was sure, to enlarge upon it, or, if it was not too hot, he might write eleven or twelve. After all, the *Caledonian* needed something of that sort. They were always hammering away at the truth that Monday was as good as Sunday, that it was better to drink whisky than cold water, that all parsons were amusing blockheads, with black carpet bags, and that if a man didn't vote for a Whig Government he was not to be trusted as far as he could be kicked. As a sort of preliminary to his *magnum opus* the sheriff determined that he should get through his eleven or twelve columns. It would be very unlike the facile yards of conversation from the spirited contributions of the staff; it would be stiff, laborious, full of asterisks and footnotes, and the journal would run through ten editions every day for a month, in expectation of more. So the sheriff's hands were quite full.

There is little to record of these meetings of Usher and Mina, when the latter was swopping horses in crossing the stream. How should there be? He was desperately in love. She was greatly inclined to love anything which loved her truly and faithfully. Their talk was in accordance with their feelings, and there was no useful information in it. Still, some of it had better be recorded. They have been through the Luxembourg, and have got to a corner of the gardens in midday all by themselves. They are looking at some ancient fish in a pond. They are grateful for the leafy shadow; he holding her arm with his hand, she permitting him without protest.

"Now we shall sit down, dear," says Mina.

"I think we could do nothing better. You would not consent to sit inside the shadow of a *café*. You have the awful presence of Forbes Mackenzie hovering over you. I assure you his influence does not extend this distance, and it is quite usual for

ladies to quench their thirst and allay their fatigue as I should have wished you to do."

Mina sighed, and lay back in her seat, looking at the bubbles on the pool and the fat red fish breathing above the circles they made.

"I have been arguing with myself, Frank."

"Don't, Mina. Don't argue with yourself. Argue with me. I am paid for it. It is my trade. I'll give you a couple of premises to start with, and fight you for the conclusion."

"No, it is not logic."

"What is it?"

"I have been arguing. A man once said he loved me. I once said I loved him."

"Therefore two affirmatives make a negative, and you love —me."

"Are these the rules of logic?"

"I think so, Mina."

They sat looking at the water-lilies and the fish moving the surface of the water.

"They are not conclusive," she added.

"I know what is conclusive," he said.

"What?"

"Mina!"

He had risen and gone into a grotto. The noise of passing cabs, carriages, and carts filled the air beyond thick myrtles. Perhaps there were detectives among the roots of the trees. His experience as a lawyer made him understand that these poor fellows had functions quite as humble to perform. They—Mina and he—were foreigners, and might be supposed capable of laying spring-guns for a boy prince or his companions, when he played hide-and-seek that way.

"Mina!"

"Yes, Frank."

She rose and went to him. She was rather dusty and fatigued. So was he, dusty and fatigued, and anxious, and not at all like the rising advocate he was.

"Mina, the premises have been started. This is the conclusion."

He clasped her in his arms. Nobody saw them. They did not care if anybody did. She drooped her head on his breast. He pressed his lips to her brow, her mouth, her cheeks.

"Now, darling," he murmured, leading her back to the seat, where an official-looking personage, as if he had been a discharged pensioner come down to walking in gardens, sniffed at them, and passed.

"Frank, I wish I felt as I ought to feel, that I am yours, heart, soul, soul and heart and——"

"The pensioner is gone, Mina."

These are very frivolous and trivial remarks. So are all the

remarks made in love, poor, wretched, silly affirmatives and negatives, but, chaperoned by the true feeling, how full of poetry, eloquence, the truths of science! What Nature may mean by it, not even Schopenhauer has determined. Nature, however, takes large tricks by poor cards, and probably knows the ultimate game better than the philosophers. Witness a pair of commonplace lovers, sublime in face, form, and attitude, when they *are* lovers, and not make-believes. Mina and Frank went out of the Luxembourg gardens really lovers. Then they drove to a cemetery—to Père la Chaise. The people looked at their open cab, and they cut their connection with Nature, and became citizens of the world, and ceased to be Adam and Eve. They drove to Père la Chaise.

"Why do they call it so?" asked Mina, coming down dreamily at the gate, and seeing Usher pay the cabman off with a business-like precision, which disturbed the effects of the embrace in the gardens. She felt that if she had to pay the poor man she would have given him her purse and walked off. Usher higgled the market, and joined her, half-a-franc a winner.

"How mindful they are of their dead, to be sure!" exclaimed the advocate, joining her beyond the gate, thrusting her hand into his arm, and walking uphill.

"It affects me greatly," said Mina.

"I think our way is best. Dead—dead and gone, and that will do."

"I do not agree with you."

"You talk pathetically."

"It is because I have no dead to attend to. None—or I should bedew their graves with tears, and plant flowers every month of the year. Ah! that comes of being sent into the world alone. Alone without father or mother, or relatives, or——"

"No, no, Mina; not without lovers."

"No, Frank, no," and she clung to his arm.

"If we go straight up the hill," he said, "we shall have a view all over Paris, and we shall forget the dead."

"Happy they who have dead to forget," murmured Mina.

They took a walk straight up, and she pressed his arm, and stood they in front of a marble bust of a wistful, strong, fine, and indefinable face.

"Oh," said Usher, "that's—that's"—and he took some time to read the name on the bust—"that's De Musset."

Mina had read a great deal of him. She seemed to feel her own sensation of being a lost child in an incalculable world more strongly in his prose and poetry than in any other she had read. Alexander Smith, the great poet who had just risen, gave only a feeling of fireworks, and rushing for her life from the tumbling of burnt sticks. De Musset had wandered away from paternity, from home, and lost himself, and forgotten God, and yawned and wished he were dead, notwithstanding love and the consolations

it brought. She hung on Frank's arm as she remembered all that De Musset had been to her in the hollow tree at Corstorphine. It was some time before she realized what Usher was saying to her in an omniscient voice. Usher was nothing if not omniscient. Every lover is, and may be with impunity, for he is not likely to be corrected. But the advocate, who had never heard of De Musset, was, on this occasion, a trifle beyond the omnipotence brief of ignorance. He stood and said—

"Poor fellow, he died young! He has a fine face. It is French—thoroughly French. Now, no public man of any other country would have a face like that. He was an eminent lawyer, so long as he lasted. The great case—of course, Mina, dear, you can't remember it—the case of—ahem!—against—ahem! etc., etc. Yes, it was conducted by De Musset. He won it, too, poor fellow. He was in Parliament for a little, but spoke with far too much precision for—for—the taste of the Legitimists. He was a Legitimist. You can tell that from the Republican look of his nostrils, and the Legitimists are what they call the Extreme Left. You don't care much about politics, Mina. Nor do I. Only, *en passant*, I may be permitted to say a word or two about any familiar to me."

Mina withdrew her hand from his arm. She had not spoken to him all the way from the Luxembourg, feeling that, at last, she had found what was father, mother, past and future to her. She had heard him higgler the market and shivered. She now listened to him gravely enunciating rubbish, which she painfully knew to be such, and she drew aside a pace, walking alone. He did not notice the temporary repulsion.

"I love them," she murmured, "for their love to their dead."

"They may make too much of it," he said, approaching her, and putting his hand on her arm. "But we cannot deny them a terrific love for the Church and State. This is the grave of St. Pierre."

"Who was he?" asked Mina, still lingering upon the recollection of his tales about her favourite De Musset, and forgetting her favourite St. Pierre, whom she knew as well.

"Oh, he is not so important," said Usher, still with his omniscient voice. "He was a—a—an admiral who fought some battles and lost them. He—he——"

"Sailed in the *Paul and Virginia*, I suppose," remarked Mina, disengaging herself and walking uphill.

He knew nothing of St. Pierre; so was not the least disconcerted by the remark. But Mina did not again speak to him in the cemetery. She did not again allow him to put his arm in hers or her hand in his. She was, somehow, shocked.

"I—I—feel that I should like to go home," she exclaimed, on the hill-top overlooking Paris to the west.

(To be continued.)

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

THE political truce, which is characteristic of early autumn, set in this year with unusual punctuality, and it has been observed with peculiar strictness. Little has occurred during the past month in the world of high politics, and that little has been suffered to pass almost without notice. The single event of great importance with regard to our foreign relations has hardly attracted as much attention as we usually accord to a third-rate railway accident. England and Russia have at length come to terms about the Afghan frontier; Zulfikar, no longer a bone of contention between two empires, is relegated to its aboriginal obscurity; M. Lessar has returned to the land of his adoption; and Mr. Gladstone's famous arbitration about nothing at all has been finally consigned to oblivion. Yet the definite arrangement of a difficulty which once threatened to involve both nations in all the calamities of a gigantic war has hardly been deemed worthy of so much as a perfunctory leading article. Such are the pranks of popular preoccupation. Half a year ago we were all blind with passion about the oasis of Penjdeh, and the salt lakes of the Turkoman steppe. To-day the Afghan frontier question is as if it had never been.

Whatever interest may have been felt about events outside our own country has centred in a very different, though no less trivial, question than that of Penjdeh—namely, the dispute between Germany and Spain about the Caroline Islands. It is evident now that Germany had no idea how serious was the step she was taking when, early last month, she announced her intention of placing these islands under her protection. The act has been regarded as one of wanton aggression on a weaker power, or again as a move in some deep, and as yet unexplained, game of Prince Bismarck's. In reality, it was a simple piece of inadvertence, though, as it has turned out, a very awkward one. The German Government must have been aware that Spain had some shadowy claim to the ownership of the islands, contiguous as they are to her undisputed possession, the Philippines. But it knew that in 1875 the Foreign Offices of Berlin and London had jointly protested against this claim on the part of Spain, and that the protest had never been answered. It knew that Spain

had, as a matter of fact, never exercised any authority over the islands, or taken any steps to give practical effect to the claim advanced by her. That being the case, it doubtless anticipated no opposition, or only a formal remonstrance, when, to oblige the German traders who have establishments in the islands, it proposed to take them under its protection. It is Prince Bismarck's avowed principle that, wherever German settlers in a country that is practically unappropriated demand the shelter of the imperial flag, it shall be accorded to them without regard to the nominal sovereignty of other countries, if that sovereignty be unaccompanied by any substantial exercise of authority. And this principle, in itself, is neither an unjust nor a mischievous one; but there can be no doubt that had he foreseen the consequences, the German Chancellor would have been very careful not to assert it in the present case. The Carolines are after all a bagatelle compared to the friendship of Spain, which Germany has now sacrificed, perhaps for many years.

For no sooner did the meditated annexation of the Carolines by Germany become known, than the Spanish people, not one in every ten thousand of whom probably had ever thought of the islands before, suddenly fell into a paroxysm of indignation at the idea of losing them. The popular anger was sedulously fomented by the enemies of the Monarchy, and when, in the midst of a brisk interchange of communications between the Governments, the news arrived that one of the islands had actually been taken possession of by a German man-of-war, in the presence of Spanish ships, the excitement at Madrid knew no bounds. The 4th and 5th September were critical days for the Spanish Monarchy. For a little while it seemed as if the King would be driven either to go to war with Germany, or to relinquish his throne; and his difficulties were increased by the conduct of the Prime Minister, Señor Canovas, who sought to screen himself from the popular wrath by emphasizing the fact that he was not responsible for the King's visit to Germany some while back, and that he had never shared the King's desire for a German alliance. But King Alfonso is a man of character, and has shown it once more in the present instance by refusing to be dragged into a disastrous war, even when the alternative seemed to be his own dethronement. And so far his courage has saved him. The Spanish army is in better discipline now than it was at the time of the abortive rebellion two years ago, and it has acquired some attachment to the person of the monarch. Moreover, the German Government and nation, recognizing their error, have done all in their power, by a patient and conciliatory attitude, to help the King in his predicament. It was intimated at once from Berlin, that the occupation of the island of Yap by a German man-of-war, which was the immediate cause of the fury of the Spaniards, should not be allowed to prejudice the discussion of Spain's claim to sovereignty over the

Carolines. An insult to the German flag, which occurred at the height of the popular excitement in Madrid, was not made much of by Germany, and all that Prince Bismarck now demands is the submission of Spain's asserted right to the islands to the arbitration of a friendly power. This proposal England and Italy, and perhaps one or two other Powers, have strongly recommended Spain to accept; but there is a question whether popular feeling in that country, which still runs high on the subject, though with nothing like the force of ten days ago, will suffer the Spanish Government to accede to it. The crisis, therefore, is not over, and, though a war has become highly improbable, the Spanish Monarchy is not yet out of danger. Fortunately for King Alfonso, Germany has so strong an interest in keeping him on the throne, rather than allow Spain to fall under a philo-French Republican Government, that she may be expected to do everything, short of a humiliating surrender, to help him in appeasing the wounded pride of his countrymen.

For the rest, foreign and colonial affairs may be dismissed in a few sentences. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is still exchanging compliments with the Sultan, but "getting no forruder." A deep calm has settled down over Egypt and the blood-drenched deserts of the Soudan, and Englishmen are glad to forget for a moment the perilous responsibilities in which the occupation of the Nile valley still involves, and, as long as it continues, must involve us. Their imperial anxieties, so far as they can be said to be anxious at all in a season of general holiday, are rather directed to our South African possessions. The recall of Sir Charles Warren, about the secret history of which the public are still very much in the dark, is regarded as a sign of an impending return to the old and ten-times discredited policy of leaving the Cape Colony to deal with the neighbouring native territories in its own way. If that be indeed the intention of the Colonial Office, we had better make up our minds to another bloody war in those regions at no distant date. But those who, whether in England or at the Cape, are protesting so loudly against the supposed willingness of the Ministry to hand over our newly-established Protectorate in Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony, can as yet bring no positive proof that Colonel Stanley meditates anything so lunatic. The outlook, however, is not cheering. There is evidently a bitter difference of opinion among the persons most interested, both at home and at the Cape, as to the proper course to steer between the conflicting claims of English, Dutch, and Natives, and the conflicting policies of imperial control and colonial self-government. Even if they were all of one mind, it would be difficult for the South African English to maintain the supremacy of our race in that country, and to direct the affairs of the congeries of states and territories lying between Delagoa Bay and Cape Town in accordance with English ideas of justice

and humanity. If our countrymen out there are to continue divided amongst themselves, the task will be absolutely beyond their powers.

At home considerable flutter has been caused by Mr. Parnell's frank declaration as to what it is that he and his followers really demand for Ireland. The occasion was a gathering of the Irish Parliamentary party for self-congratulation on the past and deliberation as to the future, which was held in Dublin in the last days of August. In two remarkably outspoken addresses Mr. Parnell, after boasting that he and his friends were now masters of the political situation, and anticipating their return eighty strong after the next election, defined what he regarded as the real aim of the Irish National party. His phrase was "legislative independence," and in order that there might be no doubt as to the extent of the independence he desired, the Irish leader went on to explain that the objects for which they most desired it were in order to settle the land question in their own fashion, and to tax English manufactures for the protection of native Irish industry. If this, in his opinion, reasonable and moderate demand, was declared to be impossible, then he and his followers would make everything else impossible for those who said so. This declaration, though it contained nothing absolutely new, had a remarkable effect in England, an effect which the Irish leader, who is nothing if not astute and persistent, doubtless intended it should have, though the reason of his adopting a tone so defiant at the present juncture can only be conjectured. Perhaps the financial resources of the Nationalists were getting rather low, and it needed some strong stimulus, such as a direct appeal to the cupidity of the industrial classes, to revive the liberality of his supporters. That is the most obvious interpretation, but it is also possible that Mr. Parnell desired by emphasizing at this juncture the full extent of his demands, to compromise those English members, of whichever party, who at the next election may be tempted to bid for the Irish vote, and to deprive them of all moral foothold for any subsequent resistance, even to his most extreme demands. "The temptation to bid for our support," he may have said to himself, "will, in many cases, be irresistible, and, if that is so, I may as well compel them to swallow a big pledge as a little one. The Irish vote is no longer to be bought by general expressions of sympathy and good will. These were well enough, when our prospects were not what they are at present. But now the time has come to put our price up. Let every one, who wins an English seat next November with Irish votes, be morally bound to abstain from opposing the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament."

The common opinion is, that Mr. Parnell made a miscalculation, and by showing his hand too openly, has rendered it impossible for any responsible statesman or party in Great Britain to have

anything more to do with him. Well, we shall see. Mr. Parnell is not apt to miscalculate, and so far the Conservative leaders who have spoken after him have been studious to avoid adopting an attitude of hostility towards him on account of his recent utterances. That hardly looks like the unanimous and emphatic repudiation of him by both political parties, of which the newspapers speak so glibly. We have heard a good deal of that sort of defiance before now, yet in the end Mr. Parnell has generally had his way. The Liberals, no doubt, are, for the present, in a state of most virtuous patriotic wrath with him, but then they can well afford to be so. They are in Opposition. They have a pretty shrewd suspicion that in any case the Liberal party has very little to hope from Parnellite support in the coming contest. So they may just as well make what capital they can out of a show of patriotic independence, and try to fix their opponents with the odium of an alliance with the enemies of the Union. Whig and Radical, however they may differ on other points, are unanimous for the nonce in hurling defiance at the Nationalist leader.

It is the one point they still seem to have in common. The speeches of Lord Hartington at Waterfoot on August 29th, and of Mr. Chamberlain at Warrington and Glasgow on September 8th and 14th, present, in other respects—in their tone even more than in their proposals—so strong a contrast, that they have once more revived, and in a very acute form, the old controversy, whether the two sections of the Liberal party can any longer march under the same banner. And even these speeches do not display the full extent of the division between the Right and Left wing of the party. For Mr. Chamberlain, though he stands in the opinion of many people for everything that is most advanced and revolutionary, is in reality quite moderate and Conservative in his proposals, compared with some of the candidates who are contesting urban, and even rural constituencies, under the shadow of his name. The divergence of view between the two sections of the party, on almost every vital question, is indeed complete. On the one hand, an intense belief in the power of legislation to raise the condition of the people, coupled with the demand for the abolition of the Church and the House of Lords, for free education, for a graduated property tax, for a large expropriation of landowners, through the agency of local elective councils, with the object of selling or letting their land to the labourers. On the other hand, great apathy about further legislation, a complete distrust in the State as an engine of sweeping social reforms, and silence or opposition with regard to all the Radical panaceas, except a very modest and old-fashioned measure of Land Reform. No doubt the space between these two extremes is filled up by every shade of political opinion, and peopled with busy bodies striving in every way to effect a workable compro-

mise, and each convinced that he has found the particular programme which will best effect it. But black and white are not the less opposite because you can pass from one to the other through the medium of various shades of grey. To speak plainly, the Liberal party as at present constituted is an anachronism and an imposture, and the only excuse for its continued existence is that the "confederation of factions" on the other side is, if possible, even more hollow and artificial. The distance that separates Lord Randolph Churchill from Lord Iddesleigh is as great, nay, it is greater, than that which divides Lord Hartington from Mr. Chamberlain. Both parties may go on with but small external change for some time longer, but the form cannot for ever survive the substance. The issues which divided politicians into their two present camps are things of the past. New issues have sprung up, which, if they were but allowed fair play, and not counteracted by the influences of habit, tradition, and old personal association, would divide men quite differently. Sooner or later a readjustment must come, but in the meantime there is a season—for both parties—of internal dissensions, heartburnings, and unrest.

To the wire-pullers this condition of things is only of interest in so far as it affects the prospects of party candidates at the election. These gentlemen are not philosophers. They do not trouble themselves about the *rationale* and essence of party distinctions. It is enough for them if their side can win. Will there be a split in the camp? shall we have two candidates running for the seat? or, if that direst of calamities is avoided, will there be many abstentions? Such is the extent of their political searchings of heart. But these searchings are pretty common throughout England just now, and they are most anxious on the Liberal side. For the Conservatives, whatever their differences of principle (perhaps because they are, in many cases, too crass to realize those differences), are less liable to come to downright fisticuffs with one another, or to stay sulking in their tents at election time, than their more scrupulous and intelligent opponents. It is with the Liberals that differences of opinion are most dangerous, and it is in their camp, therefore, that the most heroic efforts are being made to hush differences up.

Of these efforts surely the most extraordinary, as also the most important, is the just-issued Address of Mr. Gladstone to his constituents in Mid-Lothian. The party press has already begun to laud that document to the skies. It is moderate, it is judicious, it is comprehensive, it is evidence of the unabated vigour of the great statesman, who can alone unite all sections of Liberalism and lead them to victory as he has led aforetime. As a matter of fact, it is evidence of nothing but the perplexity of a world-weary old warrior, who has outlived the contests in which he took a live interest, and finds himself at the head of a disunited army

bound on an expedition, about the exact direction of which everybody is at sea. Nothing but deep embarrassment could account for the thinness of the programme propounded in this document, for its paucity of definite suggestion; its tremendous array of brave generalities. Such a manifesto may, indeed, serve its immediate purpose, and unite the party, but only by postponing, not by solving, any of the difficulties which confront it. So anxious is its author not to take sides with any one section of Liberals against any other that he scarcely commits himself to a definite opinion on anything, except the evacuation of Egypt and a drastic reform in the procedure of the House of Commons. Such a programme, vague, wordy, elusive, may be the best, it may, indeed, be the only policy, for the leader of a host of discordant atoms. But no one can shut his eyes to the disadvantages, even from the electioneering point of view, which it involves. Time was when Mr. Gladstone's appeals to the people of England stirred the souls of men like a trumpet-call to battle. They may have frightened the more timid, but they roused all that was most vigorous and chivalrous and devoted in Liberalism to strenuous exertion. An address like the present will alarm no one, but then neither will it stimulate any one. And no Liberal victory has ever yet been won without enthusiasm. Such enthusiasm may yet develop itself in the course of the impending contest. But it is not to Mr. Gladstone that on this occasion it will be due.

The comparative absence of political excitement has left men free to revel in a social *esclandre* of the most novel character. Needless to say that it is the outcome of the immortal "Maiden Tribute." When the promoters of the agitation, which arose out of the famous articles in the *Pall Mall*, had held their huge, and in many respects, satisfactory demonstration in Hyde Park, on August 22nd, most people thought, and certainly not a few hoped, that they had seen the end, for the present, of public excitement on the subject. Vain hope! The Men of Rampagious Virtue having had their fling, it was now the turn of the cavillers, the cynics, the advocates of concealment—we will not say the secret sympathisers with vice. At the very moment when Mr. Stead was addressing an enthusiastic audience in Hyde Park, the police were already armed with a warrant for the arrest of one of his principal agents in those investigations of London vice, of which he made so startling a use,—the alleged penitent and avowed ex-procuress, Rebecca Jarrett. As soon as she knew that she was wanted, Jarrett, who has acted with great courage and straightforwardness, promptly delivered herself into the hands of the authorities, who thereupon issued summonses against Mr. Stead, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and several of their assistants in the investigations aforesaid. The charge against them is a complicated one, but its chief item is the fraudulent abduc-

tion of a little girl of thirteen, Eliza Armstrong, from a squalid home somewhere in the slums of Marylebone, which was accomplished by Jarrett at Mr. Stead's instigation, in order to prove how easily children might be procured for immoral purposes. According to Jarrett's story the child was absolutely sold to her by her mother, and one Mrs. Broughton, who acted as broker in the matter, in the belief that she was destined to prostitution. Mrs. Broughton and Mrs. Armstrong, on the other hand, affirm that they believed the child to be going into decent service, and that, instead of receiving the five pounds which Jarrett undoubtedly got from Mr. Stead to buy a child with, and receiving it as purchase money, they only received one pound and one shilling respectively, and that quite independently of the engagement of the child. At the time of writing these lines the case is still being investigated before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street, and another week will decide whether it is to go for trial to the Central Criminal Court.

Comment on a case which is still *sub judice* would, of course, be improper. Meanwhile public opinion is much exercised, and as much divided, about the merits of this strange affair. Very few people dispute the excellence of Mr. Stead's motives (though there is a good deal of doubt as to the *bona fides* of Jarrett), and the fact that the child was shielded from harm, provided with a good home, and in every way well cared for by her abductors, speaks for itself. On the other hand, there is a very general and a very healthy hesitation to approve of the commission of a bogus crime of this sort, however excellent its object. Fanatics are notoriously unscrupulous about the means they adopt to attain what they regard as a righteous end, and the actual abduction of a child, in order to prove that abduction is easy and should be rendered more difficult by the amendment of the law, is a means as questionable as it is grotesque. The morality of the proceeding is all the more doubtful in the present instance, because the facts of the case were not stated in a straightforward fashion in the articles of the *Pall Mall*, but were used as the groundwork of a purely imaginary, and very sensational story, of an actual rape, committed under circumstances in other respects similar to those of the sham violation of Eliza Armstrong. But whether or not the action of Mr. Stead and his associates was justifiable, there can be little question as to the impolicy of the prosecution. As a means of redressing a wrong, if there was a wrong, it is a farce, while if its object be to expose an imposture, it is a superfluity. All the material facts of the case were already before the public, freely confessed by Mr. Stead, before the prosecution was commenced. No sensible person will allow his opinion of the action of Mr. Stead and his associates to be in any way affected by the view which a court of law may take of it. It may be that they have committed a

legal crime, but a moral crime it is not, and no conviction or sentence will make it one. Their action may have been unwise and unjustifiable, but it was not in any reasonable interpretation of the word criminal, and the punishment, as criminals, of people whose worst fault was fanatic zeal in a righteous cause, will only serve to excite an immense amount of popular sympathy in their favour, and totally defeat the objects—the good as well as the bad objects—which led to this prosecution. On the whole, the authorities, and those who, from whatever motive, goaded them into action, cut a very sorry figure in the business. If their aim was merely to put a stop to a sensational agitation and to the prolonged public discussion of unwholesome subjects, they have adopted the one course most certain to defeat that end. The effervescence of every kind of foulness which immediately followed the *Pall Mall* articles was fast subsiding when this prosecution commenced. But they have given it a fillip which will keep the whole devil's broth seething till Christmas. If on the other hand they were prompted by zeal for the suppression of crime, then they would have done far better to turn their attention to a few of the real criminals, to the suppression, for instance, of some of the most notorious houses of ill fame, than to waste their time in pursuing sham criminals, whose worst offence is that they were too unscrupulous, and, let us add, too self-sacrificingly venturesome, in the revelation of these gigantic evils.

A.M.

September 19th.

Critical Notices.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.*

FOR want of enthusiasts able and willing to transcribe them, many of the popular ballads and airs which exist unwritten in remote parts of the United Kingdom are being lost to us. Much, however, has been done, both by societies and by private individuals, to preserve a portion of the folklore and traditional song of England and Scotland, and in "Songs of the North" we welcome a valuable contribution to the store of national music. The editors of this volume have brought together a collection of good airs and ballads, Highland and Lowland, many of which—of the melodies especially—are, we believe, here printed for the first time. Where it was possible, they have preserved the original words and music; in some cases Lowland words have been set to Highland airs, and new words or new melodies have been written when the originals of one or the other have been lost. This has, as a rule, been well done. Miss Macleod's words to the tune of "*Mairi bhan og*," and Mr. Boulton's song, "*As I gaed down Glenmoriston*," are perhaps the best of the original poetry in the book. They are pretty songs, and well suited to the old Highland airs to which they are adapted. In fact, we can unreservedly commend the work of the editors so far as the words are concerned. The selection of songs is a good one, and the popularity of the book will doubtless be increased by the fact of its containing several old favourites, such as "*Helen of Kirkconnel*," set to a beautiful and plaintive Highland air, "*Proud Maisie*," "*The twa Corbies*," and others equally well known, besides translations from the Gaelic, some of which are here printed for the first time. We wish we could say as much for the arrangement of the music as we can for the selection of the words. From the Preface we learn that "care has been taken, that as near an approach should be made to the original harmonies as the nature of the pianoforte will admit, without making the music totally unsuited to that instrument." This is undoubtedly the right spirit in which the arrangement of old melodies should be undertaken; but in our opinion the musical editor has signally failed in accomplishing what he has set before himself. He has entirely missed the spirit of the Highland music. His accompaniments are good, but essentially modern in style, and the frequent use of the chord of the "added sixth" and of the first inversion of the augmented triad (which appears seven times

* Edited by A. C. MACLEOD, HAROLD BOULTON, and MALCOLM LAWSON.
London: Field & Tuer.

in the first nineteen songs) is, we submit, totally foreign to the genius of ballad music, and especially unsuited to accompaniments which, as the Preface says, were originally intended for the harp, the violin, or the pipes. This will not affect the value of the book for English musicians; but no Scotch ear, sensitive to the charm of the simple Highland melodies, could endure their being overlaid with elaborate modern harmonies. A more serious fault is, that in at least two instances, "*Lizzie Lindsay*" and "*Ae fond kiss*," the melodies themselves are altered. This is unpardonable in a musician professing to transcribe the national airs of a country, and we are surprised that an artist of Mr. Lawson's standing should have committed such an error in taste and judgment.

But it is a thankless task to point out the faults in what is, take it altogether, a really good collection. Several of the songs—for instance, "*Mairi bhan og*," "*The women are a' gane wud*," "*We will take the good old way*," "*Helen of Kirkconnel*" (both set for solo and chorus), and especially the "*Skye boat song*," an old Highland rowing measure, to which Mr. Boulton has written spirited words—are quite first rate, and we can heartily recommend them to all lovers of Scotch music. There is also a good modern song, "*Culloden Muir*," written by Principal Shairp, to which Mr. Lawson has set a simple, mournful melody, quite in keeping with the spirit of the poem. We have noticed two or three misprints in the music, notably one on p. 63, bar 3.

We would have liked to say something about the illustrations, which are all by artists of note, but space fails us. We need only mention the names of Mr. Burne Jones, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. Herbert Schmalz, Mr. John Pettie, and Mr. MacWhirter, as being among them, to assure our readers of the excellence of this part of the work.

ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF ENTOMOLOGY.*

THE author of this work is so well known, and his labours, both as a collector and writer, so fully appreciated by all lovers of natural history, particularly those in the branch of the science to which Mr. Kirby has more especially directed his attention, that the present volume will be cordially welcomed as an important and useful addition to works on the subject already before the public. The study of Entomology is steadily on the increase, not only in the favourite branches of the *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera*, but also in some of the less worked though not less interesting Orders, as the *Hymenoptera*, which the researches of Sir John Lubbock have contributed so much to popularize. Mr. Kirby's book will assist this development, and will become the handbook and companion of all young entomologists and others who desire

* "Elementary Text-Book of Entomology," by F. W. KIRBY. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

to possess in a convenient form a correct and interesting account of the insects they are collecting.

The book opens with an excellent Introduction, giving a very useful and succinct sketch of the relation of the *Insecta* to the other three classes of the sub-kingdom *Annulosa*, with the more important points of difference. Their development, organic structure, nervous system, powers of attack and defence, curious mimicry of leaves and other insects, their relation to vegetation, and the remarkable phenomena of parthenogenesis and dimorphism are treated of. There is also briefly indicated the importance of an intelligent knowledge of insects to the farmer to prevent the ravages of *Phylloxera* and other scourges of the husbandman. The general principles of zoological nomenclature are explained, and the classifications of Linné, Fabricius, Westwood, and others discussed; the author adopting the more usual modern classification of the seven Orders of *Coleoptera*, *Orthoptera*, *Neuroptera*, *Hymenoptera*, *Lepidoptera*, *Hemiptera*, and *Diptera*.

These Orders are treated in detail under their sections and families in a very pleasing manner, giving all that is generally requisite to be known technically from a text-book, and accompanied with very interesting descriptions of the insect under consideration.

The value of the book is greatly increased by the admirable engravings placed at the end. We have seldom met with an English scientific work with illustrations so well drawn and so clearly defined. We mention two or three taken at random, which we noticed when glancing through the plates: *Damaster Blaptoides* (Fig. 1, Pl. II.), *Chiasognathus Grantii* (Fig. 9, Pl. VII.), *Eremobia Janini* (Fig. 3, Pl. XXIV.), *Thaumantis Camadeva* (Fig. 1, Pl. XXXV.), *Attacus Atlas* (Pl. LXV.).

It may interest our more scientific readers to mention that the known species of the *Insecta* in Great Britain number 12,600, and that those at present discovered in the world reach the grand total of 222,000.

We predict for Mr. Kirby's Text-Book a wide, and well-deserved popularity.

COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE.*

THAT this work has already reached a fourth edition is, we take it, proof positive of its popularity. It is not a story of sensational crime, the plot is far from remarkable, there is little or no incident; in fact, there is nothing in it to satisfy the taste of the typical novel reader. To what, then, is its popularity due? The only interest of the book lies in the heroine. In Jessie Enderby we have a character study of no ordinary merit, artistically drawn, clearly defined and singularly consistent throughout—a

* By LUCAS MALET. 4th Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1885.

study of a woman without a soul. Such a subject has naturally considerable attraction for the psychologist, but what interest the general public can find in it we are unable to perceive, unless it be an unwholesome delight in the portrayal of the undeserved suffering of an honest, single-minded man, who worships a woman in no respect worthy of his devotion.

From our first meeting with the fair Jessie, as a girl of seventeen, to her final disappearance as "the most expensive wife in New York," she is absolutely selfish, she never says, does, or thinks of anything that does not immediately concern herself. For a time her husband fights against his conviction of this truth, "but fact is stronger than any man's will, or than any man's love either"; and finally he

"recognised and admitted the mysterious limitations of Jessie's nature—recognised that what went to make her inimitable personal charm went also to make her incapacity for looking at life from any but her own standpoint; that her fascination and her selfishness were, in fact, synonymous; saw that her purity took its rise in absence of human passion, just as her gaiety took its rise in some radical defect of human sympathy."

Colonel Enderby did not "treat his wife's temperament scientifically, in a cool, nice, progressive spirit of criticism." But these are exactly the terms in which to describe our author's analysis of his singular creation. The book is a good scientific study, but it is not a good novel. That the English is excellent we need scarcely say. A writer cool and critical enough to conceive and work out such a character as that of Jessie Enderby is quite certain not to fall into errors of diction. The book is well written from first to last, and contains in places sentences of epigrammatic brilliancy; but as a composition it is ill-balanced. Colonel Enderby, a man above most other men in point of goodness and virtue, suffers unmerited grief and disappointment, such as falls to the lot of few; he is throughout the victim of the passion or pettiness of others; and this, not because of any want of moral strength in himself, but, too evidently, because the purpose of the story required that he should suffer. This is inartistic, and, moreover, it is untrue to life. A man of Colonel Enderby's calibre would not allow his affection completely to subvert his reason, nor would he think it right to sacrifice his life to the whims of a spoilt child. A man of lesser mould might do so, but not such a man as this. And we think that the author has made one vital mistake in his delineation of Jessie. There are men and women, though happily they are rare, who have an extraordinary insensibility to pain, mental or physical; some who are callous to personal pain; and others who seem unable to comprehend that they can inflict pain on their fellows. But we do not believe that there lives, or has lived, a creature so utterly heartless as Jessie Enderby is represented. The worst of us has a soft spot somewhere; and if Mr. Malet had permitted his heroine one moment of unselfish emotion, if he had

allowed her to speak one tender word at the crisis of her history, he would have made her a living reality, instead of what we believe to be an impossible fiction. For one touch of nature is worth more than the most consistent conception, evolved at the desk, and smelling of the lamp.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT.*

It is a pity that Mr. Noble has not thought fit to present his readers with a preface, because one is naturally desirous of knowing what right he has to speak on things Russian, whether it be from long residence in the country, or only from an exhaustive study of Russian literature. We can supply the omission to some extent. It is reported that he is an American, that he has lived for many years in Russia, and Russians who have read his book, have told us that its accuracy, in fact and inference, is nothing less than extraordinary.

This is interesting, because we have heard a good deal of late about the Russian revolutionary movement from partizan sources, and we want to know whether the defendant, the Russian Government, has any reply to the charges brought against it. Mr. Noble's book appears very opportunely, and practically settles the question. He is not a Nihilist, or a revolutionist, or anything abominable to the nostrils of the sober bourgeoisie. But he has the ideas of liberty which are the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he hates a tyrant, as every Englishman does, in the bottom of his heart, however his words belie him.

Therefore it is that in a quiet and eminently philosophical manner Mr. Noble demonstrates that the Russian revolt is entirely right and necessary, that it has always been in existence, that it is constantly increasing in force, and that its ultimate success is merely a question of decades. Mr. Noble's acquaintance with the Russian literature, and especially with the newspapers and periodicals which there play so important a part in political movements, appears to be very extensive, and he continually fortifies his assertions by quotations and references. Those who have read the recent writings of Stepniak will find nothing very novel or startling in Mr. Noble's book, and they will miss the peculiar charm of style which distinguishes the Russian author. Captious critics might amuse themselves with the author's fondness for "environments," "ethnic causes," "unique national phenomena," and suchlike abstractions; and if Mr. Noble used them to replace facts, we should join in the laugh. But we can excuse an unimportant failing in view of the array of statistics, official documents, and literary references, which the author provides for us.

* By EDMUND NOBLE. London: Longmans & Co.

In the concluding chapter Mr. Noble explains to us "the immense significance for Europe" of the Russian revolt. He shows how Russian aggrandisement is purely dynastic; how Russia, after the revolution, is likely to become a federation of exceedingly decentralised states; and he goes as far as to suggest that, in their own interests, other European Governments ought to insist upon the liberation of the Russian people.

"Let the Tzar and his advisers beware. . . . A system that maintains itself by the infliction of human suffering, and the negation of human rights, cannot long expect to receive from governments the tolerance which is denied to it by peoples. Already nations are beginning to recognise that the standing menace in the east of Europe is not the Russian race, but Russian absolutism."

And he concludes by looking forward to the time—

"when tyranny shall be an offence against the community of nations, as it is now an offence against the community of individuals, and when countries that have won their own liberty, and gone through the bitter day, shall gladly repay their glorious gains in noble blows, struck for universal freedom."

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A 1.—THE BIBLE AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

Bradley, Dr. G. G. Lectures on Ecclesiastes; cr. 8vo, Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.
Ginsburg, C. D. Leviticus; 12mo, Cassell, 3s.
Smith, R. P. Genesis; 12mo, Cassell, 3s. 6d.

A 2.—HISTORY OF RELIGION.

Augustine, St. On Instructing the Unlearned; 12mo, Parker, 3s. 6d.
Jones, Rev. O. Some great Preachers of Wales; cr. 8vo, Passmore, 6s. 6d.
Lightfoot, Bp. J. B. St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, etc.; 3 v., 8vo, Macmillan [1877-85], 48s.
Southey, Robert. The Book of the Church [first pub. 1824]; cr. 8vo, Griffith, 3s. 6d.
Westropp, H. M. Primitive Symbolism; d. 8vo, Redway, 7s. 6d.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Tulloch, Prof. J. Manuals of Religious Thought in 19th Century; d. 8vo, Longman, 10s. 6d.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Martin, Rev. J. Ministers' Wives; cr. 8vo, Hodder, 3s. 6d.

508 THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A 5.—DEVOTION AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

Jones, C. A. The Saints of the Prayer-Book ; ill., imp. 16mo, Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
Keene, Kath. S. Voiceless Teachers ; ill. [for Workhouse reading], cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 2s.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Liddon, Canon H. P. Easter in St. Paul's ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Rivington, 10s.
Rawnsley, Rev. H. D. Christ for To-day : 24 Representative Sermons by English and American Protestant Episcopalians ; imp. 16mo, Sonnenschein, 6s.

CLASS B.—ETHNIC RELIGIONS.

B 1.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

Judaism. The Talmud of Jerusalem [tr. M. Schwab] ; d. 8vo, Williams, 9s.

CLASS C.—SOCIETY.

C 2.—LAW.

Du Cane, Sir E. F. Punishment and Prevention of Crime [Eng. Citiz. Ser.] ; cr. 8vo, Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 1.—GENERAL HISTORY.

Norway, Story of. By C. S. Sidgwick [pop.] ; cr. 8vo, Rivington, 3s. 6d.
Russia, Short History of. By Rev. W. H. Little [pop.] ; imp. 16mo, Sonnenschein, 1s.
Switzerland, Story of. By T. M. Lee [pop.] ; cr. 8vo, Rivington, 3s. 6d.

F 3.—MEDIÆVAL HISTORY.

Pears, E. The Fall of Constantinople ; d. 8vo, Longman, 16s.

F 5.—CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

Jacobs, J. The Jewish Question [Bibliography of bks. and mag. art. 1875-84] ; 12mo, Trübner, 2s.

CLASS H.—NATURAL SCIENCE.

H 4.—ASTRONOMY.

Ball, R. S. The Story of the Heavens ; ill., roy. 8vo, Cassell, 31s. 6d.
Espin, Rev. T. H. An Elementary Star Atlas ; 12 maps, imp. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s. 6d.

H 6.—GEOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY.

Phillips, J. Manual of Geology ; ill., Part II., roy. 8vo, Griffin, 34s.

H 10.—POPULAR MEDICINE.

West, C. Mother's Manual of Children's Diseases ; cr. 8vo, Longman, 2s. 6d.

H 11.—PROFESSIONAL MEDICINE.

Draper, J. C. Medical Physics ; 8vo, Churchill, 18s.

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 12.—SPORTS AND RECREATIONS.

Barras, Col. J. India and Tiger Hunting, Two Series ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. each.
— The New Shikari at our Indian Stations ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. each.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 6.—POETRY.

Carleton, W. [Am.] City Ballads ; roy. 8vo, Low, 12s. 6d.

K 10.—FICTION.

Payn, J. The Luck of the Darryls ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Longman, 21s.

K 12.—ESSAYS, LETTERS, SPEECHES, AND COLLECTIONS.

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❖ TIME. ❖

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NOVEMBER, 1883.
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THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.

BY STEPNIAK.

III.

WHY RUSSIA IS A CONQUERING COUNTRY.

FOR good or for evil Russia must be a powerful State in Europe and in Asia. A country with one hundred millions of inhabitants, increasing, moreover, with extreme rapidity, cannot be a second-rate power, however badly it be administered. And the seemingly insatiable greed of the Russian empire for territorial extension is not calculated to allay the natural apprehension of its neighbours—of the English more especially, on account of their vast Asiatic dominion. Quite recently this gave rise to the Afghan difficulty, which came within appreciable distance of a *casus belli*, and though the dispute is settled for the present, the political sky is far from being clear. The storm-cloud, laden with war and bloodshed, is hanging over the horizon, arousing much more anxiety than the storm-cloud of possible Russian revolution. Having already investigated the component elements of the latter, let us endeavour to do the same with the former.

Why is Russia a conquering country? What causes this unhappy nation to play the ignoble part of a continual disturber of the tranquillity and peaceful development of countries to which it owes nothing but gratitude for such glimpses of culture and intellectual development as it possesses? The fundamental cause of this is perfectly understood in Europe: it is the existence of Autocracy in Russia. A free government does not exclude the possibility of wars, as the example of Europe has unfortunately shown too well. But in the autocratic States the ambition and cupidity of the masters is a weighty and an additional cause of strife. And the overpowering strength of Russia,

together with its geographical position, is particularly adapted to give full play to such propensities of its rulers. Russia alone among European countries is a conquering State in these days. Of late the total ruin of the moral prestige of the Government, and the growing disaffection among all classes of society, has converted into a sort of moral necessity what formerly was a mere luxury. The Tzar must look on external wars as an oft-tried expedient to divert the storm of public discontent from internal questions. The European writers who admit it, ascribe, however, too exclusive an influence in this matter to purely Nihilistic disturbances. This is not quite correct. The Nihilist plots play a comparatively modest part in inducing the Government to look for such expedients, simply because the Nihilists are not so easily diverted from their work. Much more important is the hopeless discontent of the main mass of society, of all who have no share in the plunder and revelry of the dominant clique. The Government must give some occupation to the public mind, lest this dismal uneasiness turn into keen disaffection. And what is very remarkable and characteristic of the present intellectual conditions of the Russian people, is the fact that the public opinion of this most pacific of all countries seems at first sight to possess an easily excitable jingoism, making such criminal expedients particularly easy. Whenever there is some diplomatic complication, and some smell of powder in the air, the Russian press seems as if intoxicated all at once with a warlike spirit, and provided the trouble lasts for some time, society seems to be ablaze. Much is to be attributed, of course, to the servile position of the press and the exclusive monopoly of public platforms for the expression of official views. When the Government gives a signal, there are dozens of papers ready to take the hint, and cheer for war as they would have cheered for peace, at the bidding of the authorities. But all is not due to the influence of the police. There are many people who unite in the general chorus spontaneously, and often brawl the loudest, without being in the least "jingo" at heart. It seems strange, but it is true. I have known such cases myself, and all Russians have witnessed many unexpected transformations into fiery patriots of very mild and reasonable people. They were simply moved by the unbearable wretchedness of their daily existence; by the desperate feeling, sometimes unconscious, sometimes quite conscious, that as things cannot be made *worse*, every change is likely to be for the better. They welcome with reckless indifference every event, even seeming calamity; everything, in a word, provided it promises a violent shock to the abhorred system, no matter how disastrous be the crash. To arrive at such sentiments, men must be driven to madness by continued depression of spirit. And so they really are in Russia. The fact I am alluding to is undeniable, and recurs at every threatened war. It was so in 1881, when a

war with Germany was in the air, and also during the last Afghan dispute. And half, if not more, of the so-called "national" excitement which preceded the Bulgarian invasion, had precisely the same source. This patriotic uproar has, of course, no great weight in the balance of the body politic. But it smooths considerably the way for more serious influences, by giving the fictitious support of public clamour to the Jesuitical calculations of some crafty statesman, the promptings of fear, or the machinations of some influential military chief.

The Russia of to-day would be surely a very dangerous neighbour, and would have hardly limited herself to showing her teeth now and then, if there were nothing to moderate her ardour. But Russian government has, so to speak, its legs confined in the stocks, which tighten in the same proportion as its desire to rush forward increases. The material decomposition, the financial difficulties, the disorder in all the branches of administration, including the army, exercise the most salutary and cooling effect even on those who govern Russia. The prospect of a defeat is not very well suited to restore the moral prestige of a party or a Government. Thus the longing for exploits abroad, and the fear lest the sword should be turned against its own breast, counter-balance each other. Which of these opposite, and equally peremptory influences, will prevail? In ordinary circumstances it is impossible to determine. Between this desire and this fear external circumstances must decide. Internal discontent, assuming a rather acute character, may drive the Russian Government to a desperate war at any price, as was the case with the third Napoleon. Any political difficulties in which the opposing countries may be involved, by diminishing the fear of them, may give the Russian Government greater inclination to pluck a fresh laurel at their expense. This is, of course, not particularly reassuring for the future, and few people are deceived on this point. But the real causes of the continual aggressive movement of the Russia of to-day do not lie here. Besides those accidental agencies, controllable, to a certain degree, by both parties, there is another of permanent activity, which merits our particular attention. My friend, Peter Krapotkine, has already pointed this out in his article in the *Nineteenth Century*, published under the title, "The Coming War": it is the urgent necessity for obtaining access to foreign markets. But this is a tendency common to all modern industrial states, and in his brief notice Krapotkine deals in generalities, without mentioning how this common striving is manifested in Russia. This is what has induced me to take up this subject, and to try to connect with it some peculiarities of Russian life which may perhaps interest English readers.

The Russian Autocracy is passing now through a very curious phase of its existence. Being based, as everywhere else in Europe,

on the predominance of landowners and warriors, Russian Autocracy differed from western autocracies only in the fact that this latter class was composed of elements of somewhat different origin and character from those of other countries. But when the exigences of social growth necessitated the emancipation of the serfs, Russia was remodelled at once after the pattern of its neighbouring states in everything but their political institutions. The form of government remained the same, but in social and economical life the middle class, the *bourgeoisie*, received as much predominance as in the rest of modern Europe. Moved by the tradition of the Autocracy as well as by the personal sympathies of those in power, the Government neglected nothing to maintain the former predominance of the landed gentry, and to atone for the material losses caused by the emancipation. First the land was deliberately overestimated in value in all the provinces of Russia proper (excluding Poland, where the opposite course was adopted). Thus the annual payment for the redemption of land exacted from the peasants is also a monetary compensation for the loss of gratuitous labour. When, three years after the emancipation, the Zemstvos (local self-government) were created, the nobility received such a predominant power, that, if it chose to do so, the landed gentry could all at once transform the Zemstvos into so many oligarchies promoting and favouring the interest and privileges of the nobility. From the entering into office of Count Tolstoi, in 1866, the Government did its utmost to create a landed oligarchy mimicking English landlords, and at all times it has encouraged the nobility in their class selfishness and encroachment on the rights of the common weal, whilst obstructing every generous attempt to destroy the barriers of privilege. When, shortly after the emancipation, there appeared most unmistakable signs of the general ruin of the landed gentry, the Government proffered most liberal assistance. Hundreds of millions of roubles were showered on the nobility with reckless lavishness, to preserve this class from ruin. In 1867 the first territorial bank, with Government advances, was founded. In a few years their number grew to twelve. The total sum advanced to the nobles, both by the banks and by the State in the epoch of the emancipation, amounted to seven hundred millions of roubles. Besides which, the landlords realized enormous sums by destroying and selling the greater part of their forests.

But all these rivers of gold were wasted, as water thrown on the sands of a desert. The ruin of the noblemen's estates was not prevented, and they were hardly benefited in any respect. The cultivation of the noblemen's land, if there is any cultivation at all, is in a most pitiable condition. They are overladen with debt, and their revenue is often nominal. Mr. Kaufmann's banking statistics show that in the whole agricultural region more than one-fourth of the soil is mortgaged to the territorial banks for large sums, which

the landowners will never be able to pay. The only exceptions are the three provinces of the south-west, where, owing to some chance local peculiarity, the money was invested in productive improvements. As to the remainder of agricultural Russia, impartial statistics produce the following eloquent figures. In the provinces of the Lower Volga, the normal revenue, according to the valuation of the Zemstvos, being 116 kopecs for a *desiatine*, the interest for the debts contracted with the territorial banks takes 85 kopecs. The taxes, very moderate for the landlords' estates, amounting, in addition, to 11 kopecs from a *desiatine*, the proprietors receive only 20 kopecs from every *desiatine*. In the five provinces of the south (Black Sea region) the conditions are still worse. The average revenue, according to the valuation of the Zemstvos, being about 146 kopecs, the interest due to the banks amounts to 154 kopecs, which leaves a deficit of 22 kopecs, resulting in permanent failure to pay both the interest and the taxes. In the richest soil of the ten provinces of the black earth zone, where the net proceeds of a *desiatine* is 281 kopecs, the interest takes 228 kopecs, the taxes 15 kopecs, leaving for the proprietor only 38 kopecs per *desiatine*. The possibility of so enormous an absorption of income by interest is of course due to the over-estimation of the land made by the too friendly agents of the territorial banks. And we must observe that the area of land thus irremediably involved in debt makes a very considerable part of the landlords' possessions. Only in the northern regions, where the land has hardly any value, is it not mortgaged. In the Black Sea zone, for example, the hypothecated land constitutes about 40 per cent. of the landlords' possessions; in the Lower Volga it approaches nearly 50 per cent., and there are provinces—for example, that of Kherson—where *all the land* held by landlords is in this condition. ("Annalles," 1880, N. 248.)

Nothing can be more damning than such figures. In this case bankruptcy, and the forced sale of the land by auction, is unavoidable. But the condition of the estates of the bulk of the landed gentry is quickly approaching the same level. The careful statistical inquiries of the Moscow Zemstvo have startled all Russia, showing that in this province, possessing so enormous a market as the old capital, the estates of the landed gentry are in total ruin; the area of cultivated land is diminished to four-fifths, sometimes to one quarter of its former amount. In many districts there is no culture at all. The forests are wasted; even dairy farming, so profitable near the great towns, is in a most dejected state. Voices, coming from all parts of the vast empire, are repeating the same sad dirge. "The land yields nothing," is the general outcry of the nobility, and they rush from the country to the towns in quest of some employment in the State service or liberal professions, leaving the land either uncultivated, or abandoning it to the wasteful cultivation of cottiers, or selling it to new men,—

some wealthy tavern keeper, or former manager of serfs,—who are more fitted for the new mode of carrying on business in the villages.

It would cause a long digression to inquire into the agricultural condition created in Russia by the abstruse Emancipation Act, and to explain thoroughly why the landed gentry are going to ruin. The emancipation has ruined both the peasants and the landlords. The peasants have too little land to pay the exorbitant taxes, absorbing often the whole net proceeds of the soil. The landlords, on the other hand, can never secure a regular supply of agricultural labourers at the most important seasons, if they have not contrived to involve the surrounding peasantry in an inextricable network of debt. The peasants will not come at all, unless they are, however unwillingly, bound to work in the landlords' fields, leaving their own crops to perish in the meantime. The only thriving cultures are those based on this new sort of serfdom, to which the Russian peasant gave the name of *cabala*; the very same word which designated of old the act of selling oneself in slavery. There are very few exceptions to this rule. Now to organize and carry on for years such a system, a good many special qualities are required. A thorough intimacy with the surrounding rural population is the first requisite; but it is not enough. A good deal of cunning, pluck, and even cruelty and dishonesty, are indispensable for ensnaring and binding the peasants in the most economical and effective way. The incapacity of our landed gentry for adapting themselves to our new agrarian condition is not, therefore, all to their dishonour. They have no pluck, and little practical knowledge; but they most of them feel reluctant to play, with the help of the local police and authorities, the part of peasant hunters, preferring to abandon their estates to their fate.

However this may be, the nobility, as a landed class, is ruined, and is melting away because their property is really their only privilege. From a purely unproductive class of annuitants, formerly slave owners, the bulk of the Russian nobility is swelling continually another very interesting class of Russian society, on which we must dwell awhile. Most of the peculiarities of Russian life which surprise foreign observers are due to the existence and character of this class. It has no particular official designation or position, but it is engrossing almost entirely the most vital and most important of social functions, that of intellectual activity. In official documents these people, or rather a part of them, are designated under the generic name of *raznotchenzy*—literary men of variegated *chin*, or grade. The best equivalent for this incongruous term would be *intellectual proletariat*, which they really are. Their generic distinction is the possession of more or less superior mental culture of the European pattern, and the necessity of using it to earn their livelihood. In all countries

people devoted to intellectual work as a profession are frequently destitute of other resources. But they form but a fraction of the vast number of men who, although belonging to the wealthy classes, do not neglect either study or various kinds of intellectual work as the means by which they may extend their political and social influence. Russia is a poor country compared with her western neighbours, and, owing to political conditions, there was no room for such aspirations. The literary career was the only one capable of tempting a nobleman, but the majority were too sluggish to take great interest in literary or scientific pursuits. All sort of intellectual work was undertaken as a profession, and for no other reason. In the dawn of our culture this work was required by the State; later on there arose a considerable demand for it from the bulk of society and the nation. The intelligent worker could throw off the degrading official uniform, and serve his country, no longer at the caprice of some high personage. But the general character of this class remained the same. It is the intellectual proletariat in the full acceptation of the term. We have only to cast a glance at the material condition of Russian High Schools students to feel it. The small nobility, having no land, or too little to live on, furnished a considerable contingent to this section; but the army of Government officials of the second and third order, who, by stinting themselves, can indeed give their children a sufficient education, but are unable to leave them a penny, and the priests of the Greek Church, whose numerous sons are frequently unwilling or unable to find room in the order, furnished the greater proportion.

The *raznotchenzi* furnish the bulk of the civil as well as the military officers of the Government, and manage all the branches of industry where some education is required. In science, literature, and all free professions they are the foremost. The emancipation of the serfs contributed largely to the extension of this class, both by diminishing the number of public drones, and by causing a general diffusion of learning. And under the present political régime no class is suffering so greatly, and none is so deeply discontented. I will not dwell on the moral suffering caused by the total deprivation of the sacred human right to think and speak, which for intellectually developed men is simply stifling; this can easily be pictured. But what an English reader will surely fail to imagine are the continual petty vexations, obstructions, arbitrary interruptions and suppressions, which are constantly threatening all the unhappy Russians devoted to any branch of intellectual work. Be it the publication of a periodical paper or of a book, the foundation of an elementary school or of a co-operative association, the writers, publishers, teachers, promoters of any enterprise intended for something else than the plunder of the people, must suffer the oppression of the censorship, which is crippling their conceptions, and maiming their best ideas;

while all the time there is no guarantee that their enterprise, and often their fortune also, will not be ruined by the brutal interference of some gendarme or police officer.

I will add that, of late, there are unmistakable signs that even such lame activity is becoming more and more difficult to obtain for men trained for intellectual work. A well-known Russian publicist, Mr. W. W., has collected in a recent paper many striking facts, showing that in all branches of professional work, medicine, superior teaching, agronomy, technology, in the last years is observable an overcrowding of applicants, showing a supply enormously surpassing the demand. Medicine, for example, which only a few years ago was regarded as the surest of bread-winning professions, is so full now, that for every place offered by the Zemstvos, the municipalities, the hospitals, and so forth, there are often eighty to ninety applications. Whilst formerly the Zemstvos had the greatest difficulties in obtaining a competent surgeon for the modest salary of about £120 to £150 a year, now it has only to pick out the best man from a crowd of bidders. There are instances when, profiting by the competition, some stingy Zemstvos have reduced their surgeon's salary from £130 to £90, or from £160 to £80 a year, and they could, if they wished, obtain them at still lower prices. High-class surgeons with scientific degrees are compelled to accept sometimes the office of simple phlebotomist at a salary of a few pounds a month. The Ministry of War, which had to spend so much money in scholarships in order to secure a staff of surgeons, because they preferred a free practice, now is so worried with aspirants that it must advertise to prevent surgeons from troubling them uselessly. And the official paper of the medical department now and then inserts emphatic appeals to public beneficence to support some graduated and experienced surgeons thrown on the street, and unable to find any employment whatever. In a word, the market is overloaded with the article so much sought for a few years ago. And yet nothing would be further from the truth than the supposition that the country has more medical men than it naturally requires. Russia has but one surgeon to every 6,400 inhabitants—one-fourth of the proportion in England, and one-tenth of that in the United States. But if we exclude the two capitals, which absorb one-fifth of the whole medical body, we shall have one surgeon for every 8,000 inhabitants. And still even in the provinces the towns take up the greatest and certainly the ablest part of the surgical staff. In the province of Kharkoff, for example, of the total number of 200 surgeons, 123 practise in the town of Kharkoff, and of the remaining 86 only 20 live in villages, the rest preferring to stay in the small towns of the province. Thus it happens that in the country parts of many provinces there is one surgeon for 47,000, for 50,000, and even for 73,000 of population. Such figures tell their own tale. The millions of

Russian peasants remain without any surgical aid whatever, and the Zemstvos refuse to accept new surgeons offering their service, and reduce the miserable salary of those accepted. There is but one interpretation of this contradiction. Peasants are reduced to such misery that the Zemstvos cannot exact a kopeck more from them. The cheapest medical assistance is for them an unattainable luxury. And the insignificant part of the town population which is sufficiently rich to afford it has enough and to spare with the handful of surgeons our medical schools can turn out. This state of things is repeated in all the most important professions. Russian agriculture is in the same state as it was in the thirteenth century, and of the *agronomists* who studied in the Academy in the period of 1861-79, only thirty-six occupied in 1879 posts as managers on landlords' estates, and not one of them was engaged by the Zemstvos. In 1881, when, in the whole of Russia, the scourge of various epidemic diseases destroyed the peasants' cattle, the paper reported that more than one hundred veterinary surgeons were out of work, and had vainly applied for employment at the Ministry of the Interior, because the Zemstvos refused to engage them. (Poriadox, 275.)

The position is quite clear. The acute crisis for the intellectual proletariat has begun. The bulk of this class is already, or soon will be, thrown on the street, because the peasant, the only employer requiring their services, is totally ruined. The close union of interests between the brain worker and the operative was always strongly felt by the most enlightened Russians. Among our best writers, publicists, critics, poets, novelists—the teachers of the nation in general—this feeling, enlightened by humanitarian Western philosophy, was fruitful of the best consequences. Notwithstanding the severity of the censorship, they always contrived to give it shape in the literature by which the three last generations were educated. The generous Democracy developed in all Russian educated classes, beginning with the *raznotchenzy* and lower nobility, and diminishing as it approached the higher orders—this Democracy is most promising for our future. It will never be rooted out or crushed by the efforts of the Government, and will always animate our best men in their struggle against the Autocracy for the sake of their own and the peasants' freedom. Now it asserts itself, as we have seen, in the most peremptory way. It speaks not only to the heads or hearts of the people, but to their stomachs—a part of the body which in many is the most sensible to persuasion. Even the officials of the Government, save the few superior ones, must feel uneasy, if not for themselves, at all events for their children, if they care about their future.

Thus the mass of intelligent and educated Russians grow more and more unanimous in their discontent against the existing order of things. The removal of the present political *régime*, which is the cause of the misery of the nation, is a question of life and

death, both morally and materially, for our intellectual class. This accounts for the tenacity of the revolution, which no bloody reprisal can extirpate, and also for the large sympathy it meets with amongst all classes. And that is also what makes the position of the Government a very dangerous one. It cannot sweep out these deadly enemies, because a modern state cannot live a day without making use of a vast amount of intellectual power. But can a Russian student, nourished by our noble, humanitarian literature, can he don the livery of a Tzar's servant, and become one of the blood-suckers of the peasants? Certainly not. A Siberian convict's grey overcoat will oppress his shoulders much less. Only the morally destitute, the cynically egotistical, the renegades of their better selves, can deliberately accept the position of the Tzar's *tchinovniks*. Hence the dishonesty, plunder, malversation for which the Tzar's administration has become notorious. And as to the many who enter the official body from necessity or from traditional habit, they become either wretchedly discontented, or take to plotting against the Government. The unbiassed testimony of the secret memorandum of Count Schouvaloff, formerly head of the Third Section, and Ambassador to England, shows that the general disaffection of the main body of *tchinovniks* is not a secret from the Government. And the no less unbiassed testimony of the list of the political arrests shows that affiliation to revolution is as common among the officials as among the other classes of society. A very dangerous position it is for a Government to have to lean on such a staff of people, charged with ill omens, affording a particularly favourable ground for conspiracies of every kind, from the small one manifested in acts of terrorism to the large one, the violent *coup d'état*, which sooner or later will overthrow the Autocracy and the Autocrats, if the general decomposition of the State does not force the Government to lay down its arms.

But what are the chances of the Government? For it must have, after all, some support to uphold it, otherwise, rotten as it is, it could not stand against the four winds of heaven. It is in the agricultural masses that the existing *régime* finds its chief support,—not so much on account of their devotion, which is rather a sort of superstition, as on account of their patience. The masses supply the soldiers for a colossal army, and obediently pay the taxes, making an enormous total revenue. By unscrupulous use of force and money, by corrupting one and slaughtering another, much can be done; not all, however. Even a conqueror who has imposed his yoke on a country by force of arms, if he is provident, will always try to conciliate the good graces of some large part of the body social. It would seem at first sight that, for Russian Autocracy, the fittest class on which to make such an attempt would be the peasantry. For nothing seems easier than to convert, by some real benefits, what now is a simple

misunderstanding, into true attachment. And, indeed, the Government of Alexander III., who professes to be a peasants' Tzar, tried in the years 1881-3, with great pomp and roll of drums, some petty experiments in democratic Cæsarism. But it failed miserably, without being able to improve in the least degree the desperate economical condition of the peasants. For to benefit the masses is a task far beyond the resources, both material and intellectual, of a bureaucratic despotism. All that the latter is able to do, without renouncing its crushing power, is to give a share of the booty to some clique it wishes to gain over. But whom can it choose for its accomplices and allies? That is the question. The landed gentry are useless; the professional and educated classes hopeless. But, lo! there is the middle-class man, standing on the look-out, and eagerly awaiting an opportunity of making himself serviceable. His former existence was a most wretched one, and his position dependent and often humiliating in the extreme. The nobles were really screening the sunlight from him. Having the exclusive right of owning serfs, they excluded him from the possession of the chief wealth of the country—the land—which had no value without a labouring force to cultivate it. They occupied all posts of honour; they were pre-eminent everywhere. The national industry was in quite a rudimentary state, lacking the chief requisite for its development, the free workmen, because the serfs, when the nobles or the Crown graciously permitted them to abandon the furrow, were the chief recruits for our industrial establishments. Besides, there was but a very limited demand for the productions of regular manufactories. The peasants provided for most of their needs by home industry, the women of the households weaving linen and rough woollen stuffs for the hawkers. The iron and leather wares, and other goods which could not be produced by home labour, were supplied for the whole country by the so-called *custary*—a kind of home-working artizan, half agriculturalist, scattered over the surface of Russia in hamlets and villages, having each its hereditary and special branch of industry. The landowners, having at their disposal vast territorial possessions, and forty millions of slaves to till them, had enormous masses of agricultural produce for sale and exportation, and were the richest consumers. But their capricious and high-class demands could be satisfied most advantageously by foreign importation.

Thus the greatly predominant typical middle-class man of the epoch anterior to the emancipation was almost exclusively a merchant. And so this class was officially designated in Russia. Now this particular occupation may require a good deal of cunning and practical ability, but it demands little, if any, of the scientific knowledge which manufacturing industries do. The Russian merchants of old type, as regards their intellectual de-

velopment, differed little from the peasants. The bulk of them were illiterate; and even in our time the notables of the merchant class in provincial towns, members of municipal councils, often can hardly decipher the title of a newspaper, and in writing never commit themselves further than in scrawling their names. The fact being that, when Peter the Great by a Herculean impulse tried to elevate the Russian nation from Muscovite stagnation to western culture, only the head of the social body, seized by the hair, followed the violent pull. The body remained behind. The nation was split in two, and the merchant class remained on the other side, with the peasants keeping their old customs and their old uncontaminated ignorance. They suffered many annoyances for the sake of their long beards and old Russian dress, and the majority of them adhered to the schism of the ritualistic old orthodoxy, shunning with sacred horror the culture borrowed from foreign heretics.

The two most important classes of the nation—the nobility and the merchants—preserved all the antagonism and exclusiveness of two castes, differing by birth, habits, and traditions. The nobles mocked the merchants for their gross ignorance, and despised them for their moral character. For in Russia of old, as in all barbarous countries, cheating and fraud were considered the fundamental principles of a thriving commerce. “No cheating, no selling,” is the proverb of the Russian tradespeople, and all observers agree, that even in our time commercial honesty is not a virtue in which Russian merchants excel. It would be gross partiality to say that the Russian nobility were very strict in the matter of the eighth commandment. But, somewhat like the Germans described by Tacitus, they were ashamed to steal by fraud what they could rob quite frankly as their due as State officials, administrators, and dispensers of justice. The counting-house people were in very bad odour with the nobility, and to allow a merchant to sit at one’s dining table was considered an act of supreme condescension.

The merchants, on the other hand, repaid the nobles with similar ill-feeling, despising and ridiculing their indolence, incapacity for business, and reckless profligacy. They valued not a straw the superior culture and various intellectual accomplishments of those French-speaking, elegant gentlemen. In the eyes of a genuine merchant every nobleman was but a helpless fool, whom clever people, like himself, were in duty bound to cheat and deceive. The plucky and unscrupulous merchant had, however, to conceal in the depths of his soul the sentiment of his own superiority; because in all strife with him it was the nobles who held the knife by the handle. Administration, justice, police—all was in those times subject, directly or indirectly, to the nobles; and for a person belonging to an inferior class it was a hopeless, often a perilous enterprise, to take action against any

member of the privileged order. "A raven will not pick out another raven's eye," say the Russian people. The merchant was at the mercy of the barbarous whim of every wild nobleman, whom the habit of living among slaves had not taught to respect human dignity. Only by making a show of craving obsequiousness and hypocritical reverence, could a merchant coming to transact business with a country gentleman preserve himself from the worst treatment and even personal assaults.

In the towns, the centres of civilization, the merchant was more or less saved from having a couple of dogs set at his heels, or his beard burnt, or any similar practical joke, by the proximity of the police, with whom he was generally on friendly terms. But his position was a most wretched one nevertheless. For he was exposed, bound hand and foot, to the petty tyranny of local authorities. True, their relation bore the stamp of rough familiarity, after a Russian fashion, and even they were sometimes allies, indispensable to each other. "Oh, you rogue, scoundrel, arch-knave, you wanted to ruin me by complaining to His Excellency!" shouts the most typical of our Superintendents of police, the hero of Gogol's "Revizor," addressing the penitent merchant standing before him. "Have you forgotten, ungrateful dog that you are, how many times I have helped you to cheat the Government? Was it not I who assisted you, miscreant swindler, to palm off on the Crown Commission your worthless, rotten rubbish?" And the contrite delinquent can but plead guilty, protesting that it was the devil that seduced him to complain against so fatherly a master, and he is pardoned on condition of bringing a new bribe. To bribe always, to bribe every member of the official hierarchy "according to their rank," and to be worried, harassed, threatened in order to further extortions—such was the fate of our middle-class men in times not long gone by. Like the Jew of the Middle Ages, the merchant had to conceal his riches in order not to provoke cupidity, and having his strong box brimfull of silver and gold, he lived like a beggar, eating nothing but sour cabbages with bread, lest his opulence might cause the doubling of his bribe.

He was a very poor figure, our middle-class man before 1861. But the emancipation came, giving all at once a new aspect to the country. With the abolition of serfdom the nobility practically lost the character of a privileged class. The chief source of the national wealth—the land—could be henceforward acquired by everybody, since its possession did not imply slave ownership. Vast tracts of land, making in all about one-fourth of the noblemen's possessions, have already passed from the hands of the ruined nobles into those of the merchants and new men of their stamp; another fourth being mortgaged to the banks, of which they are the shareholders, is in their virtual possession. The millions of peasants who formerly worked for

the nobles, now are enriching with their labour the merchants, who found excellent means of adapting themselves to new agrarian conditions. Swarms of peasants, compelled by hunger, and no longer detained by anybody's will, are rushing to the towns, and crowd at the doors of the manufactories, imploring work for the lowest wages. After the emancipation all the country began to move. New means of communication were required to suit this new life, and in a few years Russia was covered with a network of railways. National industry received a wonderful push. It has quintupled in the last twenty years. (Elisee's "Russian Geography.") Commercial and industrial enterprises of every kind, banks, companies of every description, sprung up like mushrooms after a rainy day. The country entered with the extreme rashness, characteristic of all our social process, upon an entirely new phase of its existence. And the hero of it is he, the formerly despised, insulted, creeping merchant. He is everywhere: as landowner, elector of the provincial assembly, as capitalist and rich tradesman, he reigns in the municipalities. He alone is prosperous, and the ruined nobles now accept with gratitude lucrative employment in his office. He is quite at ease now. From a milch cow, whom only the lazy abstained from milking, he became the most respectable and courted member of the community. He is no longer afraid of the menials of administration, who are now at his beck, anxious to earn as a gratuity what formerly they took by force. The abolition of slavery has cleared social life from many a pestilent emanation of private tyranny, and new tribunals, with jurymen and publicity of procedure, judging all people and all offences (except, of course, anything political), are prompt to redress any injury, especially to a man who can secure the services of the very best counsel.

But all this prosperity showered on him could not change him personally. True, his former meanness, timidity, and obsequiousness has been quickly turned into presumption and insolence toward his inferiors, whom he can trample down. For towards the big people he becomes all at once mean and slavish. He has learned to spend lavishly, and to make a show of his wealth, because now it can only increase his reputation and influence. To make himself more acceptable to the circles where he is so kindly received, he has thrown off his old-fashioned kaftan and donned the European overcoat; sometimes shaving off his sacred beard. But he has not in the least become a European. He is utterly ignorant, and has none of those intellectual needs which culture has generated in his European *confrère*. The middle class—the *bourgeoisie*—of European countries is a class uniting in itself the greatest forces which modern culture possesses, wealth and culture—being not only the richest, but the most enlightened class of the nation. That is what urged it to rise in arms against

despotism, and gave it at the same time the force to subdue the Monarchy and the territorial aristocracy. In Russia, as we have seen, the genuine middle-class men possess only one, and that not the most important of these two qualifications—wealth, coupled with great denseness of brain; whilst the intellectual power belongs to another class, which possess none of the force and influence over the masses which wealth gives. This most unfortunate and anomalous division cannot last long. The middle class is growing more and more educated, in defiance of relentless and most cynical obstruction on the part of the so-called Ministry of Public Education. But until now the division between wealth and intellect has been strongly marked, and the Government well knows how to make the best use of it. The newly-born *bourgeoisie*, composed of merchants, enriched burghers, country usurers, and tavern keepers, are really the best, the surest, the only sincere supporters of the existing *régime*; because they are siding not with the imaginary, mythical Tzar, as the peasants are, but with the real one, the head and informing soul of the existing state, with its oppression, arbitrariness, speculation, and cruelties. For all the wrongdoing of the Autocratic system does not affect our new *bourgeois* in the least. How can he feel the suppression of liberty of speech when he has nothing to say? or of the liberty of the press, when he reads nothing but the advertisements? He is too narrow-minded to conceive the idea that a better political order, by improving the general condition of the country, will increase tenfold the income of all his class. He finds it much more advantageous to turn to his private benefit the prevailing arbitrariness and venality, which put at his service for a miserable bribe the political forces of the State.

Thus both the parties are in perfect harmony. The Government, which cares about nothing but its own existence, is quite happy in having found such supporters and allies, and the game goes on merrily. The purest of middle-class *régimes*, with a *bourgeois* king of the stamp of a Louis Philippe, could not sacrifice with half such selfishness the interests of the whole nation to those of the *bourgeoisie* as did the Tzars Alexander II. and III. Nobody has calculated yet the total amount of funds spent in direct subsidies to various industrial, railway, and steamboat companies, as well as to private manufacturers of every description, "in order to support the national industry." But judging by what was published, as regards the railway, for example, we must conclude that it exceeded five or ten times what was wasted on the nobility. It is to be reckoned by milliards of roubles—like the contributions imposed on a defeated country. Selfish as they are, our capitalists want nevertheless to shun any contribution to the Exchequer of the State which is benefiting them with such liberality. When the Zemstvos, in the years 1865-6, passed a resolution to tax the capital employed in industry, the capitalists

prevailed upon the Government to issue a special law (19th November, 1867), expressly prohibiting the taxation of the revenue of the industrial concerns. Thus was maintained a very onerous and unjust exemption in favour of the richest citizens. With other classes, the nobility included, the Government show always a certain diffidence. In instituting the Zemstvos, and giving them entirely into the hands of the nobility, the Government take care to exclude the small nobility by establishing a high qualification for the suffrage. With the middle-class men the Autocracy is much more confident. The municipal statute of 1870, conferring a certain amount of municipal self-government, leaves our towns completely at the mercy of those middle-class men. It excludes the main body of the educated class, but none of those who are educated by the doubtful morality of our counting-houses. The ignorant shop assistants and errand boys, paying for their commercial licenses four or five shillings a year, have a vote for the election of municipal councillors, whilst the citizens who do not belong to any trade, but are members of respectable free professions,—professors at universities, surgeons, lawyers, etc.,—have no right to vote unless they are freeholders of houses, which, being very exceptional in Russia, virtually excludes the most enlightened class of Russian society from any voice in the management of the towns in which they live. When this system bore its fruit, and a series of scandalous bankruptcies of municipal banks exhibited such a corruption in the municipalities as equalled, if it did not surpass, everything previously known about bureaucratic malversations, there was a general outcry throughout the country, that something must be done to stop the impudent embezzlement of the public money. The extension of the municipal franchise to the instructed classes was demanded—a very modest demand—as the simplest means of checking the cynical dishonesty of our respectable town notables. But the Government remained deaf to this clamour; it thought it quite a sufficient guarantee to prohibit near relations from becoming managers of the same banks.

Protection of trade was always eagerly desired by our middle class. At every chilling draught from the Berlin, Paris, and London markets, unable to protect themselves, they whimpered for protective tariffs, and the Government hastened to the rescue of its cherished children. The customs duties being continually augmented, converted the protective tariff into a prohibitory one, closing entirely the Russian markets to foreign, especially to German imports. The Moscow manufacturer hoped to sleep undisturbed in the shadow of the *Moscow Gazette*.

But here a very curious event took place, which marred their prospects. The German products could not cross the frontier, but nothing could prevent the German producers from doing so in a body. Unable to send their wares to Muscovy, the German

manufacturers, with their capital, workmen, and machinery, crossed the Russian frontier, and pitched their tents on the other side of it. They chose for settlement Poland, as a country better known to them, and more fitting to their tastes. The district of Lodz became the centre of German colonisation. Formerly a small village, Lodz is now the second city of Poland by its population and by its industry. Seven-eighths of all the cotton wares of Poland are manufactured in this town. The cotton-wool dyeing manufactories—most of them German—extend for a distance of more than ten kilometres. The same is true with respect to neighbouring towns. All the district is at present more German than Polish.

Thus the dreaded enemy entered the walls, and hurled their packages of wares against their adversaries. This was a most unexpected and untoward occurrence for the Russian manufacturer. The products of German textile manufactories found an excellent and always increasing market in Russia. They are now beginning to obtain a footing in the old capital itself. It was a great disappointment and a great annoyance to our long-bearded Muscovites; but the Paladin of all the swindling and pilfering legion, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, was equal to the occasion, and began a fiery literary campaign, advocating the establishment of an *interior frontier*, cutting out Poland from the Russian markets, by imposing custom duties on goods of Polish manufacture. That would be a very energetic measure indeed, and a very amusing one also. For, suppose the project of Mr. Katkoff realized! What would prevent the Germans from crossing the new interior frontier? What is to be done, then, even if they come to Moscow at one stride?

But recently the editor of the *Moscow Gazette* has gone still farther. He proposed nothing less than to sell *Poland* to *Germany* for some million of roubles, to free the Moscow manufacturers at once from this dangerous competitor. This is certainly the height of absurdity, but what can be more characteristic than to hear such an opinion expressed by a man who is by no means a simple journalist whose whims have no importance? Mr. Katkoff is something like a permanent cabinet minister without portfolio, one of the three men who rule the ruler of the Russian empire.

It is impossible to go farther, and it is difficult to go so far. No statesman, no leading political paper in a country where the middle class reigns supreme, would have seriously proposed such an absurdity as selling an integral part of the State—officially recognized as such, at all events—to another power, because its industry is too much in advance of that of the other provinces. No Government, representing the interest of the middle class, would implore permanent contributions in favour of a small set of private men, nor maintain an onerous immunity from taxes in

favour of those who are most capable of supporting the burden of State expenses. All this is impossible in a middle-class state, because contrary to the interests of this class itself as a body. But a despotic government is no more capable of furthering the interests of the middle class than those of the masses of the people; because the middle class, as a whole, requires for its prosperity, in the first instance, general liberty, self-government, the better management of public funds, and public control over the officials. The Russia of to-day, as a State, is nothing but a bureaucratic oligarchy, serving with slavish devotedness a commercial oligarchy of the worst kind. An altogether peculiar position for an Autocracy!

Having, by the whole of its proceedings, ruined the country and reduced the peasants, who form nine-tenths of the nation, to a state of virtual starvation which excludes them wholesale from the chance of becoming buyers, the Government must make shift to answer the desperate cry of these people about the absence of any outlet for their produce. The only expedient which is open to the Government is to acquire new external markets. Having all the western markets shut off, and being unable to compete with foreign producers even in Asiatic markets, it tries to supplement, by force of arms, the deficiency of industrial skill.

This is the chief reason why Russia is a conquering country; military ambition is only secondary. It is suggestive to look at Professor Arminius Vambéry's map of Russian advances in Central Asia, the enormous area of land, surpassing Austria and Germany put together, representing Russian acquisitions in the last one hundred and fifty years, about two-fifths of which was conquered in the brief period following 1863—i.e., in the commercial phase of the Russian State. This gives a rate of advance for the new epoch four and a half times quicker than that of the old military period.

But all the support the Moscow industry can have from the opening of the Central Asia markets, such as the Khanates, Pendjeh, and even Herat, is very limited. Russia must profit by every opportunity of advancing further its line of Cossacks and custom-houses, in order to send under their protection bales of wares.

Where will this march stop? That is a question which particularly interests the English. Is it likely that the Russian battalions will disturb them on the other side of the Indus? Does the Russian Government really cherish hostile plans against the Indian Empire? Such questions are continually asked in this country, and we must answer them to the best of our ability. Many eminent writers and politicians have tried to do so, but all in vain, since the question is not advanced a step, and hardly admits at all of a distinct answer. Professor Arminius Vambéry

and some other writers think otherwise. Accepting as evidence the geographical fact, that the new acquisitions advance the Russian frontier to India, they conclude that there is a premeditated, a well-determined design on the part of the Russian Tzars. That such a dream may cross now and then some fantastic mind amongst our St. Petersburg rulers is very probable. But I think it would be doing our Government too much honour to attribute to it any strongly-determined and firmly-continued line of conduct in any matter whatever. We Russians, witnessing the daily policy of the Government in internal questions, know that there was hardly one in which the Government has not contradicted itself many times in the course of a few years—from the greatest questions, as the emancipation of the peasants, the Zemstvos, the press, down to secondary ones, as the Jewish question. Everywhere we see the same uncertainty, vacillation, repeated contradictions, absence of any determined plan. And this chaos increases rather than subsides with the times. Even so moderate a writer as Mr. A. Leroy Beaulieu, in speaking of Russian home politics during the last epoch, says:—"The last years of the period following the emancipation have been in every respect a period of confusion, reaction, and retreat. Hardly any Government has ever shown such indecision, and such contradiction to its own views, knowing neither how to conclude what it had begun, nor to destroy what it had initiated;"* and the monarchist and slavophil Kosheleff, who was personally acquainted with the members of the St. Petersburg cabinet, says that all the ministers of the Tzar live from hand to mouth, thinking only how they can get through the day, and not knowing in the evening what they are going to do to-morrow. Is it possible that such a Government is capable of the constancy and steadiness of purpose ascribed to it as regards its foreign policy? It is more than doubtful. The people ruling in both departments being the same, in both branches the same principle, or rather, absence of principle, prevails, and in foreign policy the Government follows the impulse of external events and influences of the moment, without any decided plan for the future. Thus it is rather pushed from behind, than rushing headlong after some long determined purpose. For the present an immediate campaign against India is an absurdity. But the nearer the frontier approaches the easier will it be. And the French say "*l'appetit vient en mangeant*." The great check to the satisfaction of this appetite is, however, to be remembered: the present forces of the Russian Colossus are greatly exaggerated in Europe, notwithstanding the many tests of it. Russian finances are quickly approaching those

* Les dernières années de l'emancipation ont été à tout égard une période de confusion, de réaction, et de recul; jamais peut-être, un gouvernement ne s'est montré aussi irrésolu, aussi en désaccord avec lui-même, ne sachant ni achever ce qu'il avait commencé, ni détruire ce qu'il avait ébauché. (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1882.)

of Turkey. Its army is numerous and excellent so far as the *personnel* is concerned. But it is gnawed by the gangrene of official peculation, which works more ravages in its ranks than any enemy with whom it has had to cope. In such conditions a war to be carried on in a country distant many thousands of miles from the centres of population, and certain to be protracted for a long time, is particularly dangerous. I will not play the alarmist. My object is simply to expose both sides of the question, leaving my readers to draw their own inferences. For myself, I will suggest only one, with which most of my readers will agree, I hope—that the surest and simplest way to solve all doubt and to remove all uncertainty would be the destruction of the Autocracy.

STEPNIAK.

(To be concluded.)

THE PAROCHIALISATION OF SCOTLAND.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE last session of the Parliament elected in 1880, witnessed the passing of three measures, which, in different degrees, affect the political future of Scotland. These are the Franchise Act, the Redistribution of Seats Act, and the Act creating a Secretary of State for Scotland. In the first, the nationality of the northern portion of the United Kingdom was absolutely sunk. By it the Democracies of England, Scotland, and Ireland were, in all essential respects, equalised, and united on the basis of household suffrage. In respect of franchise and citizenship there are now no Cheviots, and there is no Irish Sea. In the second measure the Scotch nationality was partially recognised; an addition was made to the representation of Scotland as Scotland, and not simply as a congeries of electoral areas. Yet the levelling and denationalising principle of numbers asserted itself more under this Act, than in previous legislation of the same kind. Glasgow obtained an addition to its membership for precisely the same reasons that Liverpool and Manchester did. In the third measure, however, the nationality of Scotland was not only recognised but emphasised. It created a distinct public department for Scotch affairs, presided over by an official who is termed the Secretary for Scotland. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the first holder of the new post, is a member of the Cabinet. The session of 1884-1885 has at once bound Englishmen and Scotchmen more closely in the bonds of democratic equality and fraternity, and weakened the administrative union between England and Scotland. Has it not gratified two conflicting political tendencies?

The consideration of this question is aided, and, to some extent, simplified, by the circumstance that the Act creating a Secretary of State for Scotland is a measure of a secondary and provisional character. The arrangements made by it are such, that, in the future, they may, or rather must, be superseded by some comprehensive scheme, either for the closer administrative union, or for the more decided administrative separation, of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Secretary for Scotland has full ministerial control over only a section of Scotch affairs. These are chiefly of the nature of Local Government. He, and he alone, is responsible to Parliament for Scotch lunatics, paupers, fisheries, and wild

birds. But over those affairs which, from different points of view, are regarded as peculiarly Scotch, the Secretary for Scotland has either no control, or has only the control of a subordinate. It is now in respect of law and justice that, at least in purely secular matters, Scotland differs most noticeably from England. But the Act creating a Secretary for Scotland has not given him the control of the department of law and justice ; that is retained by the Home Secretary for Great Britain. It is in respect of education, in the public, national, or state-aided sense, that Scotland is notoriously and considerably in advance of England. Yet the Act creating a Scotch Secretary has not conferred upon him full ministerial responsibility for, and administrative control over, education. He is, in the statute defining his office, expressly designated Vice-President of the Scotch Education Department. Like the Vice-President of the English Education Department, he is subordinate to the Lord President of the Council, who, as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has himself said, is Minister of Education for Great Britain. The Lord President of the Council has, in constitutional theory, full vetoing and patronal power over both English and Scotch education, and may make his personal practice square with this constitutional theory whenever he chooses. Finally, in this connection, the Scotch Secretary Act places Scotch education, so far as ministerial attention to its Parliamentary necessities goes, at a disadvantage in the future, as compared with English education ; it must even be at a disadvantage as compared with the position it held when it was under, not only the Lord President, but the Vice-President of the Council for England and Scotland. The Vice-President of the English Education Department sits in the House of Commons, which passes the grants for education. The present Vice-President of the Scotch Education Department is not a member of the House of Commons, and, supposing existing political and administrative arrangements to remain in force after the coming General Election, will have to appear there by deputy. It is obvious that the deputy of the Scotch Vice-President will be a less important and influential personage in the House of Commons than either the English Vice-President of the present, or the Vice-President of the Council for both England and Scotland of the past, who, as the cases of Mr. Forster and Mr. Stanhope proved, might be a member of the Cabinet. It is, at least, conceivable that this inferiority will tell against Scotland in the future, and in the event of an attempt being made to assert Scotch educational superiority over England by a demand from a House of Commons composed mainly of Englishmen, of a special and additional share of Imperial money for Scotland.

In the future, the Scotch Secretary must either develop into a more influential official, or he must disappear before the march of certain increasingly powerful administrative tendencies of the

day. On the one hand, he may be entrusted with the control of all Scotch affairs with which Parliament has any concern; Scotch law, justice, and education may be placed under his absolute control, and it may be insisted on, that, like the Home Secretary and the Irish Secretary, he shall have a seat in the House of Commons. On the other hand, the movement in the direction of national consolidation, which has had such success on the Continent, which has been making some way in the field of political theory here, and as the Franchise Act demonstrates, even in the field of political practice, may bring about a re-arrangement of ministerial responsibility, administration, and authority. Already there is a cry for Ministries of Education, Agriculture, and Commerce. When Local Government is placed on a sound representative basis, and when, in consequence, both the Imperial Parliament and the Government departments are relieved of a good deal of their present work, the Local Government Board may be transformed into the Ministry of the Interior, and the Home Office into the Ministry of Justice.

The question then comes to be, is this tendency towards the closer administrative and legislative union of the three kingdoms to be abandoned, or, if the ministries of the future are to represent departmentally national "interests" in the most comprehensive sense of the word, are they to be ministries for the Three Kingdoms or for England alone? This question may, perhaps, be best answered in Scotch fashion by asking a few others. Is it not the case that the more democratic government in the United Kingdom becomes, the more legislation is devoted to improving the condition and promoting the interests of the greatest number—the poorest and the lowest in the social scale—of the electors? Is it not further the case that there is no fundamental difference, as regards interests and condition between the humblest of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen?

It seems highly probable that the question of Local Government will be one of the first, if not the very first, to be dealt with by the new Parliament. What are the matters that will be included in Local Government? On this point* Mr. Sheldon Amos, in his "Science of Politics," says, "Such matters are (1) sanitary matters,—including under this head all that relates to the healthful enjoyment of life, and not merely to the prevention or cure of disease; (2) all that relates to the artistic embellishment of a town or of a village—including the construction of public buildings, the improvement of streets, and the restraint of eccentricity in the fashioning of private houses; (3) all that relates to the education and mental training and occupation of

* Mr. Chamberlain in his recent speeches, though not Mr. Gladstone in his latest manifesto, has expressed a determination to give local authorities the power of acquiring land with a view to its allotment among small cultivators. Such a proposal, however falls to be considered along not with the Local Government, but with the Land problem

the people, reserving it, however, to the Central Government, to insist on a certain minimum of education being enforced universally in every part of the country; (4) all that relates to the necessary conditions of industrial and commercial life, such as the provision or superintendence of market-places, cattle-markets, bridges, roads, water-supply, lighting, and, in some districts, canals." It will be at once admitted that, in respect of the subjects which Mr. Amos includes within the region of Local Government—for obvious reasons it is unnecessary to refer to subjects of controversy like the control of the liquor traffic—England, Scotland, and Ireland are at one in their wants and requirements.

Take again the scandals or grievances which will at least help to make the Local Government question a burning one. "All over Scotland," a Scotch authority says, "you may find human life and labour surrounded by conditions which are disgraceful to decency and injurious to health;" and one of the main objects to be attained by establishing efficient local authorities in Scotland, would be the removal of the infamous surroundings of Scotch life. But if such things are true of Scotland, are they not still truer of England and Ireland? Finally, the unit or basis of the Local Government of the future will be an elective parish or district board, representing, as a rule, and with due regard to special local and even historical considerations, a certain population area. In any democratic Local Government scheme, therefore, that may be brought forward, there will be the same unit area for England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a proposal, no less than the Franchise Act, ought to abolish the Cheviots and the Irish Sea. But, as a matter of fact, if the political tendency that pervaded the measure which, for the first time, placed English, Scotch, and Irish citizens on a footing of equality, is allowed increased scope, instead of being abandoned, there is no good reason why it should not dominate all important legislation affecting the Three Kingdoms. Mr. Chamberlain advocates Free Schools with as much "passionate fervour" at Inverness as at Warrington. Why should not the conqueror among the ideas that are competing for the mastery in regard to the Land question and which are indicated by such phrases as Free Sale, Peasant Proprietary, and Land Nationalisation, be applied to all of the Three Kingdoms; if it is to be applied to one?

As the country becomes more and more democratic, laws, usages, even national institutions, submit, on what terms they can secure, to advancing and powerful political ideas. The late Mr. Walter Bagehot declared that, in this country, "government by discussion" had been established; and the remark was sufficiently true of the essentially middle-class England of which he wrote. In these later days, when the influence of the mass of the Household Suffrage electorate is felt and feared, but

as as yet imperfectly expressed, we have not so much government by discussion, as government by ideas that find vent in agitation—in floods of platform oratory, in monster Hyde Park demonstrations, in impassioned journalism that hurls “the truth about” this national weakness or that social sore at Ministers, Members of Parliament, and the Man in the Street. The national movement of 1883-1884, which resulted in the passing of a Franchise Act embracing the Three Kingdoms, and a much more democratic Redistribution of Seats Act than had been originally contemplated, is the most remarkable case that has recently been afforded of this government by ideas that find vent in agitation. These ideas were set to popular tunes with such a catching refrain as “Franchise First,” “One man one vote,” and “Ending or mending.” The catching refrain became ultimately a thundering chorus, before which the walls of the Jericho of privilege and prejudice fell. In this chorus there was a cordial blending of English and Scotch voices. Perhaps the Scotch voices were the loudest, because their owners had been trained by their Presbyterianism both to faith in democratic ideas, and to habits of democratic agitation. But Scotland gave help to England, and England gave help to Scotland; and no sensible Englishman or Scotchman had any thought of nationality in the matter.

As it was in regard to the Franchise question, so it may be in respect of the Local Government and Land problems, a satisfactory solution of which is now as urgently demanded, and is at least as necessary in the democratic interest, as was Household Suffrage. It is easy to predict how this solution will be accomplished. Certain ideas on these subjects will gain currency,—they are, indeed, already gaining currency,—and a popular agitation will enforce the acceptance of them on Parliament. And now comes the question, will there be a union of the democracies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to give greater comprehensiveness to the ideas on Local Government and Agrarian Reform, and greater volume to the agitation that will enforce them? Will such aid as that now given by the artisans of England to the Highland Crofters in their special, and as yet local, movement, become a great popular precedent?

Mr. Clifford Lloyd, in the remarkable scheme which he lately published for at once placing Local Government in Ireland on a democratic basis, and uniting Ireland to England and Scotland more closely in the bonds of administration, described the appointment of a Secretary of State for Scotland as “an awkward precedent.” So it is, or rather, so, from the democratic standpoint, it may prove. As already explained, the office which has been created is of a secondary and temporary character. It must either disappear or be magnified. But a movement has been set on foot, north of the Tweed, which is a pale copy of

that which Mr. Parnell predicts will attain success in the new Parliament. The creation of a Scotch Secretary is, we are told expressly, "the first, and perhaps the most difficult, step towards such a system of government as will relieve the Imperial Parliament, by giving Scotland the management of her own affairs." The proposal made in a general way by Mr. Chamberlain, when advocating, in Glasgow a few weeks ago, a scheme of Local Government for the United Kingdom, for the establishment not only of elective district and county boards, but of central or national councils for England, Wales, and Ireland, is adopted by the Scotch Home Rulers, who say that a Scotch National Council will be "the crown of a comprehensive scheme of national-local self-government." This is a question for the Scotch electors. Will their interests, especially their larger interests, and the interests of the larger number of them, suffer or benefit by the establishment of such a Scotch Parliament or National Council as an intermediary between them and the Imperial Parliament?

The National Council, which the Scotch Home Rulers, accepting and developing Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Local Government, wish to see created, would, at the very least, emphasise the peculiarities—which are quite as often the weaknesses as the reverse—of Scotch government and administration. It would certainly help to make Scotchmen think of themselves as Scotchmen first, and as British citizens only next. Is this desirable in the interests of the majority of the Scotch electorate? It is contended that legislation for Scotland ought to be conducted on "Scotch lines," or in accordance with "Scotch ideas." It is, easy, however, to conjure with phrases. No adequate explanation has yet been given of "Scotch ideas," and one is forced to the conclusion that the term really means the opinions or prejudices of a certain number or section of Scotchmen. It is quite certain, for example, that the ideas of the more advanced of Scotch land-reformers must be very different from those of the Scotch peers who are the chief landowners, unless the latter—emancipating themselves from the creed, and rising superior to the instincts of their order—resolve themselves into a committee of Gracchi, and offer to perform an act of "restitution," the disinterestedness of which Mr. Chamberlain himself would acknowledge.* Which ideas are likely to prevail in a Scotch National Council? The advocates of the creation of such a body give, as an instance of the duties it would perform, the

* Mr. Henry Craik, Secretary to the Scotch Education Department, says, in his admirable manual on "The State and Education," that "the spoils of the Church were (at the Reformation) claimed for the establishment of schools, but these spoils were appropriated with even more greed by the Scottish than by the English nobility." Is it inconceivable that, enamoured of Mr. Chamberlain's "restitution" theory, the Scotch peers should establish and endow a system of secondary education, and so complement the work which the Scotch people have done for elementary instruction?

preparation for the Imperial Parliament of a measure dealing with the grievances of the Highland Crofters. It may be inferred, therefore, that in the event of the Land question being raised all over the Three Kingdoms, the Scotch National Council would be entrusted with the preparation of a Scotch Land Bill.

This supposition is especially worthy of notice, because it puts the whole issue between the champions and the opponents of Home Rule for Scotland in a very convenient form. Few regions of the earth's surface seem so admirably fitted as that between the Solway Firth and Cape Wrath for the trial of a great democratic experiment in agrarian reform. Nowhere is the control of the soil in so few hands. The mere fact that Professor Bryce should have prepared a Bill to give access to Scotch mountains would seem to show that there was truth as well as humour in the definition of his native country given, after revisiting it, by a Scotch settler in America, as "the land of brown heath, trespassers on which are prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law; and of shaggy wood, open to the public on Saturday afternoons—both by the kind permission of His Grace." While in no country are vested interests in land so remarkable as in Scotland, in none are there so few individuals to represent and uphold them.* Suppose, then, the precedent set in the latest Franchise Act were followed by a democratic measure dealing with the land of the three kingdoms,—and no such measure will deserve the name of democratic which does not aim at taking the final control of the land as of all national interests out of the hands of the few, and placing it in the hands of the many,—the Scotch people, if working in cordial union with Englishmen, would have little difficulty in dealing with the small body of landowners that stands in the way of the free distribution of Scotch land. There are differences, unquestionably, between Scotch and English law, in regard to the ownership and tenancy of land. But law has invariably to accommodate itself to the advance of political sentiment, and were Englishmen and Scotchmen firmly united as to the principles of agrarian legislation, and resolved on its being passed, no legal niceties could stand long in the way of their success. As for the legitimate representation of Scotch "ideas," such as these are, could that not be left to the Scotch members of Parliament? There are now seventy-two of them. The bulk are, and probably will for some time be, Scotchmen by birth, breeding, and business. It may be presumed that they are familiar with all the varieties of "Scotch ideas." No racial antipathy prevents their English colleagues from working heartily with them. On the contrary, it has become almost a proverb that the Scotch members get whatever they desire from Parlia-

* Mr. Chamberlain, when addressing a meeting at Inverness in September, significantly pointed out that two-thirds of the land of Scotland is held by 320 proprietors.

ments and Cabinets, whenever they are at once united and resolute. Surely they—certain to be quite as compact a phalanx as Mr. Parnell's following—may be relied on to prevent Scotch ideas from being superseded by English ideas that are not also better ideas.

But take the other method of dealing with the land question in Scotland, and suppose it handed over in the first instance to a Scotch National Council. No matter how that body might be constituted, it is absolutely certain that the small number of great Scotch landowners would have much greater influence in, if not over, it than they have in the Imperial Parliament. Their indirect political influence, exerted over the tenants who are to no slight extent at their mercy, and over the sections of Scotch society of which they are the heads, would be greater than it is at present. There would be a much more decided danger of there being established in Scotland that "government by the nobles and the nobblables," which a cynical humourist declares to be the modern substitute for the feudal system. "My ancestor," says a Scotch peer in a Scotch novel, "used to send William of Deloraine on a special mission to any man who had made himself obnoxious to him. My plan is simpler and ever so much prettier. Lady Jane sends any opponent, who is very disagreeable, an invitation to dinner. The result is the same; the Radical of to-day, like the Radical of three hundred years ago, loses his head." The aristocratic system of government by dinner-party would have a much better chance as against the democratic system of government by agitation, in a Scotland partially controlled by a National Council, than in a Scotland entirely controlled by the British Parliament. Besides, Scotch "ideas," that is to say, the ideas of certain Scotchmen, would receive an undue amount of attention in a Scotch National Council; and the difficulty of overcoming Scotch legal and other peculiarities would be increased. The advocates of such a National Council for Scotland say that a Scotch Land Bill would in the first instance be presented to the Council by the Scotch Secretary. The present Scotch Secretary is a great Scotch landowner and a member of the Cabinet; and unless the Scotch members of Parliament insist imperatively that the occupant of the new office shall in future be one of themselves, it is highly probable that the precedent set by Lord Salisbury in appointing the Duke of Richmond will be followed. It is only too easily conceivable that the official charged with the duty of preparing a Land Bill for the Scotch National Council, might be a great Scotch landowner, and it stands to reason that he would not willingly bring forward a scheme for effecting that "sweeping reform of the Land Laws" which almost every candidate for a Scotch constituency in the Liberal interest is being asked at the present moment to pledge himself to. Democratic sentiment, especially in regard to the Land

question, being remarkably strong in Scotland, it is quite possible that it would ultimately triumph over all obstacles. But the sole contention of this paper is that it would triumph much sooner if the mass of the Scotch electors were to think as little as possible of Scotch "ideas," "lines," and "peculiarities," and identify themselves as much as possible with the mass of the English electors. There is a danger of Scotland, practically governed by a Secretary—the Secretary of the possible future, not of the actual present—and a Scotch National Council, becoming really, what it has often been termed sarcastically, the knuckle end of England. It might become a large parish, with the Scotch Secretary, if a great landowner, as political lord of the manor. The Irish Home Rulers seek separation; the Scotch Home Rulers, if successful, will attain Parochialisation.

There have been imported into the discussion of this question, certain considerations of a sentimental or archæological character. Lord Rosebery, to whose personal popularity in Scotland and skill as a Parliamentary controversialist and tactician, the passing of the Bill establishing a limited Scotch Secretariat is largely due, has recommended his countrymen to "foster the sentiment of race." The desirability of fostering such a sentiment is questionable from the standpoint of democracy, which aims at promoting the equality and fraternal union of citizens, and not at perpetuating racial distinctions. But, after all, it is but a slight "sentiment of race" that can be fostered in Scotland. Readers of the histories of the late Mr. Hill Burton are now familiar with the fact that the Scotch—at least the Scotch who made and preserved the independence of Scotland—belong essentially to the same race as the English that attempted to conquer them. A recent writer says with perfect truth: "The mass of the English-speaking population north of the Tweed are more purely English than their southern kindred. To this fact we, no doubt, owe many of the peculiarities of the Scottish character—its shrewdness, its intelligence, its love of independence." There is not in Scotland, as in Ireland, the memory of defeat, humiliation, misgovernment, and oppression, to keep alive a sentiment of race. "Of the ancient national feeling," says Macaulay, admittedly a Scotchman of the "every fibre" type, "there remains just enough to inspire the poet, and to kindle a generous and friendly emulation in the bosom of the soldier." Such a "sentiment of race," as Macaulay indicates, is perfectly harmless, and it may safely be trusted to look after itself. But to "foster" it to any greater extent, to drag the red herring of patriotic romanticism across the trail of democratic progress, to seek to perpetuate the political, legal, and social high cheek bones of Scotland would be in the highest degree mischievous.

In conclusion, the opponents of Scotch parochialisation are of necessity the opponents of Irish separation. It is their hope

poor will afford hundreds of cases in point, men and women, skilled artisans and labourers, needlewomen and charwomen. Were it worth while doing so, we could quote instances drawn from all these classes which have come within our own knowledge; but hearsay evidence—which this would be to our readers—goes for little; a couple of days' personal investigation would be more convincing than reams of print.

The Shop Assistants' case has been ably pleaded by Mr. Salmon in the September number of this magazine; but, bad as is their plight, condemned, as many of them are, to work from early morning to midnight, there are other classes, equally deserving, equally industrious, whose case is yet harder. The shop assistant, the tramway guard, the railway signalman—all these are, comparatively speaking, well paid, although the length of their hours is inhuman. They, at least, are not in constant fear lest a day's illness or a short cessation of work should bring upon them the starvation which momentarily threatens many less fortunate than themselves, and which nothing but unremitting toil can avert.

What that toil is, and how it is paid, let the following figures, taken from a list of the wages of women workers which was furnished by the chaplain of the Clerkenwell prison, bear witness:—

Making paper bags, 4½d. to 5½d. per thousand; possible earnings 5s. to 9s. per week.

Buttonholes, 3½d. per dozen; possible earnings 8s. per week.

Shirts, 2d. each, worker finding her own cotton; can get six done between 6 a.m. and 11 p.m.

Sack sewing, 6d. for twenty-five, 8d. to 1s. 6d. per hundred; possible earnings 7s. per week.

Pill-box making, 1s. for 36 gross; possible earnings 1s. 3d. per day.

Collar button-hole making, 1d. per dozen; can do three or four dozen collars between 5 a.m. and dark.

Whip-making, 1s. per dozen; can do a dozen a day.

Trouser finishing, 3d. to 5d. each; can do four a day.

Shirt finishing, 3d. to 4d. a dozen.

The above are but a few samples of wages current in women's trades. The injustice, to use no stronger word, of a state of things which makes it possible that people should have to work fourteen and sixteen hours at a stretch for the remuneration of one shilling, happily requires no demonstration. The iniquity is patent to any one who gives the subject a moment's thought; what is by no means so clear, is the remedy which should be applied.

The great difficulty in dealing with any one social question is that, when we begin investigating it we find that it is inextricably involved with a dozen others, equally pressing, equally difficult. The subject of wages brings us immediately into contact with that of population; what suffices for a single man, will not enable him to support a wife and family. This brings us to the ignorance of the poor in contracting improvident marriages,

and opens up the whole subject of education; while, on the other hand, the existence of the wife and family brings forward the question of house accommodation, involving that of sanitation, local government, and so forth, *ad infinitum*. All these problems ultimately resolve themselves into an educational question; not, I need hardly say, the question how the three R.'s are to be universally acquired, but the far higher and more difficult problem of giving to all classes an education in the best and highest sense of the word—an education which shall teach men not only how to read, but what to read—not only how to think, but what to think—an education, in a word, which shall fully equip them for the struggle of life. This ideal—which in its turn brings up the wages question once more, since education is impossible without leisure, and leisure impossible without sufficient pay during work hours—we may attain in the course of years, although the lines on which our present system of elementary education is conducted tend rather the opposite way—tend to render those unhappy mortals who depend on the Education Office and the School Boards for their teaching useless and incompetent members of society, rather than capable citizens.

But, granted that our system of education be put on such a basis as to make the best of teaching accessible to every individual who has the energy and the ability to profit by it, and that all classes of the nation receive an education, intellectual, moral, and technical, which shall fit them for their life's work, the effect on the labour market of such a change would not be felt for at least one generation, if not more. And the wages question is a pressing one. Palliatives must be sought for until a radical cure can be found and applied. Legislation, well considered and thoughtfully applied, may do something, though not much. What it can do is to clear away obstacles, and to make overwork and underpay illegal. But legislation alone cannot materially benefit the over-worked and under-paid toiler. No fixing of the hours of labour and the rate of wages can prevent those who are pressed by extreme poverty from evading the law by taking work home, and earning a few pence by exceeding the legal work hours. People must be brought to see that starvation wages—one shilling for sixteen hours' incessant work—are a crying sin. Once public opinion is strongly set against any vice, it either dies out entirely, or, at least, is greatly diminished. A hundred years ago it was not an uncommon thing for men in high social position to appear drunk before ladies and in public places. But gradually the general feeling of educated men was enlisted on the side of sobriety, and nowadays we cannot conceive as possible what was not an uncommon event in the days of our grandfathers—a Minister of the Crown going to the House in a state of intoxication. Drunkenness is rare among the upper classes, and the man who drinks has to find his society in the clubs; he is ostracised

from the drawing-rooms. Just as a strong public sentiment has driven out drink from among the well-to-do classes, and is gradually, though very slowly, leavening the lower strata of society, so it must set itself against starvation wages, and suppress the sweating tailor and the slave-driving manager.

On the workers' side, too, much can be done. The first step towards amendment is to realize that things want mending and can be mended. We very much doubt whether it ever occurs to the greater number among the worst-paid working classes that one shilling pay for sixteen hours' work is not a sort of Divine law, under which they may suffer, but which no ingenuity or effort could alter. We remember not long ago talking to a working tailoress, and in the course of conversation we offered her some books to read; but she refused. "Thank you," she said, "I used to be very fond of reading when I had time for it" (*i.e.*, when her husband was living), "but now I don't finish my work till ten or eleven at night, and then my eyes are too bad for any reading." It had clearly never entered her head that this was not quite as it should be; she patiently accepted incessant toil as her meed, and made no complaints. Several women tailors to whom we have spoken have told us that their eyes suffer from sewing by candle-light so that they can hardly do their work; and indeed this is only too evident in many cases.

This can be and must be altered. Such a state of indifference proceeds from want of knowledge and want of thought. It is of course impossible that people whose whole day is spent in hard manual labour, done nearly always against time, can learn or think for themselves; they must be taught until they are capable of forming their own judgments. This educational work is one of the functions of the Women's Protective and Provident League, which was established eleven years ago to spread information on trade matters among the women workers, and to promote the formation of Protective and Benefit societies. By meetings held all over England, which are attended by any one who takes an interest in bettering the condition of the very poor, by the dissemination of literature bearing on the subject, and by personal intercourse with the working women, the League has been for some years doing good educational work. It is to be regretted that the existence of this Society is not more widely known. As evidence of what greater publicity will do, we may mention that last year Mr. Stopford Brooke preached a sermon on the work of the League, without, however, any direct appeal for money. The immediate result of this sermon, we learn from the last Report of the League, was donations amounting to £85, and valuable offers of active help. Mr. Stopford Brooke's example might be with advantage followed by other clergymen of all denominations.

But the work of the League is practical as well as educational. It assists women workers to form Unions and Benefit societies, gives advice, and, if necessary, legal assistance to women in whose trades Unions are not yet formed, endeavours to promote arbitration on trade disputes between workers and employers, keeps an "employment register," and affords information as to the demand for workers in the various trades. Besides all this, the League has established a savings bank, a co-operative society for the purchase of necessaries, a circulating library, and a swimming club, and monthly social meetings afford the members of the Unions an opportunity of meeting their friends, and thus of spreading a knowledge of the existence and advantages of the societies.

On the value of Trades' Unions in general there can at this day hardly be two opinions. After a long fight with opponents of all classes, from the student of economics who declared that Unions were an attempt to war against the laws of nature, to the capitalist who viewed with fear and dislike any combination to raise wages, it is at last generally recognized that they are a real benefit to the workers. Mr. Thorold Rogers, whose right to speak with authority on the labour question few people would contravert, declares that, after having at one time viewed Trades' Unions with suspicion, he has become convinced, by a long study of the history of labour, that they are not only the best friends of the workman, but the best agency for the employer and the public, and that to the extension of these associations political economists and statesmen must look for the solution of some among the most pressing and the most difficult problems of our own time.* And, to give one instance among many, a large employer of labour in the London book-binding trade lately stated, at a meeting of women engaged in that trade, that since he entered the business the wages of the men had risen from 30s. to 36s. and 40s. per week, while the women were still receiving the same amounts that they were paid forty years ago, 10s. to 12s. a week; and he added that "he was glad the women had now formed a trade society, without which those employers who might be willing to pay higher rates could not be protected from the competition of less scrupulous masters."†

This alone is a weighty argument in favour of women's Unions, but it is only one out of many. For instance, they would prevent what is becoming a serious danger, the competition of women with men, to the lowering of wages and deterioration of work. Last summer there was a strike among some West End tailors, due to an attempt made at one of the large shops to substitute female for male labour, at half the wages previously paid.‡ We do not know what was the result of the strike, but, whatever it was, such an attempt could never have

* "Work and Wages," p. 157.

† "Report of Women's Protective and Provident League for 1885."

‡ *Ibid.*

been made had the women tailors possessed the sense of security and trade sympathy engendered by a well-organized Union. Again, the distance between employer and employed is daily widening, with the increasing size of trade establishments and transactions, and, as Miss Simcox lately pointed out, in her paper read at the Industrial Remuneration Conference, the consequence is that employers who would not dream of paying starvation wages to those whom they directly employ, acquiesce in the supposed necessities of the labour market, and, regarding their servants as "hands" instead of human beings, allow them to be starved as the (supposed) only alternative to their own bankruptcy.

Besides tending to raise and equalise wages, the Unions provide, what is even more needed by the women than by the men, a provision against times of illness or absence of work. The remuneration of a shilling for sixteen hours' work does not afford much margin for periods of enforced idleness. The pawnshop may stave off starvation for a time, but for a short time only, and the remedy is almost worse than the disease. Some of the women's Unions, which now exist in London, make allowances of 5s. to 7s. per week in time of need, and were the members more numerous larger sums could be given, and for longer periods. The certainty of help, if deserved, would alone do much to alleviate the misery of the women workers, who, in their absolute isolation, are compelled to take whatever work is offered, no matter what be the conditions or the price. A tailoress whom we saw not long ago, who was suffering acutely from her eyes, told us that frequently half-a-dozen pairs of trousers were sent to her at four or five p.m. to be "finished"* by nine the next morning, under pain of losing the employment regularly supplied by that particular master-tailor. To do this she would have to work, by the light of a tallow candle, till three or four o'clock in the morning. If the London Tailoresses' Union included all who work at the trade, which as yet it is far from doing, such an outrage on humanity would be impossible. The master-tailor would have to give his work out in good time, or he would not get it done.

But there is another, and, if possible, a yet more pressing reason why every help should be given towards the proper organization of female labour. A man who is unable to earn a living by his work has no choice between starvation and the parish. For a woman, a young woman especially, there is a more fearful alternative, and the temptation to avert starvation by the wages of sin must present itself to thousands of over-worked and under-paid women with overwhelming strength. All honour to those who withstand it, and all pity and sympathy for those, comparatively few in number, who are too weak to resist! That the choice between starvation and dishonour should be placed

* This consists in putting on the bands and buttons, making buttonholes, and binding. Pay, fourpence; time needed, one and a half to two hours per pair.

before any woman, is shame unspeakable to those responsible for it; and yet it is offered, sometimes in so many words. At a meeting of machinists held at Manchester last May, one girl is reported to have said that her employer told her, in reply to a complaint about insufficient wages, that if she was not satisfied she might devote herself to a less reputable calling!

All these evils,—overwork, under pay, starvation during periods of illness, or “slack times,” with their consequences,—the impossibility of obtaining even the smallest amount of leisure for amusement or instruction, the wretched home, destitute of any approach to decency, much less comfort, neglected children, growing up without care or restraint, and graduating in the streets for a life of crime, and the temptation to supplement inadequate earnings by selling *themselves*,—all these might be greatly alleviated were female labour properly organized. It is by reason of the terrible competition amongst the operatives that employers can get the work taken at the prices they offer. If the first-comer refuses to make a shirt for 2*d.*, less cost of cotton, there are hundreds of others ready to accept such terms. It is only when union shall be substituted for isolation, and co-operation for competition, that we can hope to see “a fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work,” and female labour paid at a rate somewhat in proportion to its value. As Mr. Ruskin says, “Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life: anarchy and competition the Laws of Death”; and what death can there be more awful than the living death to which the present condition of trade dooms thousands of industrious and honest women?

“ Too pure and proud to soil her soul,
Or stoop to basely-gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns a prisoner’s dole.
*While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed quiet; and through heaven’s blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.*

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In time with throbbing heart and head.
*Lo! where the leaning alders part,
White bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.”*

Seeing, then, the dire necessity that exists for the proper organization of female labour, we would most earnestly commend to the attention of our readers the excellent work that is being done by the Women’s Protective and Provident League. The League has many difficulties to contend with—want of money, which cripples its operations and prevents their further extension; thoughtlessness on the part of the well-to-do, who help to

lower the market rate of wages, by their insistence on *cheapness*, and who deal at the cheapest shop, regardless of the means which render low prices possible; and the apathy and ignorance of the work women themselves: apathy caused by years of toil, which has made them hopeless of better things, and ignorance produced by want of time for instruction or thought. In spite of obstacles, however, the League has succeeded in forming seven Trades' Unions in London, besides several in other parts of the country; and were its advantages more widely known, the growth of these Unions and the formation of others would be much accelerated. Among its other functions the League publishes a journal giving information on matters connected with its general work, to the pages of which we are indebted for much valuable information on the subject of this article. It may be obtained from Mrs. Paterson, at the office of the League, 36, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., who will be glad to answer inquiries relative to the work carried on by the society of which she is the secretary. We will conclude with the following paragraphs, which we copy from a circular recently issued by the League, and which deserve careful reading:—

“If women and girls were paid higher wages for their work the allurements of vice would no longer prove so fatal.

In successfully seeking to form trades' unions among work women, the Protective and Provident League has helped to raise the material and moral tone of the classes who are most exposed to the dangers denounced by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. By continuing this work on a larger and more extensive scale we shall surely restrict the recruiting ground of vice. Whatever view may be taken as to the causes of both ordinary and criminal vice, associations for self-protection and education, in other words, trades' unions, naturally suggest themselves as the most effective remedy.

The impossibility, in many trades, of earning sufficient to live respectably, undoubtedly forces many young women on to the street. Again, even where the wages earned just cover the cost of a little food and scant clothing, the life of uninteresting, unceasing toil is so appallingly dull, that it is no wonder if many women rebel against such an existence. But how can we hope to raise wages unless it be by combinations, by associations among the work people?

In other cases, it is not so much the prevailing poverty as the ignorant vanity, the love of show, of dress, that bring about this ruin of young girls. For this, education of the higher social order is the self-evident remedy; and how better is this social and semi-political education attained than by trades' unionism? The sense of self-reliance, of personal dignity, of pride in honest work, and collective responsibility, are all strongly developed within trades' unions. Women who join unions soon find something worthier of their ambition than the tawdry finery which is so attractive to those whose social surroundings supply nothing better to think about.

Finally, the solitude and dulness of existence is often the cause of ruin. On leaving business, many young women have no other diversions, no other associates, than those they may find in the streets. But a union provides a large circle of friends bound together by the same common interest. Concerts, social evenings, excursions to the country, facilities for spending a holiday at the seaside, a swimming club, co-operative stores, reading-room, library, etc., etc.; all these forms of relaxation are organized and enjoyed by the women trades' unionists.

Higher wages, a higher object in life, a wide circle of sympathising and worthy friends, some pleasures, a possibility of pleasant relaxation—these, we maintain, are the most effective antidotes against vice, and these can only be obtained by the moral and material force of combination and association.

We therefore invite all those whose feelings have been stirred by the knowledge of the degradation and suffering endured, especially by the women of the industrial classes, to help us to organize protective and provident trades' unions.

In this task we have already achieved some small measure of success. The receipts of the three most prosperous Women's Trades' Unions of London have exceeded £1,500, and the members have been, consequently, able to tide over long periods of illness or slack work. But the propaganda necessary to create these institutions naturally costs a considerable sum. Women have to be educated to a true understanding of their interests, and therefore the League must appeal for help in money and in personal devotion. The Women's Unions are self-supporting once they are constituted, but considerable sums must be expended in getting the women together, and teaching them how organizations are managed. The general prevalence of vice is due, not so much to vicious tendencies, as to poverty and ignorance.

We submit that these two causes can only be removed by associated effort, by combinations among the workers, and by the elevating educational and moral influences that result from such organizations."

EDITOR.

A FRENCH POLITICIAN.

BY J. B. LATHAM.

THE first public man in France whose acquaintance I made was M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. My introduction came at secondhand from a prominent English man of letters, whose reputation, apart from his literary work, is believed to consist in the modern faculty of seeing everything and knowing everybody. I do not remember, though, that his illustrious name was ever mentioned by the French statesman whose valued acquaintance it procured me. At that time—the autumn of 1877—France was in the thick of the crisis known as the *Seize Mai*. Things were approaching a tragic conclusion which, but for the grain of good sense and no small stock of humanity possessed by the Marshal-President, might have been brought about. It is true that, perhaps, the greatest safeguard of the situation was the weakness of his Ministers—men, for the most part, with one foot in the sacristy and the other in the salons of the Fauburg St. Germain, where no real fighting elements were to be found.

It is sometimes said, and written, that if the women of France had votes they would rise “like one man” to defend the temporal power of the pope. This is a mistake, founded on a misconception of the national character. However much the women of France may love the Church—and that love is of a mixed nature—they do not care to fight for it, or send their husbands and brothers to fight for it. Well, at the period above mentioned, the public had become sick of the strife and struggle commenced in the interest of a section of the population, and continued in a recklessly defiant manner. Scarcely any doubt existed as to the end of the conflict, the only question being in what particular form it would end. In spite of rumours of cannon planted on the heights of Belleville to overawe the Communists and hold the capital in check, few persons believed in the truth of these stories, or in the reality of the Marshal’s resistance. They had measured the men at the head of affairs and found them wanting. To oppose the public will of a nation successfully there must be either a despot at the head of affairs, or the makings of a despot in the ruler. Now, in the case of Marshal MacMahon and his advisers, there was neither the one nor the other. Sincere, in a certain sense,—so far as sincerity is compatible with the profession (complex bearings) of politics,—the President and his Ministers desired to establish what has since been happily termed the

"Orleanist state of mind"—that is to say, an orderly, pacific form of Government in which the roughs and their exponents should have no place. Unfortunately, this conception of a modern State was irreconcilable with the idea of the Republic as it had become engrained in the minds of the masses, and with the institution of universal suffrage. It savoured too much of the *pays légal*, the abhorred invention of M. Guizot.

It has been urged in apology of the men of the sixteenth May, by candid friends with one foot in the other camp, that their great mistake was to have anticipated matters, and sought to provoke a revolution, for which the public mind was not prepared. But this is questionable; there is no reason to suppose that an irregular appeal to the people, such as the Marshal and his lieutenants accomplished, would have been more favourable to moderate opinions if made later on the platform of the religious question. Possibly, however, moderate opinions would have gained in weight and numbers, but for the unfortunate interposition of the *Seize Mai*, which had the effect of driving politicians into the Radical or Reactionary camp. Perhaps a little more forbearance on the part of the so-called Conservatives might have led to the formation of the nucleus, at least, of a strong national party, which would have put country before party; but under the conditions this was almost impossible.

One man stood in the way of this desirable consummation—Gambetta. But for him union might for a while have been attainable. As the German Emperor expressed it, this "peace-disturber" was thoroughly dreaded and disliked in his public capacity, for in private the *bon enfant* side of the great leader's nature was ungrudgingly recognised by all but a few fanatical or morose opponents. The reason for Thiers' overthrow in 1873 was that after him would come the deluge, in the shape of the Dictator of Tours. But these strange Conservatives did not see that, by acting as they did in 1873 and 1877, the path was being prepared for this dread successor. Gambetta was nothing if he was not a tribune, and the sixteenth May gave him a pedestal that even the National Defence had not procured. Henceforth he became anew incarnate in the hearts of the people, who otherwise might have allowed his achievements to slumber, as they have since permitted his memory to fade.

At that time M. Saint-Hilaire inhabited a small private hotel, or self-contained house, in the Rue d'Astorg, off the Boulevard Malesherbes. The faithful secretary of M. Thiers had already turned seventy, but even in a slip-shoddy dressing-gown he still looked fresh and vigorous. The celebrated scholar, and no less renowned politician, is one of the few persons in France who practise teetotal principles. In his case total abstinence appears to have agreed with him, seeing that even now, at the age of seventy-eight, his eye is not dimmed, nor is his natural force

abated. The lamp was still burning when I was shown into his study between ten and eleven o'clock on a bright October morning. Like his master, M. Saint-Hilaire had ever been an early riser, which custom he has not relinquished. Until close upon noon it is his habit to consume the oil generally spent in the small hours of the morning, after which he proceeds to make his toilette and take luncheon. The statesman recluse has never been married, but it is not understood that he is a misogynist. What struck me most in the manner of the old scholar was his affability and candour—qualities that have since been displayed by him for the admiration of the world. It was a novel experience for one in as humble a position as myself to receive the confidences and hear the judgments of so distinguished a man freely offered, without any pressure being required to elicit them. One can hardly conceive of an Oxford don, still less an Oxford professor (Professor Jowett, for instance), invested with Parliamentary functions, being so utterly unreserved to a foreign stranger, whose name and station were alike unknown to him five minutes previously. Of course a certain allowance must be made for the natural excitement consequent on a period of agitation, even in the case of a calm sage who has attained the allotted span of human life. For the moment, on the autumnal morning in question, M. Saint-Hilaire was full of wrath against the would-be destroyers of the Republic—their inept folly, presumption, and incapacity to deal with the situation or read the signs of the times.

Since those days I have frequently heard another story from the same lips, but this is anticipating. In the important particular of Gambetta the judgment has notably varied with the times. In the full flush of his second and most successful epoch, Gambetta could not have been deemed capable of strangling the Republic of his own creation—a suspicion begotten, not without reason, in the minds of many of his followers at a later period. In 1877, even to calm spirits like M. Saint-Hilaire's, he appeared almost the necessary saviour of the Republic in opposition to the false prophet of the Marshal and his followers. "True, M. Gambetta was impetuous, young, comparatively, and still, to a certain extent, inexperienced; but he had admirable qualities; he was the man of the situation." In face of his overwhelming popularity and growing influence, MacMahon could not escape one or the other horns of the dilemma on which the President had chosen to hang himself—viz., submission or demission. The first term of the alternative would very likely be only a prelude to the second, the President's situation as head of the Republic being seriously compromised. Had M. Thiers not been suddenly cut off six weeks previously, the post would naturally have reverted to him. As things were, no one was prepared to step into his shoes in the Republican interest. The country at large was quite

willing to put up with the Marshal, and had no desire to see him removed, if only he kept within the limits of the Constitution drawn up by the Assembly of Versailles, and accepted by the President two years before. "The Marshal," said the people, "is a good fellow, a very good fellow; only he does not understand; how to make him comprehend?" that was the question. Well, some heads are rather slow in taking in ideas, and, as far as politics go, this was believed to be the case with the Duke of Magenta. Since then that opinion has been somewhat modified, and it is pretty generally admitted that the Marshal-President was—to use a familiar expression—not quite such a fool as he looked. That he did not act like a Solon or Themistocles was not altogether his fault. Caricaturists represented his horse as having "an intelligent eye"; but that was an ill-natured libel.

My esteemed new acquaintance was inclined to throw most of the blame on his advisers who had led him astray. The Duc de Broglie M. Saint-Hilaire described as a nervous sort of body, with abundance of literary talent, but little practical ability. Moreover, he was steeped in prejudices, and wedded to a caste. In the eyes of the French the Duc and his colleagues represented clericalism of the most offensive form—an aggressive spirit which manifested itself in the exclusion of everybody who would not pass by the church. Although not exactly haughty, the master of Broglie was unsympathetic to the masses, whose mistrust he returned with interest. As for M. De Fourtou, this energetic Home Secretary was nothing but a pushing, unscrupulous lawyer, who had set himself the ungrateful task of trying to make France march against her will. But she had kicked against this pseudo-sacristy sovereignty, and was resolved upon her being her own mistress. Seven years ago M. Saint-Hilaire did not see any harm in this; but in seven years, we are told, the whole man changes—his inner skin varying, sometimes, like his outer.

On subsequent occasions, at a few years' interval, a different tale was heard from the same lips. Then it was no longer the aristocratic peril, but the demagogic scare, which haunted the aged spirit of my benevolent patron. With the lapse of time the axis of the centre of gravity had shifted from right to left. The era of the reformers had come, but France had still to wait for her reformation. It was not that the will was lacking so much as the power that was failing. The successive revolutions the country had undergone seemed to have deprived it of the energy requisite to pursue the work of steady, orderly amelioration of its institutions. Schemes were proposed which would not bear investigation, or that erred from want of practical acquaintance with administrative and commercial life. By degrees the suspicion stole over the mind of the people that its leaders and spokesmen were incapable of introducing the reforms of which

they prated. Some politicians, who laid claim to the title of Liberals, boldly declared that France did not want any reforms, but simply desired to be let alone. But as a great country cannot live by negatives and traditions, which in France have ceased to hold a place in the working institutions of the country, it was necessary to find a cry or watchword which would respond to the aspirations of the masses, and employ the time of the public powers. This was invented by Gambetta in the convenient formula of "Clericalism—the enemy!" At the time this cry was put forward, under the potent influence of post-prandial excitation, its author, it may reasonably be conjectured, did not anticipate the proportions it would attain. For although anything but of a religious nature, either by education or temperament, Gambetta cherished the hold of the State over the Church so much, that on a celebrated occasion he characterised the dissolution of the dual ecclesiastical control and abrogation of the Concordat as the end of the world. The saying was uttered to the Abbé Loyson (Père Hyacinthe), and reported by him on frequent occasions. To what extent Gambetta desired to carry his proclaimed war against clericalism has remained an obscure point. Probably the stump orator himself did not know very clearly. He desired to punish the "men of the sixteenth of May," and divert the minds of the Republicans from their threatened prosecution, which his native good sense instinctively pronounced would end in confusion and failure. Hence arose the so-called persecution of the clergy, which culminated in the decrees issued by M. de Freycinet, and executed by M. Constans against the unauthorised religious orders. This disquieting movement was begun, continued, and ended in confusion, misunderstanding, and strife. It has few, if any, defenders at the present hour, and its only good point is that it did so little harm in view of what was to be apprehended.

Intimately bound up with the religious question, which may more fitly be dealt with apart elsewhere, was the great question of social order, which by many persons (including M. Saint-Hilaire), not disposed to favour clerical pretensions, was regarded as closely associated. The subversive policy, inaugurated so boisterously by Gambetta, is believed to have struck a hard blow at the cause of order generally. Time will show whether this apprehension is well grounded, or is merely a dull suspicion that is destined to fade away and be eclipsed by more solid and sensible achievements of the democracy. But it may be well for the foreign—and particularly the English—reader to bear in mind one or two aspects of the question. That is, chiefly, the utterly unwarrantable and unjustifiable claims of the revolutionary party to settle the so-called social question in their own way, over the heads of the people who are already in possession of the great modern weapon—a voting ticket.

Thus we have seen, not so long ago, respectable English newspapers seemingly espouse the cause of this party or its adherents on the ground of the apparent legality of its proceedings—proceedings which, nevertheless, were patent to all the world. One might have thought, however, that the open glorification of the Commune and its excesses, with a prospect of their renewal, would have opened the eyes of those doubtful purists who profess to see no great harm in the public display of the symbols of those dark days—the red-and-black flag—“that hateful emblem of bloodshed,” as Gambetta himself styled it. Our English critics, writing at home in the tranquillity of Fleet Street, fail to realise to their full extent the scope of the issues involved, and the gravity thereof. Once these promenaders of sedition had the upper hand, with the aid of a municipal police cut off from State control, and the Commune would be re-established—the legal Commune, if you like, but still the Commune. Such an *imperium in imperio* could not subsist a day without bloodshed, and then the painful round of cruel repression and harsh suppression would be once more witnessed. So that mistaken friends of municipal independence, or more properly speaking municipal encroachment, had better be on their guard, in case their *protégés* break bounds again and cause them trouble. It may be hoped that, with the diffusion of education, and the increase of wealth and prosperity, these wild schemes of Socialist reforms will sink more and more into the background. But it cannot be denied that the conditions of life in Paris and other large centres of population favour the growth of such a class of disaffected citizens, who will ever be ready to take advantage of the first symptoms of weakness on the part of the executive Government, and will not scruple to profit by national misfortune and disaster, as the Communists did in 1871.

This is the danger which pillars of the Republic, such as M. Saint-Hilaire, have in view in these later days. The terror assumed its most vivid form about the beginning of 1883, when the sudden termination of Gambetta's spasmodic career threw open a wide vista of impending anarchy. Hitherto, at least, the dread effects so keenly apprehended have not been realised, but at the time they were very real. At that particular moment a politician was at the head of affairs in whom M. Thiers' *fidus Achates* had no confidence. He was an obscure personage, whose sun soon set below the horizon, and whose name has well-nigh become forgotten even in his own country. M. Saint-Hilaire, moreover, had reasons of his own for distrusting this “perfect nullity,” as he contemptuously designated this premier of a day. They had been associated in a certain mining enterprise in Spain, which appears to have given rise to sundry disputations that had left a bitter feeling in the mind of one of the parties to the transaction.

A reference to the subject of the Ministerial difficulties of the day brought in mention this obnoxious temporarily high-placed individual's name one dark morning when I had marched out to Passy, whither M. Saint-Hilaire had migrated. My revered friend was in the act of making his toilette, but this did not prevent him apparently from receiving callers, or interfere in the least with the freedom or fulness of his intercourse. Extending a hand that was released from the ablutionary process going on, the dignified sage motioned me to a seat, and proceeded to bury his hoary head in the basin. The situation was a novel and somewhat embarrassing one for a caller. My host, however, continued, not a whit disconcerted, to whet the edge of a razor on his palm, and then carefully apply the saponaceous ingredient to his visage set in adamant. After the operation had continued several minutes by the light of a small hand mirror at the window, I felt as if I must break silence. "After all," I observed, in a timid sort of way, "Monsieur X. is a reasonable man." Monsieur X. was the Minister of the day. With his Olympian countenance still shrouded in soap-suds M. Saint-Hilaire turned round from the window, and advancing with open razor in hand, which, on approaching, he flourished dangerously near my face, made answer, in hissing tones, heightened by an awful solemnity of expression, "He is a swindler" (*"c'est un escroc"*). The scene was highly dramatic, and might have formed the subject of an effective genre picture, something in this style: the inquiring, diffident correspondent bending nervously forward, as the portentous visage of the commentator of Aristotle and author of other learned works, ancient and modern, loomed through the clouds of Pears (or his French equivalent), as if meditating a vicarious sacrifice with the aid of the brandished razor. A sudden entry of a stranger on the scene might have suggested grave queries, and given occasion to many reflections.

This remarkable outburst on the part of one who can justly lay claim to the possession of a more than usually well-regulated nature, was not an isolated experience of my intercourse with M. Saint-Hilaire. On another occasion, when discoursing on the affairs of Egypt, the sole and original author of the celebrated Joint Note to the Consuls-General at Cairo, expressed himself in equally emphatic terms with regard to Arabi. "They ought to have blown his brains out," said "old Aristotle" (as he has been profanely called), as if it had been the most natural sequel to that worthy's career. Noticing my look of mild remonstrance at the summary proceeding preconised, M. Saint-Hilaire continued: "In the East, you know, a man's life is scarcely more regarded than that of a dog." It is true that a good many persons who do not put forth such a hard and cynical estimate of humanity as this would have treated the leader of the disaffected Egyptian

colonels not much differently, if they had had the ordering of his fate.

In connection with the Egyptian question, M. Saint-Hilaire has apparently undergone an evolution analogous to the changed complexion of his ideas with regard to French politics. I remember on one occasion, in 1877, accosting the Senator on his way to Versailles, and interrogating him concerning the duty of England towards Egypt. The old Republican expressed the very decided opinion that Egypt ought to be left to the Egyptians; he deprecated all pretension on the part of the British Government to treat this as a peculiarly English question. A few years later the note uttered by the same speaker was a very different one. It is true that in the interval two momentous events had come to modify this article of the Liberal foreign creed—one being the afore-mentioned revolt under Arabi, and the other the voluntary defection of France from the work of restoring order in the Nile valley, owing to the action of a parliamentary cabul directed against the Foreign Minister of that day, M. de Freycinet. The rupture of the Dual Control, which necessarily followed, threw the onus of responsibility on the shoulders of England with regard to the Khedive. M. Saint-Hilaire reiterated this view of the changed situation with much emphasis in interviews that I had with him in 1883 and 1884. His recommendation to the British Government was expressed in the Jingo formula, "Take Egypt." "What!" he exclaimed, "you have your hands free, and you ask for the co-operation of Europe" (this was at the time of the London Conference). "Why, that is an act of weakness which I should not have expected from a great power like England. I must own that I am grieved to see the spectacle you are offering to the world. England, once so powerful, so full of energy, resources, vigour, and will, finds nothing better to do than to ruin a country, and then invoke the aid of other nations—to do what? 'To restore the finances.' But govern the country, take in hand the reins of power, and the finances will soon get right. Who will prevent you? Not we, assuredly, who have retired from the concern, very foolishly in my opinion. As for the other Powers, all that they ask is to see Egypt become prosperous, which cannot be the case under the *régime* of the Khedive alone."

The mooted reduction of the interest on the Egyptian debt, which M. Saint-Hilaire characterised as an iniquity, disturbed his mind. England, which was on the point of operating a conversion of her debt into $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ funds could easily guarantee a sum of eight millions sterling at 4% , which would not cost the British Government more than 3% at the most. Nevertheless he feared that the Ferry Cabinet was preparing a surrender on this point, partly through deference to Mr. Gladstone, and also from an apprehension of the advent of a Tory Ministry, which might

prove hostile to France, or, at any rate, be animated by the desire to avenge the species of humiliation which the English people experience at present, owing to the sphinx-like action of the Liberal Government in Egypt. The conclusion of the Foreign Minister's disinterested advice to the Power which had taken in hand, in however clumsy a fashion, the temporary settlement of the difficulties in the valley of the Nile, was to follow the example he had set in Tunis: "Establish a Protectorate, fearing nothing, under the superintendence of a British resident, endowed with full powers to speak and act in the name of the Queen." This mode of settling the question left out of sight the other factor to the solution of the problem—viz., the Sultan; but apparently his rights or claims were not deemed worthy of being taken into consideration. A form of protectorate, this singularly dispassionate Frenchman maintained, was just as possible in 1885 as in 1884, or at any time since the British occupation, "only it should be done discreetly, and not cried on the housetops." The task, after all, was not greater than had been undertaken successfully in other countries, notably India, by the English people. But above all, it was necessary to renounce the illusions of self-government for Egypt. Eastern nations understood nothing of such fictions when applied to them. The policy of trying to square Western theories with Oriental facts, which had been the cause of half the blunders committed, must be definitely abandoned.

But it was over the Russian question, at the height of the crisis, that M. Saint Hilaire loomed most portentous, and waxed most eloquent.

"What do I think of the present state of affairs in the East?" he repeated, stepping close up to me while combing his silvery locks at the hour of the forenoon toilette. "Twill be a Cyclopean affair—the biggest thing of the century, the battle of Armageddon. Napoleon the First's wars were as nothing compared to what we are about to witness. I have long foreseen it, although it has come sooner than I expected, the fight for the Empire of Asia."

"It was inevitable, then, in your opinion?" I inquired.

"I do think so; if not now, yet in a very short time," was the unhesitating answer. "For just look at the position of affairs. Your country is in the situation of a man who has received a slap in the face. He must avenge his outraged honour, or hide his head under the disgrace. It does not do to stop, to pause in those circumstances to ask whether you are the stronger party or not."

"Excuse me, M. Saint Hilaire," I interposed, "but here you speak in an unknown tongue. My countrymen, as you are aware, have renounced the practice of the duel, with its traditions and associations."

"I am aware of that," was the response, "but the point of

honour remains, and you cannot renounce that. But this, no doubt, constitutes one of the difficulties of the present situation for you. There is good Mr. Gladstone, who cannot understand, for instance, why the Russian Government should decline an inquiry into General Komaroff's action at Penjdeh. He does not seem to see that this of itself involves an imputation which no soldier or man of honour could put up with. It is simply absurd to attempt to reconstruct what is called the painful incident. The elements of an inquiry are lacking. Independent testimony is wanting, and the totally opposed versions of the interested parties afford no room for an impartial decision. The facts must speak for themselves. You might as well try to recount the battle of Waterloo so as to satisfy French and English—to say nothing of Belgians and Prussians—as to define the exact degree and measure of responsibility of the principals and agents in this Russo-Afghan business."

At the present hour, when a lull has supervened, one can afford to smile at the almost morbid imagination of the statesman in his closet, as he conjured up visions of the fight for the Empire of Asia, the fall of the British Empire, and general eclipse of the Occident.

"Do you think that we shall succumb in the struggle?" I anxiously inquired.

"It is not at all impossible; why should it be?" was the rejoinder. "Rome fell to the barbarians, and Greece, in spite of her civilisation, collapsed before the power of the Macedonians. Western civilisation has its weak points, just as these nations of antiquity. It may be a higher civilisation than the Mongolian type, but it is artificial, and, to a great extent, effete."

It would have been interesting to learn how far these excited views were called up by the gravity of the situation, and to what extent they were the fruit of the distinguished *savant's* Oriental studies. In any case, they betray the existence of a rather strained or heated imagination, which appears inconsistent with the sober, reflective character of the utterer. But as one of M. Saint-Hilaire's colleagues—Jules Simon—said of him not untruly, "C'est un garçon assez nerveux, quoique l'on ne le dirait pas." In effect "nervosity" would appear to have no place in this ancient block of Greek marble, who is commonly reported to have been nurtured on roots and cold water, and who still retains the frugal style of his struggling period. Perhaps excess of mental labour, coupled with a solitary mode of life, may have contributed to produce what the French call a certain exaltation of mind; the stirring, stupendous scenes of the "terrible year" no doubt begin to have their reflex action on this impressionable nature.

This feature in the character of the faithful secretary and follower of Thiers comes out in his references to the tragic events

of the siege and Commune. His mind is still—or was a very short time ago—haunted by the apprehension of a no distant renewal of those dread scenes. Although at the same time what is termed a man of order and an incorrigible Republican, yet he never could be brought to approve of the mission of so-called saviours of society, especially when personified in “that rascal” (*gredin*) Napoleon III., nor of the intrinsic lights of universal suffrage which could uphold such an adventurer and give him its suffrages. As may be imagined, M. Saint-Hilaire’s Republic is somewhat of the eclectic order; as, however, it is impossible to realise a Platonic ideal, he is content to fall back on the sterling, if ordinary, qualities of common-sense, prudence, labour, and unselfish devotion to the State. Unhappily, he fails to recognise these essential elements in the body politic at the present time. Neither in the leaders nor in the rank and file of the Republic is there that spirit of disinterested zeal in the service of the common weal which ought to be the chief ornament of a democracy. The chief magistrate does not set a good example; indolent by temperament, he does not give that direction to the affairs of State which is incumbent on the President of the Republic. As M. Saint-Hilaire made bold to say to his old friend, the last time he paid a visit to the Elysée, now more than two years ago, “My dear, you have all the qualities to do well, but you do not show them; you might just as well not have them at all; you do nothing.” This speech of a candid friend, which had no effect beyond that of estranging the personage to whom it was addressed, may be said to touch a shortcoming which is not so generally apparent as it ought to be.

In the opinion of this austere critic, France requires a President who knows how to impose his will on the people (without letting it be felt too strongly), when the people will follow him as their natural leader. MacMahon had no vocation for this rôle, and when he attempted it the good Marshal went too utterly astray. The present occupant has all his life sought only to please himself,—his own ease and comfort,—a grave fault in a private individual, but fatal for the respect and proper influence of a public leader placed by the course of circumstances at the head of affairs. Then he is surrounded by a coterie of inferior, self-seeking men. His son-in-law was a dangerous man, very ambitious and tenacious, of bad principles, cool but passionate, calculating and revengeful. In this way M. Grevy had alienated many of his old friends. “I thought it my duty to warn him,” was the frank avowal, “but he did not heed it; since then I keep away; but it is a pity, for if the President understood the responsibilities of his position better, he might effect an immense improvement.” It is possible that he may be re-elected in January *faute de mieux*, no other predominating “personality” being in the field.

M. Saint-Hilaire has recently disappointed his thorough-going Republican friends by a circular he patronised addressed to the electors of the Seine et Oise Department. In this short manifesto he severely stigmatised the errors, financial and political, committed in recent years. To quote the words of his former colleague, M. Ferry : " When one has had the honour (as I may say) of co-operating in the Tunis Expedition, and of voting Article 7 (the anti-Jesuit law), it comes with an ill grace to talk of 'colonial adventures and religious persecution.' " But the Foreign Minister of 1880-81 refuses to compare Tonquin with Tunis—as regards the question of policy ; and though opposed to the secular encroachments of the clergy, he is disposed to admit to the fullest practicable extent the principle of religious toleration. It is permissible to believe that with advancing years influences of the spiritual order are exercising their customary effect on his mature convictions.

His express language to me on one occasion left no doubt on this head. " How any one can doubt the existence of divinity is marvellous, when one regards the works of nature and looks into the heart of man." In spite of many fluctuations and seeming contradictions in his confidential utterances, M. Saint-Hilaire will leave a name not only of unblemished integrity, but of consistent devotion to Liberal principles. His admiration for his old chief was perhaps carried beyond the bounds of legitimate adulation when he described him as, " next to Napoleon, the greatest genius of the century." Unkind critics assert that this tribute was scarcely reciprocated by M. Thiers, who, in the language of another common friend and colleague, " never, never entrusted this faithful executor of high works with a mission of his own devising." At the Quai d'Orsay the solitary student was certainly rather out of his element. But he was a thoroughly conscientious, painstaking Minister, who earned the respect of all with whom he came into contact. He at least did not echo Emile Ollivier's boastful utterance when on his way to the Corps Legislatif, on the fatal morning of the declaration of war against Germany, the subject of the present sketch met the unlucky Minister of Napoleon III. To the remark that he (M. Ollivier) must have need for reflection before addressing the Chamber the vain enthusiast replied : " I have need for reflection ! Not at all ; I have it all here—in my head." It may appear surprising that M. Saint-Hilaire, in his latest communication with the writer, should unhesitatingly prefer the accession to office of a Conservative Ministry in England, as " being more jealous of upholding the honour and interests of the empire." Let us hope that he is not mistaken in this appreciation.

With regard to the prospect in his own country, M. Saint-Hilaire is concerned at its gravity. He does not hesitate to describe the situation as very grave. " There are no elements for

a majority from the returns as they appear at present. We seem to be on the eve of more agitations and fresh troubles." The Senator, who has just been conducting an arduous electoral campaign in the Seine-et-Oise Department, apprehends some act of violence at the meeting of the Chambers. "The Radicals will probably endeavour to coerce the Moderates, in the name of the Republic, to propose the expulsion of the Princes or Pretenders. They may also seek to gain the aid of revolutionists in other countries. Happily Europe is there to keep them in check," added the "rather nervous old gentleman," with portentous play of the eyebrows. One of the causes of the poor display made at the polls by the Opportunist or Ministerial party is, in his opinion, the uncertain sound given forth by the Government organs, both before and during the electoral period.

M. Ferry's hints at the introduction of an income tax,—“utterly unpopular and uncalled for in France, where property is already sufficiently burdened,”—his fraternisation with the Radicals at Lyons, and the discontent and disgust at the ill-understood Tonquin business, all contributed to the result. Then the appearance of ministers like M. Brisson and M. Allain-Targé on the same lists as the Socialists of Paris must have had a deplorable effect. In the country, where agricultural difficulties have been increased by the artificial high price of labour fostered by the lavish extension given to public works, the unpopularity of the Republicans has been improved by the Protectionists, who have gained ground in many Departments. The State, he considers, “is very much to blame for holding out baits to labourers by paying six to eight francs a day, when farmers cannot afford to give more than four.” M. Saint-Hilaire does not see any immediate reason why M. Grévy should not be re-elected President on January 30th, although he does nothing to justify his title. As for the Princes, the Duc d'Aumale loves Chantilly and the literary artistic life of Paris too well to risk the painful renewal of exile. The Comte de Paris may likewise be expected to possess his soul in patience.

J. B. LATHAM.

THE REAL COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

BY CAREW MARTIN.

It has not untruly been remarked that the interest of the world in a great many of its famous men and women is composed of a strong admixture of romantic sentiment and vulgar curiosity, the latter element perhaps the more largely prevailing. In no case probably more than that of Byron can this be said to be so true. The curiosity which many years ago, it may be remembered, was successfully appealed to by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, found, after remaining long dormant, a renewal of its existence on the recent publication of Mr. Jeaffreson's "Real Lord Byron"; if, among English and American readers, the interest roused on both sides of the Atlantic by this latest view of the poet's life may, by now, be fairly said to have subsided, the statement is hardly true of the Continent, and more particularly of Italy, where Byron passed so many brilliant years of his life, and, it may be added, where his reputation still retains much of that lustre it has lost with us. Especially in regard to one incident of his stay, that, perhaps, with which in Italy Byron's memory is most popularly associated, the severity of Mr. Jeaffreson towards the Countess Guiccioli, has attracted no small notice. The latest biographer of Byron has been accused of being actuated in his attack by a feeling of pique at the poet having admired an Italian lady with more passion, and, relatively speaking, with more constancy, than any of his fair countrywomen. There have come forward various champions of the lady whose affectations and vanity Mr. Jeaffreson has certainly roundly handled, champions who, in their partizanship, have gone quite as far in the direction of praise as Mr. Jeaffreson is asserted to have done in his blame and depreciation. In the meantime the flutter has elicited some further facts relating to an incident of Byron's existence which popular tradition, both at home and abroad, has made not the least familiar in the poet's singular life. If Mr. Jeaffreson's severity with regard to "la Guiccioli" may appear perhaps a little excessive, it finds, it must be admitted, ample confirmation in the evidence of those who, in later years brought in contact with the countess, have drawn us a far from flattering portrait of the lady whom some—among the number Moore—would have us regard as Byron's good angel during a portion of his ill-regulated career in Venice. The whole incident can hardly be regarded as edifying.

On both sides it is clear that there entered a considerable dose of vanity, that neither the admirers of Byron nor of "the Guiccioli" can deny.

In the early years of this century Italian society, especially in Venice, worked, it must be remembered, in very old-fashioned grooves, which were particularly easy in the case of the social machinery regulating the relations of married life. As a compensation for an unsympathetic match, the young Countess Guiccioli was enabled by the wealth of her husband to freely encourage that love of dress and expenditure which, with most young and charming women, is apt to lead to difficulties—difficulties which, in accordance with the lax social customs of the day, the Guiccioli appears in no way to have desired to avoid. To captivate Byron was worth some effort. The poet's vanity—not one of the deficient elements of his character—was, it can be understood, flattered by the very easy conquest of so exceptional a beauty. It is not very extraordinary, therefore, that we soon find the poet foremost among the countess's admirers. The Guiccioli's defenders would have us regard this new influence as most beneficial on Byron's character, above all in almost immediately checking the poet's somewhat free and easy existence in those less choice sections of Venetian society he appears to have frequented. Mr. Jeaffreson, in the face of Moore, denies this, and rouses the indignation of the Guiccioli's friends by going further, and stating that, had it not been for this fatal influence of the countess, Byron might have been restored to his native country and the position to which he was entitled at home.

The friends of the Guiccioli are warm in their reference to the girlish and innocent passion of the young countess, and the serious nature of her affection for Byron. Mr. Jeaffreson, however, laughs to scorn such an idea, and roundly asserts that Byron in reality never sincerely loved the Guiccioli, and he insists, it will be remembered, on several incidents in the course of the *liaison* which would certainly show a singular want of delicacy on the part of an ideal admirer. Byron's more than compromising conduct would appear to have shocked even the lax society of Venice. "You should blame your friend," remarked the Countess Benzoni to Moore; "until this last unfortunate affair, he had acted so well." In spite of Byron's somewhat questionable reference (in one of his letters home) to a desire to change his name and leave Italy with the Guiccioli, the comparative indifference with which the poet is prepared, as we see by his letters to Hoppner and Murray, to give up the lady to her husband, when he appears on the scene, has not unnaturally been laid stress on by Mr. Jeaffreson to further support his view. The separation was, it can be understood, painful, and we must excuse the countess exercising some art in endeavouring to induce Byron to come to

Ravenna, though perhaps we must not look with so severe an eye as some, on the illness of the Guiccioli on her return home. Mr. Jeaffreson would have us regard the whole affair as a cleverly acted comedy. From Byron's letters we certainly learn how amusingly the interesting invalid played off on each other her admirer and her husband, whom Mr. Jeaffreson roundly states acted scarcely a very honourable part by a direct complicity in the attractions of a *cavaliere servente*, whom, however, from the novelty of his conduct, he probably regarded as less dangerous than the more typical representative of an institution to which, with his experience—he had been twice previously married—he was aware, with his young wife, he must submit. By Byron's letters to Hoppner,—our consul in Venice, and the poet's intimate friend,—Byron would certainly appear to have thoroughly believed in the wasting consumption from which the Guiccioli was supposed to be in danger of her life, and he bitterly complains of the fatal influence his affection seems destined to produce on all and everything upon which it was exercised. Byron remained at Ravenna, it will be remembered, some months; in January 1820 he writes to Murray to say that he is utterly undecided as to what to do; perhaps he should remain a week, a year, or his whole life, but that he will go when it is convenient. In May he writes to Moore that he would have left sooner, but that honour and the Guiccioli's illness, not to say his love, have prevented; admitting to his friend that he loves the Guiccioli, but not sufficiently to persuade her to madly sacrifice everything.

Byron's departure for Greece was, it can be understood, a blow to the Guiccioli; she, who knew so well Byron's capricious affections,—which Mr. Jeaffreson would have us believe she only retained by humouring his every whim,—was aware of the danger to her of the new influences which would be brought to bear on his impressionable nature. Perhaps it is worthy of remark that when, a few months later, the poet died at Missolonghi it was in the arms of a brother of the Countess Guiccioli.

It was scarcely with the grief of the passionate ideal that the worthy lady mourned the death of Byron. Her affection seems, on the contrary, to have been merely transformed into the vain satisfaction of having inspired the great poet's admiration, which certainly, as Sig. Chiarini has remarked in the course of the recent controversy waged in the pages of the *Domenica del Fracassa*, would scarcely have been the case had her love been of that noble character which the Guiccioli's friends would have us believe. Henceforth she seemed to have had no other aim than to cherish religiously the relics of a beauty which had attracted the attention of Byron. Even in this direction, as has been justly remarked, she might have enjoyed a certain excusable vanity in preserving sacred the memory of a once cherished admirer, but on the death of the Count Guiccioli, she quietly

transferred her affections to the Marquis de Boissy, a peer of France under Louis-Philippe, and eventually a senator under the Second Empire, an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, and whose introduction in society of the lady,—whom, as a proof of this admiration, he had married,—was, so it is stated, the singular formula, "*La marquise de Boissy, ma femme, çà-devant maîtresse de Lord Byron.*" Adieu, therefore, to the pretty picture drawn by la Guiccioli's friends, of the widowed countess mourning in sentimental solitude over the places hallowed by the memory of the happy hours she had passed with the poet whose affection she had captivated.

However cruel may have appeared Mr. Jeaffreson's views regarding the Countess Guiccioli, they have received perhaps their most convincing confirmation in the evidence recently brought forward by Signor Rindi, who has related at some length the experience of his acquaintance with the Countess Guiccioli in the latter years of her life—the Guiccioli whose portrait some of the last generation may recall in one of the silk-bound volumes of those Books of Beauty, the art of which it is now so usual to somewhat hastily abuse. To those interested in Byron, Signor Rindi's recollections may be found worthy of reproduction.*

"It was about 1856 or so that my father was entrusted by the Marquis de Boissy, then a peer of France, to purchase a large property at Settimello, some miles from Florence. Intended as a gift to a famous lady, whom the marquis had recently married, my father, who had received *carte blanche*, soon came to terms, and as the steward of the estate prepared everything for the new owner, who in the spring arrived from Paris with his wife, the Contessa Teresa Guiccioli (*née* Contessa Gamba), but at the time of which I am speaking, the Marquise de Boissy. Preceded by an almost legendary fame for her exceptional beauty and adventurous life, the new *padrona* naturally excited not a little the curiosity of the neighbourhood, and especially the searching and feminine scrutiny of my mother, who was soon on terms of warm intimacy with the marquise. Every year the Boissys passed three months at Settimello, every year the marquise bringing handsome presents from Paris to my parents and to myself. Though still a boy I knew of Lord Byron, and the strange appearance of the lady, whose name is so associated with his, had not unnaturally excited my curiosity, so that I can remember the Guiccioli well. She still certainly retained a more than ordinary beauty, though decidedly what may be termed mature. In height, a little under the average, and stout. Artificial to a degree, and with one sole aim in life, to increase, as far as possible, the fascinations of her beauty, every action was studied in order to increase her grace, and she certainly succeeded admirably, conscious as she was of the possession of many seduc-

* See the *Domenica del Fracassa*. Rome. February 15th, 1885.

tive charms. In fact, not a feature natural or a point neglected, in voice, gesture, and pose the artifice of a clever actress, her reception-room transformed into a stage. She never in the house, or even on cold days muffled herself up, but clearly took a pride in the display of the superb lines of her bosom, and equally fine arms. Her hair, the warm rich blonde of the corn ripened in the sun, she wore in long ringlets divided on her forehead; her cheeks, thinned by years, half hidden among the curls, showing in fact little else of her face than her slightly aquiline nose; a mouth exquisitely modelled, and two large gazelle eyes, unique certainly, and of an intense black, restless, languid, and with just from time to time the flash of something suggestive in their glance. As for her character, we never esteemed it very highly, and from all we saw and heard from the maids and servants—she brought with her the suite of a princess—we always regarded her as vain and romantic to a degree, and in no way certainly one of those who would sacrifice herself, or who would inspire a deep and lasting passion, or really love for love's sake, with heroism, with sublime self-negation.

“She never could bear either beggars or children. She lived entirely apart from her husband, who occupied another wing of the villa. She literally adored an ugly little dog, which seemed to constitute all she cared for. In her conversations with my mother she would allude with complacence to Byron's love for her, allowing it to be understood that her husband had married her with no other view than to possess a relic of the great poet. She confessed that she had at all times fostered a species of horror at the idea of having children, from a fear of losing her beauty. In her marriage contract she had made it a condition, so it was said, that her husband's charming daughter—by his first wife—should never be seen near her for fear of comparisons. She rose between twelve and two; at night she would sit alone for hours in her reception-room, writing her memoirs she would state with a show of vanity. Her toilette was her sole serious occupation. She washed with starch, often taking baths of olive oil; at night she would wear on her face a linen mask, saturated with perfumed grease, as we are told certain effeminate kings of France used to do. To show herself to any one she always considered in the light of a favour. Even in the solitary park she always walked out with her face and head covered with thick blue and green veils. On Sunday, when she came down to hear mass in the castle chapel—often making the poor chaplain wait for hours—she only showed herself behind a grating, which before appearing she would cover with a curtain.

“My mother had once expressed the desire to be initiated into the mysteries of the toilette of so beautiful a lady; the marquise one evening invited her to come while her maid was dressing her for a reception at the villa Demidoff; she received my mother in

the contents of her own
of the great opera. In
she caused a number of
and truffle; in addition
stable in which she kept
two long rows, each
attached Sarah, Helene, A
scandalous local priest. He
past long hours, stating that
was most wholesome, and ex
of her visits to Scitmalio in
bury it herself, and I can
with gloves, muffled with thie
prella, digging with a spade
of the body of the pet, enclosed
in. A few weeks later when
expressed her anxiety with regard to
In her insinuating tone, alwa
ward to its musical effect, 'Pro
son. Ah! I know how I suffer
the dog above referred to.
years after when I was living in
lioli had returned to the villa at
visit her. She had grown much
beautiful, though little but her
ringlets she still retained. Sh
ravolled with a priest. Our con
ious. None the less, my origi
aged, that of a romantic vain lad
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CA

HAUNTED !

BY COULSON KERNAHAN, F.R.G.S.

ing taunt ; a burning sense of wrong and hatred ; wild, mad passion—and two human lives for ever wrecked and blasted ! How strange and unreal it all Although I know that I must die to-morrow, I cannot hear the sound of hammer and saw as they ply their task—yet, even now, I cannot bring myself to it is not some hideous dream from which I may at any time awake. But I know only too well that the vision of him ever before me, by day and by night, is no dream—is a reality. Would God that it were ! I see myself and him together again on that wild, craggy hillside. We are standing on the edge of the precipice, and there is an evil smile about his cruel lips as he looks down at me. He has commissioned him to inform me that our marriage is at an end, and that she has promised to marry him. I hear the sneering tone in his voice as he tells me, when high words arise, with being a pauper and a beggar ; and then, as a burning sense of all my wrongs seizes me, I see myself raise the pocket-knife with which I have been idly playing, and fit of insane fury plunge it to the very hilt in his false heart ! It was but the work of a moment—a moment when I was goaded and maddened to such a pitch by the sense of all my wrongs, that I cannot believe God will hold me altogether answerable for what I did. The words had hardly died upon those lying lips before a lay dead at my feet, the warm blood gushing and gurgling from the spot where the knife was still buried. And yet I felt no horror for what I had done, no feeling of remorse came over me. Only a hideous consciousness that the corpse lay *there*, and must be got rid of in some way ; because if it were so found, everything would point to me as the murderer. A sudden terror, a wild panic, possessed me. Although I knew there was none near, yet I felt that I could not breathe, could not think until I had hid it anywhere—anywhere out of sight, and out of mind. I seized it in my arms and staggered blindly on, hardly knowing what I sought, or whither I went. But fate favoured me, for my eye fell upon a long, narrow crevice in the limestone rock over which I was

hastening. Panting and trembling with fear, I bent down and stuffed my burden through this opening, but it lay ghastly and bare before me, as though the very earth refused to receive the witness of my crime. With hands that shook with agitation, I seized a wedge of rock and forced it through the crevice as a covering, and saw, to my inexpressible relief, that the body had disappeared; so I hastily filled every chink with the stones and shingle that lay about, in order that no trace of my crime might remain. And then I stood up and thought of what I had done. God knows how little I ever dreamt that I should be a murderer. Only that morning I had read of the execution of some unhappy wretch, and had thought of him with horror and loathing, as of a foul thing between whom and myself there could be no kinship save that of our common humanity. And now I, too, was such an one as he! Yet I felt no remorse, no detestation of my crime. Only a dull, dead, dreamy feeling of some hideous illusion which possessed me, and which I strove to arouse myself from in vain. I knew there was little or no fear of discovery; that none, excepting myself, was aware of his being in Germany; and that, from his strange habits and uncertain movements, it might be months before he was missed. I thought it best, however, to leave the immediate neighbourhood, so that night I paid my bill at the hotel, and took the train to Rocheburg, a town some ten miles distant.

It was in vain that I tried to shake off the lethargy which oppressed me. All my thoughts were merged into one dull consciousness. As I looked at the faces of those around, they seemed to recede and withdraw to a distance, and even their voices had a weird, far-off sound. So strange and unreal did it all seem that I would repeat to myself in a mechanical way: "This is I, I, Richard Spalding," and try to shake off the spell that bound me, but it was in vain. I saw the faces of the people around, and answered when I was addressed, but they were the faces of dream-phantoms, not of living men and women.

One morning the manager of the hotel asked me if I would make one in a party which was going to drive to the famous caverns of Terrane. I said that I should be pleased to do so, or rather the automatic creature which moved and spoke in my name said so, for the real self was still wrapt in the dreamlike torpor. I have very little recollection of the drive, but I remember our arrival at the mouth of the caverns,—which I had heard were miles in extent, and the most wonderful in Europe. Our guide marshalled us in Indian file, I being last, and having placed a lighted torch in the hand of every third person, he led us into the grotto. Even in my dazed and wildered condition I was filled with wonder at what we saw. We passed through dark, icy caverns where gigantic stalactites and stalagmites writhed and twisted like huge reptiles around us. We crept, bent double,

through slimy cavities and winding passages, where the chill water dripped monotonously about us ; and then we emerged into an enormous cavern, so vast and lofty that the lurid light of our torches utterly failed to penetrate the unsearchable darkness that brooded around. The air, chill as in the halls of death, seemed heavy with a mysterious blackness, and above us there swept a fierce wind that howled and rumbled, like far-off thunder in the hollow womb of night. Then, as we stood there full of shuddering awe, as the wind lulled, we heard sweeping and rushing below the roar of mighty waters, and as the guide flung a torch into the gloom that encircled us, we found that we stood on the edge of a vast abyss, at the bottom of which we could see the inky gleam of black waters rolling sullenly below. And around crept and writhed foul, slimy, crawling things, that stole noiselessly away into the darkness, and above wheeled and circled clouds of strange bat-like creatures, uttering unearthly cries of blind, impotent anger.

What I have now to relate I cannot hope will be believed. It will be regarded, I doubt not, as the delirious dream of a madman—the creation of an over-wrought brain. But I know only too well that what I saw that fearful morning I *did* veritably and indeed see—that it was no illusion, no hallucination. Would to God that it had been ! I have said that I felt no remorse for the crime I had committed, no feeling of detestation or horror, nor had I in any way brooded or dwelt upon the memory of my guilt. Had it been so, I could then have well believed that what I saw had no real existence, but was the creation of a diseased brain. But no thought of my victim was in my mind at the time. I can hardly realize now, that I could so readily dismiss the memory of what I had done ; but such was the case, and hence it was that what I then beheld came upon me with so fearful a shock.

I was the last of the party, the others having moved on some little way ahead ; when suddenly a strange fascination seized and held me spell-bound, so that I could neither move nor stir, but stood rooted to the spot like one in a dream. I tried to call for help as I saw that I was being left behind, but all power of utterance seemed gone. And then a dreadful horror came over me, an awful consciousness of some evil presence. Slowly and mechanically I turned round, impelled by a strange fascination. I tried to resist, but all will-power and self-control had left me. At first I was aware only of a bluish, misty, phosphorescent light, and then a ghastly terror, that froze the very blood in my veins, seized me, for suddenly I saw rise up out of the inky darkness of a cavern behind me the form of a man—the eyes wide distended, and of a hideous red, fixed on mine with a look of hate, the mouth half-closed, but with the teeth showing like the teeth of a wild beast before it makes its spring ; and the left hand point-

ing to a wound in the breast, where I could see gleaming out, even in the darkness, the blade of a knife !

It was but a moment, for even as I looked the awful apparition died away into the gloom, but in that moment (to me it seemed years) I recognised the face of the man I had foully murdered. A wild, exultant cry of devilish triumph seemed to ring in my ears, whence coming I knew not, and then a darkness blacker and more hideous than the impenetrable night of that awful cavern seized me, and I knew no more.

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To-morrow I die, and God knows with what terror I shrink from the thought of that hour. And yet I doubt if the death which I so fear can be more awful than was the return to life and consciousness after that ghastly vision. At first I could recollect nothing, knew nothing, only that a death-cold numbness lay on heart, and brain, and limbs. Slowly I opened my heavy eyelids, to see if it were yet daytime, but everywhere round was an unearthly blackness, that folded me about like an inky cloak. I strove to pierce the gloom, till my strained eyeballs seemed as though they must crack and burst, but there was nothing save endless, impenetrable night. And then it came back to me, bit by bit. I was at Dover, at Calais, at Berlin, at Hartsburg, *he* was there ; he who had been my curse and ruin, my evil spirit all through life. We stood together again, together on that wild, craggy hillside. He spoke of *her*, showed me the letters that told of her treachery, told me lightly that it was he who had robbed me of her, as he had robbed me of everything else. And then I saw it all again—the quarrel, that mad deed, the cavern, and, O God ! that ghastly, hideous vision ! And I was alone—alone in that fearful abode of death, alone with my own evil conscience, and the recollection of that awful apparition. My one terror was that it might reappear. The very thought of it made me shrink and shudder like a palsied man. I lay there on the slimy ground, with foul crawling things creeping over face and limbs, not daring to move lest I should see the red light of those ghastly eyes glaring, glaring, glaring down on me from the darkness. How long I remained thus I know not. . It may have been hours, it may have been days ; to me it was but one long, unchanging, eternal night. I knew that I could not live long so ; that even if my brain did not give way under the torture I must soon die of terror. At last I forced myself, by a desperate effort of will, to rise and stand, but I turned sick and giddy at the thought of the awful abyss upon which I might be standing, and into which one single step might at any moment plunge me. I knelt down again, and crawled along on my hands and knees, feeling every inch of the ground as I went, until I came to the edge of the pit, and heard the black torrent of the river roaring and hissing sullenly below. Once the wish

to throw myself over, and so end my misery, crossed my mind, but the thought of the unknown horrors which might be waiting for me in that hideous gulf made me shrink back again. And then I recollected that I had a small box of wax matches in my pocket. I pulled it out, and with eager, trembling fingers opened it. There was only one left, but I felt that to see a light even for some few seconds would be an inexpressible relief. It would at least assure me that I still retained my sight, for I was haunted by an ever-recurring dread that I had lost it for ever. I struck the match and glanced tremblingly around. Horrible as was the midnight blackness that enshrouded me, the momentary gleam was still more horrible. In the darkness all was hidden, and there were no dim outlines and shadowy figures to terrify the imagination. As I looked around in the dim light of the taper, the limestone rocks and stalactites that hung about me took form and shape hideous beyond all description. Sheeted corpses and fleshless skeletons stretched white bony arms as if to seize me in their ghastly embraces. Strange beasts and reptiles seemed to glare from every side, and I beheld, or thought I beheld, red eyes of flame, which so burnt into my very soul, that I flung the tiny taper away, and buried my hands in my face to shut out the awful vision. And then the wind arose and howled and shrieked in the vast abysses, and below me I heard the hollow rush and roar of the angry waters, leaping against the slimy banks, as though impatient at being balked of their prey, so that I was seized with a sudden terror lest I might slip and fall into that watery hell, and I crawled back again with clammy limbs and parched lips. And ever in my mind there was the dread lest that awful vision should re-appear; and ever I was rent and torn by the most terrible remorse that ever racked a human soul. At last I fell into a dream-haunted slumber, but, O God, what an awakening! What aroused me I knew not, but when I opened my eyes I saw a lurid light around, and there, right in front of me, was that hideous vision again—the ghastly red eyes fixed, and glaring down on me; the white teeth glittering like the teeth of a wild beast, and the hand still pointing to the wound in the breast, where the knife—my knife—was buried. And as I shrank back in horror and dread, I saw that it was no dream, no apparition or brain-phantom, which was before me.

It was the corpse of the man I had murdered, wet with the waters that had borne it from the crevice where I thrust it to the cave-prison where I lay.

Yes, it was the corpse of the man I had murdered, come to bear witness against me. And then I heard a cry, "Good God! this is a murder!" And behind me I saw standing, with white, horrified faces, the party of guests from the hotel, whom the guide was taking over the caverns.

I was too remorse-stricken and broken to deny my crime, nor would it have availed me much had I done so. To-morrow I die, and must face the great Judge of all, to answer before Him for my sins. But no hell torments can be more awful than the agony of those black hours, and shall they not be taken into account?

COULSON KERNAHAN.

CONVENTIONALITY.

'Tis not religion that enslaves the mind,
Not those high thoughts which reach a wider life,
Nor yet the human laws which hinder strife
'Mid all the selfish objects of mankind.
'Tis custom with its petty complex thrall
Which cramps the liberty that makes us free,
And rules men by so-called "society,"
Till right and wrong seem nought, convention all.
Were there no God, no future woe or weal,
The world's opinion still would make a law,
The fancied code of which we stand in awe
Till truth is hushed and falsity genteel.
Let nature speak, and what thou art dare be.
As his own thoughts let ev'ry man be free.

I. M. ELTON.

SOME HISTORICAL NOVELS.

AN interesting problem for the future historian of the century will be to trace the rise and progress of the English novel, which, commencing with the romances of Richardson and Fielding, has developed into the vast literature of the present day, comprising under the one genus novel the various species of novel romantic, novel of sentiment, of character, of passion, of every-day life, of "society," the novel idyllic, sensational, mystical, metaphysical, and historical. In all these various types, although the subject and mode of treatment be distinct, the point of interest ought to be the character and story of one, or, at most, two individuals. The work should be so constructed that the events narrated group themselves round the central figures, and assist in developing the plot, or elucidating the character of the hero or heroine. Every personage brought on the scene, every incident narrated, should have some bearing on the main thread of the story. In the novel, as in the drama, rapidity of action is essential. The novelist may, it is true, trace the history of his characters from youth to age; but to do so he must practically divide his story into scenes, seize on a few salient points or prominent episodes in the life of his hero, and pass over the intermediate stages in the fewest possible words, in order that the unity of the story may be preserved, the development of the plot continued unbroken, and the interest sustained throughout.

This being so, in the historical novel the historical basis must be more or less slight. Unity being essential to the novel, the novelist cannot attempt to write history. The stage of history is too large for him, the number of actors is too great, their parts are too varied for him to introduce them all upon his scene, and give to each his due prominence. All that he can do is to treat them as subordinate to his chief personage, and make use of them as subsidiary to the main plot. Sometimes it may happen, as in the case of Scott's "Kenilworth," that authentic history furnishes an episode which fulfils the requirements of the novel writer; but usually the hero or the heroine, or perhaps both, are either purely imaginary, or almost unknown to history, and the authentic or historical element of the novel either has a secondary influence on their characters, or forms a distinct and comparatively unim-

portant episode. I will illustrate my meaning by a reference to Kingsley's "Hypatia." Little is known of Hypatia herself beyond the fact that she conducted a school of Neo-Platonism at Alexandria, corresponded with Synesius, and was murdered by the mob. Synesius himself and Cyril, historically more important personages than the leading characters of the novel, are quite subordinate to the main interest of the story, which lies in the development of Raphael's character, and in his conversion from utter scepticism to Christianity through the influence of Victoria, who, like Raphael himself, is a creation of the author's brain. Synesius is incidentally connected with Raphael, Cyril directly with Hypatia's death; but this, the most prominent historical feature of the story, has next to nothing to do with the plot; if Hypatia had emigrated, or died in her bed at a ripe old age, the unity of the novel would not have been destroyed.

The interest of historical, as distinct from other classes of novels, lies in this—that, instead of making new acquaintances in the characters depicted by the author, we recognise old friends, whom we have known under different aspects, and about whom we are told something new; whether what we are told be historically true or not is immaterial to our pleasure in the story. We enjoy being introduced to Queen Elizabeth, Richard Cœur de Lion, Louis XI., Mary of Scotland, Claverhouse, Francis Drake, and so forth, and hearing what they have got to say in the somewhat new circumstances in which we find them placed. Just as we are glad to meet in "The Virginians" the Beatrix whom we have known in "Esmond,"—although she is a purely mythical character,—so we are pleased to hear the imaginary conversation between Drake and Hawkins about the Armada, or between Mary of Scotland and her maid of honour in Lochleven Castle; but the chief interest, that which distinguishes an historical romance from a romantic history, such as Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," lies, as I have already said, in the more or less fictitious story to which the historical element is subordinate.

Stories the scene of which is laid in past times must be almost necessarily based on the known facts of history. An author who writes about his own times need make no allusion to passing events; his readers can follow his train of thought and understand the situations without any reference to historical fact as a guide, because the story treats of contemporaneous life, and they are accustomed to the manners and modes of thought described by the author. But when he treats of past times, some historical basis is necessary, in order to give an air of reality to the story. The ideas and actions of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality," or of the English people in "Westward Ho!" would be incomprehensible to us without the historical allusions, which take us back in imagination to the time of which the author treats, thus suggesting the aims and thoughts of the characters which the

novel describes, and which, without some such guide, would have no meaning for us.

I propose to offer here a few remarks on four writers of historical novels, Scott, Thackeray, Kingsley, and George Eliot, whose methods of treatment seem to offer some points of contrast.

With Scott originated the historical novel. His predecessors had confined themselves, like Richardson, to novels of sentiment, or, like Miss Austen, to novels of character and society. Scott was the first to perceive the mine of wealth afforded by history to the novel-writer as the groundwork of his stories. Previous writers limited themselves to describing their own times, but as Shakespeare first impressed history into the service of the drama, so Scott was the first to grasp the possibilities it afforded to the novelist. In "Waverley," his first novel, he deals with history tentatively; he seems at first uncertain how far it is available for his purpose, and the Jacobite rising of 1745 is just introduced, and no more; but he soon recognises the value of his new idea. "Rob Roy" is a distinctly historical character, although the incidents of the novel are to a great extent imaginary; in the "Heart of Midlothian" the Porteous riots are described in considerable detail, although still merely as an episode: "Ivanhoe" introduces us to Richard I. and the romantic, if somewhat mythical, society of Sherwood Forest, and in "Kenilworth" and "Quentin Durward" we have the historical novel fully developed.

Just as Shakespeare, in his historical plays, takes liberties with chronology and the facts of history, uniting various and diverse actions under one cause, and rejecting others which would interfere with the unity of the drama, so Scott disregards the minutiae of history, and only selects such facts as bear on his story, frequently altering the chronology, if the exigencies of the novel seem to require it. "Quentin Durward," for instance, is the story of the romantic adventures of a young Scottish archer; his faithfulness to his trust and bravery under difficulties, and his final reward in the hand of the woman he loves. In the first few pages of the novel Durward is enrolled in the Scotch Guard, which Louis maintained at Plessis les Tours. This involves an historical anachronism of some ten years at least, since at the time the story opens Plessis les Tours was not built, or, at any rate, Louis did not live there; but that mediæval Gatschina, in which Louis XI. dwelt as in a prison, forms a dramatic and telling introduction to the story, and, therefore, Scott disregards the anachronism, and opens his scene with a sketch of the king's life there. Again, the murder of the Bishop of Liège by the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, so graphically described by Scott, did not actually occur till eight or nine years after the period in which the story is placed, and had nothing to do with the insurrection of the Liégeois, with which Scott connects it. But the incident is introduced to bring into

prominence Durward's readiness and courage, and is one link in the chain which connects him with Isabelle of Croye, and, therefore, Scott puts chronology aside, and employs the episode for the purposes of his story. A more serious error in this novel is the totally false picture it gives of Charles the Bold, who was by no means the ill-regulated, passionate, and ignorant animal he is represented, but a man of considerable culture, a patron of the Renaissance, and in every sense of the word a gentleman, while Louis XI., on the other hand, whom Scott represents as showing—sometimes at least—dignity and royal power, was a thorough "cad"—there is no other word which so well expresses his character. Commynes, again, was not in the least the splendid knight Scott depicts him, but a mean and time-serving creature, totally devoid of any sense of honour, and ready to throw over his best friend and greatest benefactor at a moment's notice, if his own interest pointed that way. A close examination would probably bring to light serious anachronisms in many, if not all, of Scott's historical novels; we may notice, as an instance, that at the time of the festivities at Kenilworth, described in the novel of that name, Amy Robsart had been in her grave fifteen years, and Raleigh, who was a contemporary of Essex, was unknown at court until at least five years later.

But these inaccuracies of detail, inexcusable in an historian, detract little or nothing from Scott's value as a writer of historical romance. The charm of his books lies in his wonderful imagination, in his portrayal of character, and, above all, in the nobility of aim and loftiness of mind which characterises his heroes, and especially his heroines. Jeanie Deans, for example, is as noble a conception as any in fiction. Flora MacIvor, Di Vernon, Lillas Redgauntlet, Rebecca the Jewess, and many others, show us what women ought to be: perfectly brave, patient and pure, influencing for good all with whom they come in contact. It is in his portraiture of women that Scott seems to approach Shakespeare more nearly than any other writer. In Shakespeare's plays, almost without exception, the catastrophe, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, is caused by the folly, impatience, or sin of a man; the redemption, where such is possible, by the patience or courage of a woman. And it is this lofty ideal of female character shown in all Scott's writings, which more than anything else raises him so immeasurably above the immense majority of English novelists as almost to class him with the greatest poets, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare.

The peculiarity of "Esmond," the work which best illustrates Thackeray's method of writing an historical novel, consists in its being autobiographical in form; and the writer, accordingly, not only lays his scene in the time of Queen Anne, and introduces us to the celebrities of that period, but his language is changed to

that of the early eighteenth-century writers. The art with which this is done is so perfect that it is almost imperceptible; after reading a few pages, we forget that the author did not actually live among the scenes he describes, and habitually use the language he employs. Were the authorship and date of the work unknown, it might be read by historians as contemporary letters and papers are read, to draw a knowledge of history from the incidental allusions as much as from the facts directly stated, and might be taken as a very fair specimen of English prose in the beginning of the last century. A book written as "Esmond" is, reproducing, not only the thoughts, but the language of the past, is, of course, only possible under certain conditions. The scene must be laid in England, and it must treat of a period prolific in prose literature, otherwise the imitation of style would be impossible; and this reproduction of archaic English is one of the chief points of difference between Thackeray and other historical novelists. In the Waverley novels, the barons of Richard I., the courtiers of Elizabeth, the Frenchmen of Louis XI., and the Swiss of the fifteenth century all speak the same language as the English of 1715 and 1745, just as Kingsley's Elizabethans, and Alexandrians talk in the language of Tom Thurnall and Launcelot Smith. Had Thackeray written of other times or countries, he would have been compelled to adopt a different style, since, as I have said, such a perfect reproduction of the past is only possible within certain well-defined and very narrow limits.

The aim of the book is to show that a man can be a gentleman whatever be the circumstances in which he is placed. Esmond lives in a time conspicuous for selfishness and pettiness of aim, and for a low standard of morality, political and social; but yet he does not yield to the evil influence by which he is surrounded, and his every action is that of a high-souled and high-minded man. Regarded as history, there is one mistake in the book, and that is the presence of the old Pretender in London at the time of Anne's death. This has been characterised as an unnecessary historical error, but the plot requires it. The yielding of Beatrix to the passions of the young prince is quite in accordance with her character, and the episode is brought in as the final blow to Esmond's love for that ambitious and somewhat frail beauty, and destroys for ever the influence she once possessed over him. Without the story of her culpable flirtation with the prince,—to use no stronger term,—we should have felt uncertain whether Esmond's love for her might not revive at some future time; but, after she is dishonoured in his sight, we feel an assurance that her influence is gone for ever, and that his life with her mother will be peaceful and undisturbed.

As Thackeray's personality is in the background in "Esmond," so Kingsley's comes out prominently in "Westward Ho!" In

every page we see the author ; his love of natural beauty, described in some of the best passages of the book, his admiration of courage, honesty, and purity :—

“ I have tried to hint to you ” [he says, summing up his description of Amyas and Eustace Leigh], “ I have tried to hint to you two opposite sorts of men. The one trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules, which he has got by heart ; and, like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day, to see if they are growing. The other, not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him. If you cannot see the great gulf fixed between the two, I trust you will discover it some day.”

That paragraph sums up Kingsley's creed, that a man must do the duty which lies nearest without thought of reward or fear of punishment. He admired the men of the Elizabethan era, their courage, patriotism, spirit of adventure, and religious sincerity. The age was full of simple-minded heroes, such as he delights in, men who went with Drake to “ singe the King of Spain's beard,” and sailed the Spanish main or turned out to fight the Armada with something of the spirit of schoolboys out for a holiday. Such men as these, slightly idealised it may be, would, Kingsley thought, be a good example to our somewhat indolent and somewhat self-questioning age, and might be employed to enforce his teaching.

“ If any one,” he says, “ shall be startled at hearing a fine gentleman and a warrior like Sir Richard quote Scripture, and think Scripture also, they must be referred to the writings of the time ; which they may read not without profit to themselves, if they discover therefrom how it was possible then for men of the world to be thoroughly engrained with the Gospel, and yet to be free from any taint of superstitious fear or false devoutness.”

That he had a high opinion of the age, the above passage, and many others throughout the book, notably a short estimate of Elizabeth and her reign, abundantly evince.

The historical incidents in this novel are not many. I refer to those generally known, as the whole of Amyas Leigh's voyage to la Guayra is, I believe, historically correct. This is one of those cases to which reference was made at the beginning of this paper, in which authentic history furnishes an episode which, with hardly any alteration, may be turned into a novel. In this, as in nearly all Kingsley's works of fiction, the love story, which in most novels is the centre of interest, occupies a subordinate place. The love of Amyas for Rose Salterne, which appears in the early part of the story, soon gives place to his love for his brother and determination to avenge his death, which is what brings about the final catastrophe and consequent regeneration of Amyas. The book is, in fact, a very noble sermon in the form of a novel, on the text attributed, I believe, to the Duke of Wellington,—“ Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry.”

The most striking feature in George Eliot's “ Romola ” is the prominence given to historical detail. The reader is oppressed

with a sense of the profound and minute learning of the author, who has studied every authority bearing on her subject, and spares us not one jot or tittle of the sum total. She writes of the Renaissance, and introduces profuse quotations from the Renaissance writers, and from the classics on which they wrote and commented. In her pages Quintilian, Plautus, and Horace jostle Luigi Pulci and Politiano; the result is a feeling of weariness, and an absolute necessity for some small amount of skipping. Who, for instance, can read through chapter vii., which contains a detailed account of a squabble between Bartolommeo Scala and Politiano about some trumpery Latin epigram—a squabble totally without bearing on the plot of the story—without entering into the feelings of Macaulay's convict, who preferred the galleys to Guicciardini? The long conversations in the barber's shop, bristling with allusions to current events, and sentences in Italian, duly explained and translated in foot-notes, are to most readers simply tedious. Gladly would we spare some of the learning and scholarlike accuracy for the sake of a little lightness of touch and rapidity of action. There is no spontaneity, no freshness. Current events are laboriously explained, instead of being allowed to explain themselves in the course of the story. We hear too much about persons whose actions and thoughts have no particular bearing on the development of the plot or of the principal characters; in a word, the personality of the author overwhelms that of the creations of her brain, and thrusts itself upon the reader at every page.

The story is one which might, with the slightest possible variations, have been adapted to any given period. The chief interest turns on Tito's conduct to his adoptive father, and his gradual ruin, of which his over-facile temperament is the cause. Romola exercises no influence over him for good, and is barely saved from a step which would have been her moral destruction. The character of Romola seems, in fact, a false conception. A woman so noble and high-minded as she is represented to be would have seen through Tito Melema in an instant, just as Bernardo del Nero or Piero di Cosimo did; either Tito's duplicity should have appeared later, or Romola should have detected it at once. The episode of the contadina Tessa, too, has little or nothing to do with the main thread of the story. Tito, before meeting with her, had already started on the downward path; his relations with the peasant girl illustrate his want of moral strength and duplicity of nature, but do not affect the development of his character; while as regards Romola, she does not hear of Tessa's existence until the story is practically ended, and neither influences nor is influenced by her. But the contrasted types of womanhood, one lofty-minded and intellectual, the other a pretty animal, are to be found in most of the novels of George Eliot. They appear, in a slightly varied dress,

in the persons of Hetty and Dinah, of Celia and Dorothea, of Gwendoline and Miriam; and in the novel before us the *raison d'être* of Tessa is certainly not apparent. Romola's love for Tito is one of the chief flaws of the book. We are told that he was very beautiful and good-natured, but that is all; and a woman really endowed with the nobility of character attributed to Romola, would not be captivated merely by a handsome face. She must have instinctively felt that her own nature was far stronger and finer than that of Melema, and could never have been attracted for more than a moment by such a man. This novel, in fact, bears the same relation to a novel of Scott's as a Dutch picture does to one by Turner. The one gives with minute and laborious accuracy a crowd of uninteresting details, resulting in more or less of tedium and weariness; the other disregards unnecessary minutiae, and produces a work which is a joy for ever.

Much might yet be said, not only about the works mentioned in this paper, but about those by other authors. No allusion has been made, for instance, to the historical novels of Bulwer Lytton, or, among living writers, to those of Mr. Walter Besant and Miss Wallis, which are, perhaps, the most noteworthy that have lately appeared. Want of space, however, compels me to bring these remarks to a close, which I do in the hope of continuing them at some future time, should an opportunity present itself.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON :

HIS STYLE AND HIS THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

I.

“Werde nur nicht emphatisch !”—*Heine*.

WE hear much in these days of an occult literary virtue yclept style ; which term, by a figurative process whose name I forget, has come to include within its content the idea of excellence. When we say of So-and-So, “He has a voice,” we imply that his organ is good, though the phrase, taken literally, would refer to the raven as well as to the nightingale. Similarly, when we say of Mr. R. L. Stevenson that he has style, we claim for him a certain measure, at least, of excellence in English composition, forgetting for the nonce that the same thing may be said of Jeremy Bentham or Oliver Cromwell. Perhaps, if we reflect, we shall admit that there is more reason for this conventional ellipsis in the case of style than in most other cases, for the peculiar quality of any stylist (to use a convenient barbarism) is more easily understood than expressed. What shall we say, to take the instance before us, of Mr. Stevenson’s style ? To call it good is meaninglessly vague ; to call it light is ambiguous ; to call it scholarly is misleading ; to call it solid is false. We say of him briefly, “He has style,” and leave every one to find in the phrase the precise shade of meaning resultant from his literary taste in general, and his knowledge of Mr. Stevenson in particular.

What, then, is style ?—the style, that is, which makes literature ? He has it not who writes grammatically, for is it not one of the marks of the stylist that he can on occasion rise superior to grammar ? Nor will mere logic serve his turn, though this seems to be the opinion of Mr. Herbert Spencer. A fact or a reflection may be presented to the reader so that each concept shall enter his mind in its natural order, so that there shall be no friction, no waste, no needless mental wear and tear, and yet we shall say of the writer, “He is a good craftsman, but no artist.” Here we are approaching the secret. Literary style is an added grace, a supererogatory strength, over and above what is demanded by the mere logic of expression. It is the result of the writer’s individual sense of beauty and power in the collocation of words ; and so

far, but so far only, was Buffon right in saying, "Le style est l'homme même." Careful training may enable any man to express himself as clearly as Mr. Herbert Spencer on any subject on which he is capable of thinking clearly; but no amount of training will teach him to give a sentence an epigrammatic barb, or a musical cadence. The stylist often attains his effects by purposely disregarding that economy of the reader's attention which Mr. Spencer quite justly asserts to be the cardinal law of composition. *Quam multa! quam paucis!* is indeed the description of a good expository style, but in pure literature we often find beauty in redundancy, strength in pleonasm, charm in garrulity. When a writer has the art of keeping our attention delightfully on the strain, we do not ask him to spare it. Which of Mr. Spencer's canons has not Charles Lamb, for instance, honoured in the breach rather than in the observance? Yet in naming Charles Lamb have we not named a master of literary, as opposed to expository or scientific, style?

"Buffon," says Heine, "remarked that the style is the man himself. Villemain is the living contradiction of this axiom; his style is pleasing, well-bred, and polished." The style need not truly proclaim the man, but it infallibly announces the artist, or, in other words, one side, and often a subsidiary and incongruous side, of the character as a whole. It might even be maintained that style in this its most modern sense is generally an affectation.* Where the natural man would express himself as flatly as a *Times* leader, the stylist seeks for an Elizabethan echo, a touch of Augustan quaintness, or some other characteristic turn which shall relieve the dead level of commonplace correctness. He is not content, to use Swift's definition, with "proper words in proper places"; he must needs have a surprisingly right word in a convincingly right place. Not a clause but shall contain some word or phrase which breathes around a delicate aroma of associations. Of direct quotation he is sparing, but he revels in subtle allusions, impalpable save to readers of his own grade of culture. Here he delights with a studied artlessness, there with an elaborate antithesis, a humorously verbose circumlocution, or an audaciously descriptive exaggeration. The new science of philology has greatly modified our conception of style, and opened to us a whole series of novel effects. Our art of expression has become, in a word, self-conscious. We are euphuists of a purer taste.

In the front rank of our new school of stylists, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson holds an undisputed place. He is a modern of

* Note, for instance, the eighteenth-century quaintness which Mr. Stevenson introduces into his "Inland Voyage," and "Travels with a Donkey," by the typographical trick of italicising proper names. "This *Pic de Finiel*," he says "which . . . in clear weather commands a view over all lower *Languedoc* to the *Mediterranean Sea*." How pretty is this *Mediterranean Sea*!—but at the same time how affected!

the moderns both in his alert self-consciousness and in the particular artistic ideal which he proposes to himself. He is popular, not, perhaps, with that puff-bred vogue which draws elbowing crowds to Mudie's counters, but with the better popularity which makes his books familiar to the shelves of all who love literature for its own sake. Now, to love literature for its own sake implies a mental habit, which is, perhaps happily, unknown to the many, even to the educated many. To be less concerned about what a man says than how he says it is unutilitarian, unprogressive, not to say reactionary; for the world is not to be regenerated by a nice arrangement of epithets. Mr. Stevenson, however, is not only philosophically content, but deliberately resolved, that his readers shall look first to his manner, and only in the second place to his matter. He has committed himself to the explicit assertion that "there is indeed only one merit worth considering in a man of letters—that he should write well; and only one damning fault—that he should write ill." Shakespeare is not more unconcerned about the advancement of humanity. As we shall see in the sequel, Mr. Stevenson sometimes inclines to the opinion that an ardent reformer is, as Charles Reade said of a flippant novelist, "impertinent to his Creator." He professes himself an artist in words, and thinks only those thoughts, tells none but those tales, paints those pictures alone, which adapt themselves to his peculiar manner. An impressionist on occasion, he is always an expressionist.

There are fashions in style as in everything else, and, for the moment, we are all agreed that the one great saving grace is "lightness of touch." Of this virtue Mr. Stevenson is the accomplished model. He keeps it always before his eyes, and cultivates in everything a buoyant, staccato, touch-and-go elasticity. In description he jots effects rather than composes pictures. He has a Dickens-like knack of giving life and motion to objects the most inanimate. Take, for instance, his thumb-nail sketch of Noyon Cathedral:

"I have seldom looked on the east end of a church with more complete sympathy. As it flanges out in three wide terraces, and settles down broadly on the earth, it looks like the poop of some great old battle-ship. Hollow-backed buttresses carry vases which figure for the stern lanterns. There is a roll in the ground, and the towers just appear above the pitch of the roof, as though the good ship were bowing lazily over an *Atlantic* swell. At any moment it might be a hundred feet away from you, climbing the next billow. At any moment a window might open, and some old admiral thrust forth a cocked hat and proceed to take an observation."

Then follow some reflections upon the disappearance of old admirals and the persistence of old cathedrals—reflections whose precise bearing is scarcely apparent, but whose lightness of touch is unmistakable. Three words in this passage are very characteristic of Mr. Stevenson. There is a whole picture in the phrase "bowing lazily" applied to an old line-of-battle-ship. The words are obvious enough; but it is a mark of the right

word that it seems obvious when once it has been put in the right place. "Flanges," again, is full of descriptive force. Few readers, probably, can define its meaning—after some study of dictionaries I, for one, am by no means clear on the point—and if Mr. Stevenson himself understands it precisely that is probably an accidental result of his engineer descent; but everyone can feel what Mr. Stevenson intends to express by it, and can feel, too, that it vividly suggests the object in question.

That Mr. Stevenson is by no means incapable of more sustained description, let such a passage as that on the Californian Sea-Fogs bear witness. Yet even here he records a phenomenon rather than describes a scene. By instinct or design he eschews those subjects which demand constructive patience in their describer. It is in touches like the following that he excels—touches which, "light" as they are, seem to quicken the imagination, and pass into the reader's store of remembered experiences:—

"I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moon-lit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat, star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark."

Is there not a magnetism in the lightness of this touch?

In character-drawing, or rather sketching, Mr. Stevenson's effort is the same. Here he forswears analysis as in description he has forsworn synthesis. A few crisp, clean strokes and a wash of transparent colour, and the oddity stands before us as though fresh from the pencil of Mr. Caldecott. For Mr. Stevenson's characters are all oddities. It is to the quaintly abnormal that this method of presentation applies. To draw the normal, to make a revelation of the commonplace, is a task which demands insight quite other than Mr. Stevenson's, labour quite foreign to his scheme. Richardson knew nothing of lightness of touch; it was at some sacrifice of this supreme quality that George Eliot made Rosamond Vincy live not only as a phantasm before the mind's eye, but as a piece of flesh and blood, solid in three dimensions, to whose reality every fibre of our moral being bears witness with a thrill. All Mr. Stevenson's personages have hitherto been either wayside silhouettes taken in the course of his wanderings, or figures invented to help out the action of tales whose very essence lies in their unreality. "Long John Silver" is perhaps his most sustained effort in character-drawing, brilliantly successful as far as vividness of presentation is concerned, but conceived outside of all observation,

a creature of tradition, a sort of nautical were-wolf. To apply analysis to such a character would merely be to let out the sawdust.

As a narrator Mr. Stevenson marks the reaction against the reigning ethical school. He has somewhere given in his adhesion to a widespread heresy which proclaims narrative to be the consummate literary form, from which all others have been evolved, towards which, in their turn, they all tend. Put it never so speciously, this theory resolves itself in the last analysis into an assertion that incident is more important than character, action than motive, the phenomenon than the underlying cause; yet Mr. Stevenson explains, if he does not justify, the faith that is in him, by proving himself endowed in a high degree with the gift of mere story-telling. Here again the last word of his secret is lightness of touch. He plunges into the midst of things. He is direct, rapid, objective. His characters have always their five senses about them, to record those minutely trivial impressions which, by their very unexpectedness, lend an air of reality to a scene. Who can forget the tap-tap-tap of the blind man's stick on the frosty road, in the opening scene of "Treasure Island"? If Mr. Stevenson has a leaning towards the horrible, he presents his horrors frankly, not crudely. As an inventor and interweaver of incidents he has the great advantage of not being over-particular in making them dovetail, but feeling with a just instinct what the reader will demand to know clearly, what he will be content to accept without explanation. His chief efforts in fiction having hitherto been parodies, so to speak, of antiquated narrative forms,—the eastern tale and the romance of piracy—he has been able to throw a veil of light humour over their mere sensationalism, which we miss in such a story as "The Pavilion on the Links." Here he is on the confines of the penny-dreadful, or rather over the border-line of the half-crown dreadful after the good old style of "Tales from Blackwood." How, in his future work, he may succeed in introducing the requisite seasoning of humorous fantasy, we need not try to guess; but he will assuredly have to get it in somehow, or else to compound his fiction after a totally different formula.

To protest against any fashion not positively vicious is to show a fussy forgetfulness of the flow of time. And indeed lightness of touch is in no sense a fashion to be protested against. It is entirely good so far as it goes; only it may not, perhaps, go quite so far as its modern devotees believe. We are asked to regard it as the watchword of a new dispensation, consummating and superseding all the law and the prophets. This it assuredly is not. It is only one, and not the highest, of a hierarchy of virtues recognized wherever and whenever the art of expression has been cultivated. Let us isolate it, exalt it, and bow down before it as much as we please, since it happens to chime with our tempera-

ment and tone of thought; but let us not despise and reject as vices other qualities which have their own due place and function. The current criticism of the day opposes to its one saving grace a deadly sin called "emphasis," conceived as the evil habit of gibbering barbarians without the pale of articulate-speaking culture. Mr. Stevenson confesses how "in a fit of horror at his old excess" he cut out from the first draft of his essay on Whitman "all the big words and emphatic passages." Perhaps this is not to be regretted, since much study of Whitman might deceive the very elect into false emphasis; but the writer who cuts out a true and just emphasis simply because it is emphatic, performs an act, not of wise temperance, but of affectation or cowardice. Mr. Stevenson himself quotes from Thoreau the saying that "no truth was ever expressed but with this sort of emphasis, that for the time there seemed to be no other"; and if this is itself an over-emphatic statement, it at least contains a moiety of the truth. Mr. Stevenson has no lack of theories to express, but his beliefs are not weighty enough, his truths are not true enough, to demand emphasis. Not that he is sceptical of them or regards them from Pilate's point of view; on the contrary, he gives them forth with great confidence, which may be defined as emphasis without enthusiasm. Occasionally he forgets himself and lets slip an emphatic utterance; and sometimes, be it noted, the emphasis is false. When he calls some page of Thoreau's "the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author," he indulges in a hyperbole. However noble and useful the passage in question, such a sweeping superlative is essentially untenable; unless, indeed, we suppose Mr. Stevenson's memory to be very short, in which case the assertion becomes a mere forcible-feeble circumlocution. But such slips are rare. As a rule, Mr. Stevenson gossips along as lightly as need be. His is healthy human speech, sane and self-contained. We can listen to it long without either irritation or tedium, until suddenly there vibrates across our memory an echo of some other utterance compared with which this light-flowing discourse "is as moonlight unto sunlight, is as water unto wine." Then we reflect that there is a time for everything; a time for lightness and a time for emphasis; a time for speech and a time for song; a time for rippling melody and a time for rich-woven, deep-toned harmony; and we remember that in English prose there is room for all these different forms of strength and beauty. Lightness of touch is good, but so are power and passion and multitudinous music. The countrymen of Milton need not sneer at majesty of rhetoric; the contemporaries of Ruskin should know that subtlety and splendour may go hand in hand.

II.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Stevenson.

WHEN we come to look at Mr. Stevenson as a teacher, we find that in his case, at least, the style is the man himself. He may possibly deny at the outset that he is, or aspires to be, a teacher, and, in fact, the process of teaching implies in the popular conception a certain emphasis, foreign, by our hypothesis, to Mr. Stevenson's manner. But every writer, unless his paper-staining be so futile as to constitute a positive social misdemeanour, has a message to deliver, or at least some echo or semblance of a message. Let us say, then, that on examining the message which Mr. Stevenson makes it his business to promulgate, we find that his style chimes with his philosophy as the cantering anapaests of "Bonnie Dundee" chime with its martial spirit; for is not the ever-recurring burden of Mr. Stevenson's wisdom an exhortation to cultivate lightness of touch upon the chords of life?

"I wish sincerely," he says, "for it would have saved me much trouble, that there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need." And again:—"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. . . . We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life." This is the theorem to the demonstration of which all Mr. Stevenson's writings are devoted. He is, in a word, an aggressive optimist, than whom, to some of us, there can scarcely be a more bewildering phenomenon.

The commonplace optimism, which has its basis in stupidity, is by no means bewildering, however pathetic. It is, moreover, the only genuine article, for the optimism which knows its own name, which has become self-conscious and self-assertive is already tinged with its opposite. So soon as we go about to persuade ourselves that life is worth living, we have left our coign of vantage in crass, inert, unreasoning habit. In excusing life we accuse it; and what is bewildering is that a mind so acute as Mr. Stevenson's should fail to perceive this. We are either arguing about words, or pitting mutually destructive experiences against each other, and in either case admitting that existence does not carry its own justification. We bring forward elaborate pleas in mitigation of sentence, and then toss our caps and huzza as though we had secured a triumphant acquittal. Having proved that things might be worse, we pass at one bound to the corollary that they could not be better.

Mr. Stevenson—and this is the key to the enigma—is an artist in life as he is in words. From a hundred hints and half-confessions in his writings, we learn that he has, at an early period, formed for himself a sort of eclectic stoic-epicurean ideal, and that he considers himself to have been at least moderately successful in carving his life in accordance with that ideal. He has determined to be, and has been, “a man, acting on his own instincts, keeping in his own shape that God made him in ; and not a mere crank in the social engine-house, welded on principles that he does not understand, and for purposes that he does not care for.” These are his own words, not, of course, applied directly to himself, but evidently describing a personal ideal. Hence his keen sympathy with Thoreau and Whitman, two brother-artists in life, though each with a somewhat different technical method. Hence his denunciation of the commercial spirit, which forgets that money has to be bought at the expense of life, and can be paid for at infinitely more than its worth. Hence his apologies for idlers, his eulogies of the state in which “the great wheels of intelligence turn idly in the head, like fly-wheels, grinding no grist.” Hence, too, the exactness with which his style corresponds with his character ; for the style, as we have seen, always reveals the artist in a man’s nature, and Mr. Stevenson is all artist.

As half the pleasure of art lies in the sense of difficulty overcome, in the feeling of power to combine, mould, or carve the most obstinate materials in obedience to the plastic will, so the artist in life finds a not unnatural pleasure in the very hardness of the substance with which he has to deal. The sculptor loves the cold, hard marble, because he knows that out of it he can create delicate forms, shadows and surfaces, which would be unattainable in sandstone or soapstone. Moreover, the sense of exclusive possession adds zest a hundredfold to the pleasure arising from mere skill. If the art of carving statues were “as easy as lying,” or even if, like carpentering, it could be learned by every one with moderate perseverance, how little should we envy Phidias, and how little would Phidias himself glory in his calling ! It is the nature of man to take pride in his fortuitous advantages, the beauty and genius which raise him above his fellows by no merit of his own, rather than in the personal qualities of temperance, industry, and so forth, whereby he has retained his beauty and developed a genius which would otherwise have lain fallow. In the same way, if all men were, or could be, artists in life, the “Art of Living” (thus Mr. Stevenson styles it in so many words) would afford much less gratification to its professors. All the qualities which constitute the artist in life—and some of them are suspiciously like mental limitations—are born with him. The opportunities for their cultivation and development almost always exist independently of any effort or volition on his part. Nevertheless—or perhaps we should rather say on that very account—

he glories in them with a sense of personal merit, and regards with contemptuous wonder the thousand would-be artists or bunglers who minister by contrast to his sense of mastery, and the million no-artists but toilers and sufferers in the depths who render possible his free art-life upon the heights. "Times change," says Mr. Stevenson, "opinions vary to their opposite, and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing manly virtues." There are some people on whom even sea-bathing and horse-exercise are apt to pall, and who fail to find a joy for ever in the practice of manly virtue; these, let us admit for the sake of the argument, are despicable persons, unworthy of regard. But what of those whose wishes are their only horses, who know more of sweat-baths than of sea-baths, and who are shut out from the exercise of any manly virtue, save that of renunciation? They, too, demonstrate the theorem of the liveableness of life, and that much more conclusively than the "happy man or woman" who affords Mr. Stevenson more gratification than a five-pound note. The happiness *must* be temporary, for under the best of circumstances it tends to wear itself out; the misery *may* be permanent, since it has no inherent tendency to decrease. If, then, the cancer-eaten pauper is as tenacious of existence as the horse-riding, sea-bathing, virtuous athlete, is not he the true proof positive of the liveableness of life, which simply means the tenacity of our earliest, most mechanical habit? It is not Apollo-Goethe but Prometheus-Heine who demonstrates the liveableness of life.

"Although it" ["An Inland Voyage"] "runs to considerably upwards of two hundred pages," says Mr. Stevenson in his preface to that delightful book, "it contains not a single reference to the imbecility of *God's* universe, nor so much as a single hint that I could have made a better one myself." It is a characteristic of such optimism as Mr. Stevenson's to do homage to God in capitals and italics, while refraining from any too curious consideration as to what is meant by that convenient term. Mr. Matthew Arnold expresses himself grateful to the Eternal-not-ourselves "for the boon of this glorious world to be righteous in." For "to be righteous in" read "to go canoeing in," and you have Mr. Stevenson's doxology. It is hard to say which formula is the more aptly designed to make the very angels—laugh.

Mr. Stevenson has a perfect right to practise and take pleasure in the Art of Life, and to celebrate the efficacy of his methods. There are men who come beaming and rosy-gilled from a seven-o'clock cold shower-bath in mid-January, and proclaim winter to be the only school of bracing manly virtue. For once in a way it is pleasant, and even instructive, to listen to them; but when they go about professing that the whole philosophy of life is summed up in the word "shower-bath," and hinting that whoever cannot procure or endure a morning douche must be a

Philistine or a dullard, we begin to find their pose irritating, and to wonder whether a turn of rheumatic fever might not leave them wiser, if sadder, men. For aggressive optimism, let Mr. Stevenson remember, is just as distinctly a pose as Wertherism, or Byronism, or Heine-ism, or Musset-ism, and is in the long run quite as offensive. It has not even the title to respect possessed by that idealism which, in George Eliot's phrase, is actively "meliorist" in the present, and optimist as regards the future. Granted certain conditions of purse and physique a man may easily get hold of the half-truth that from an athletico-æsthetic point of view this is a reasonably satisfactory world; but when we find him confidently propounding this as the whole truth, and going on his way with an "Allah bismillah!" in athletico-æsthetic content, it is charitable to suspect him of affectation, since the only alternative would be to accuse him of egoistic callousness.

"It is not at all a strong thing," so Mr. Stevenson philosophizes, 'to put one's reliance upon logic; and our own logic particularly for it is generally wrong. We never know where we are to end if once we begin following words and doctors. There is an upright stock in a man's heart that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies and appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy.' It would be hard to find in an equally small space a more flourishing crop of sophisms. Because the compass does not always point true, we are to throw it overboard, and trust to the good old rule which recommends us to follow our nose. It is the function of logic, though Mr. Stevenson evidently does not know it, to teach us when we are arguing about words and confuting our opponents by disproving what they never asserted. But Mr. Stevenson's disdain is not really directed against logic in the scholastic sense of the word; he uses it, consciously or unconsciously, as a synonym for science; and in so doing he formally chooses his side in the great strife which is dividing the world. It is becoming clearer every day that this fundamental difference must absorb and sum up all other differences of human opinion, and that the antagonistic factions, whether in politics, religion, literature, or art, will soon be found to resolve themselves into two great parties, whom we may call, for the moment, scientists and anti-scientists. The former are those who accept loyally and consistently the belief that the success and at least the relative happiness of the human race, depends upon its knowledge and observance of the vast system of natural laws, mental as well as physical, which is being gradually revealed to us; the latter are those who reject this faith, and take their stand on supernaturalism, pure inert egoism, or (as in Mr. Stevenson's case) on a form of opinion which puts its trust in "the eyes and the sympathies and appetites," and may be called happy-go-lucky-ism. On the ground that

“ we never know where we are to end if once we begin following words ” (for “ words ” please read “ ideas ”), they spend their strength in the vain endeavour to remain where they are. Vain indeed ! for the only choice is between stumbling onward in the darkness, and marching forward in the light. It is sad to find a man of Mr. Stevenson’s genial talent posing as a wilfully blind leader of the blind.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

CRADLE AND SPADE.

BY WILLIAM SIME, AUTHOR OF "KING CAPITAL,"
"THE RED ROUTE."

CHAPTER LV.

A CLUE.

THE return of Joseph to Ruddersdale set up a good deal of talk. He was, at the outset, supposed to be somebody of very great consequence, especially when Leslie took him up. Then Leslie dropped him, and he was regarded as less than nothing at all. He went to the diggings, and people thought he was "cracked." He returned to fish, and they said he was "a poor creature." It took some time for public opinion to crystallize; the basis of the village conviction about all public matters resting in the private room of the Duke's Arms. The doctor and the local attorney took the lead in forming it, the doctor, who was mostly inside his gig, gathering his opinions as he went along from those who had time for observation. The attorney, a small imitator of Leslie, who was to him as the Lord President to the usher who announced little police truths, judged that Nixon was "a born fool." And if a young advocate *will* sit upon the beach of a north sea, with a sou'-wester on his head, helping to mend nets, while a girl from a little village inn stands looking on making observations, he must take the consequences. A fool he certainly is to the wise-acre who has his office to go to, for which there is no business, but inside which he can cultivate the awful manner of a man of affairs, mysterious, pompous, great. Nixon, trying to mend a net, was much more busily engaged than the little attorney chewing his quill and passing his hand through his hair at the open window overlooking the Square. But such is life! The idle vagabond who cultivates the air of affairs is likely to come off with honours where the industrious lounge who conveys the impression of lounging in his backbone will be set down and treated as—nobody. His consolation ought to be if he is really industrious, that no reputation at all is better, a great deal, than the reputation for fuss. And, indeed, Nixon troubled himself very little about the matter. Elspeth had convinced him that his fishing was a fine thing for the people.

Where, previously, one boat went out, five went out now. They all fished, and brought to the beach their spoil, and Nixon liked to feel that he was doing his own folk a service. Besides, he was making money. He paid Nancy's bill out of the seals, and he had plenty of silver in his pocket, the result of codling, flukes, and what not. It was an odd sort of industry. When his boat came to shore all the fish were thrown on the beach, divided into three lots, one lot for the skipper, another for himself, a third for the other occupant of the boat. Then a neutral party turned his back upon a stone, with three pebbles on it, while each pebble was cast to a lot of fish, naming the owner of the lot as the pebble was cast. The advocate could not help feeling that a great deal of useless sympathy was thrown away upon the men of these shores. If the Leslies would only give them fair play, so that they might realise their industry, the rule of the sea was pleasant, the fishing was pretty steady; it was, to him, a great improvement upon a wig and stuff and the jeering of smart ones who had fathers or fathers-in-law in the law, briefs to give them and money to pay for poor pleading. He positively liked being a fisherman, liked it with the positive prospect of abandoning it when he was tired of it.

Fishing, however, is not without incidents, and one of these occurred to Nixon's boat one evening while they were engaged in drawing their lines. They had gone further out than usual. The shore line was blue and hazy, the uplands below Ruddersdale looking like smoke which had settled and had no intention of ascending. The solitary rocks, known by the name of "Stacks," to the north, showed out with photographic clearness against the higher ridge of land which flanked them. The sea was still, easy, and had no appearance of treachery about it. The boat was rocking over a sandbank, and Nixon, the skipper, and the other man were hard at work on the same side bringing up their lines. It was not a fisherman-like attitude; but the evening was calm. There was hardly a puff of wind. The sky was blue, and the water itself had the soft appearance of being the sort of material that a man might lay himself down on and recline on, as if it were a grassy bank. Two or three times, however, a bump at the outermost side made Nixon look round, when it was followed by a splash of water. He took assurance immediately from the faces of his comrades and resumed his fishing, though he had a slight feeling of danger, for the mast stood at his elbow, and the sail was half-hoisted. Suddenly there came a bump that determined the question. The skipper had an enormous ling on his line. He leant over to give him plenty of room. His comrade leant over to see the fish. Nixon leant over because he had brought off all the contents of his hooks. He forgot the sea. He saw the blue shore-line; he was vaguely aware of the "Stacks"; he thought the water, so gentle in its undulations from the

CHAPTER LVI.

FOLLOWING THE CLUE.

NIXON was picked off the keel of his boat by a stranger to the port of Ruddersdale. But the stranger did its best for him. It laid him on his side among the ballast, and chafed his hands and feet, and tried to pour the salt water out of him. There was a certain amount of success too; he disgorged a large quantity of salt-water, and his temples being rubbed with spirits, he made some tremulous motions of the lower limbs, and some vital twitchings of the mouth. Yet he was not conscious when the stranger's boat touched the pier of Ruddersdale and delivered him up to the arms of a few loungers who had strolled there in lieu of anything better to do. The story was soon told of the capsized boat and the missing ones, and Nixon was carried straight to Nancy's inn. He had begun to breathe freely by the time he was laid on the couch in Laggan's room. Nancy bustled in, loosened his chest, and gave directions for hot bottles and what not.

"Na, na, he wasna made to be drooned," said the innkeeper.

"He'll live—ay, ye'll live," she repeated, bending over him as he feebly opened his eyes to the light and made a definite movement of breathing. He shut them again feebly, and with the hot bottles came in Elspeth Gun. She looked at him. She had heard that a half-drowned man had been brought in, and her own sympathies with that state having been painfully awakened of late, she was in a condition to sympathise with a sufferer. She did not know it was Nixon.

"Nancy!" cried the girl, raising her hands, clasping them, and becoming rather more pale than the man on the sofa. "Nancy!"

"Now, Elspeth, this is rather too bad of ye. We dinna need two o' ye to be in that state thegither. We do not, indeed. He's comin' round, lassie."

"Oh, Nancy!" ejaculated the girl, grasping the table.

"Come away and help me, girl," said the old woman, dragging her to Nixon's side, and he opened his eyes again, stirred in every limb, smiled as he wakened into a consciousness of Elspeth.

"I remember," he said feebly.

There was a noise of voices outside the inn. People were waiting for news. The strange boat had gone back to the Stacks with three others, to tow ashore the capsized one. But there had been death, and death, after all, creates more subdued excitement than any other force in the universe.

"Gang out and tell them," said Nancy to a man who had helped to carry Nixon up. "Tell them he's better, an' if they'll haud their tongues, he'll say what he kens soon eneuch. But there's twa deed, nae doot."

The man went out and whispered into the ears of the nearest group. They were peering into the windows, and mobbing every chink which seemed a small mousehole, for information. There was quiet after the announcement.

Elsbeth hung over Nixon, cried a little over him in an unseen way, clasped her hands behind her back, looked at his return to vitality with terrible interest, and longed to fling her arms about him. He was very feeble for a time, and had to be lifted by degrees to a corner of his couch, after which Elspeth was sent out of the room, and when she came back accompanied by Mr. Leslie, the invalid was propped up and busily engaged absorbing something out of a spoon.

"This is a terrible calamity," said Mr. Leslie, scanning Nixon. He was a Justice of the Peace in addition to many other offices too numerous to mention. He came in with the feeling of Justice in him. He had hoped there was a dying declaration to be made. He meant to clear the room and hear it by himself. But no; Nixon, though he looked bad enough, had obviously no intention of dying. He meant to live, and the Justice of the Peace was disgusted.

"How did it happen?" he asked, bending down and roaring into Nixon's ear.

Nixon drew away with a look of pain.

"He's no speakin' yet," explained Nancy.

"You may be at death's door," said the factor, "and it's your duty to say how this happened, if you have breath in your body."

He had plenty of breath, for he inhaled the air of the room, let his chest expand and sink, and shook his head.

"Nothing?" asked Leslie.

He shook his head again; and the factor, overpowered by some emotion which there was no visible means of explaining, quietly retired from the room.

Nixon lay there all night, and Nancy went in and out, making things smooth for him. By the next evening he was all right again, as he said, and asked Mrs. Harper if she would lend him her horse to ride to Oiley.

"To Oiley, my dear?" said Mrs. Harper.

"Yes, to Oiley."

"What would you go there for? They haven't recovered the bodies, poor men."

"No; but I want to see the sheriff-substitute."

"Ay; now, what would the like o' that be for?"

"Mrs. Harper, you have a horse ready?"

"I could have the horse ready."

"When?"

"Maybe the day after to-morrow."

"That won't do."

"Now, Mr. Nixon, tell me—tell me, did Peter, when he was droonin', say aught o' me?"

"No."

"Did he say aught o' Leslie?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm an auld woman, and have nae other amusement than to ken things."

"No, Mrs. Harper, he had no time to say anything that would amuse ye."

"What did he say?"

"Well, that's what I want to go to Oiley about."

"To tell the shirra?"

"Ay."

"But, Mr. Nixon, listen to me. Roderick's a Joostice o' the Peace. He would listen to you."

"No doubt."

"He would hear what you had to say."

"I believe he would. Is the horse quite fresh and able to knock about?"

"Quite fresh, Mr. Nixon; but, laddie, would ye no' carry your information to Rod—to Mr. Leslie? It would be nearer for ye, and Oiley's a great distance, and you're no' ower strong the nicht."

* * * * *

He rode to Oiley that evening, and came down upon that little fishing capital when all the lights had gone out. The aurora was dancing, however, at the mouth of the bay, and a man on the town-bridge told him where he would find the shirra. The sheriff-substitute had gone to the parish minister's to supper, he found, on calling at his house. He rode to the manse, and long before he reached the door he heard hilarious laughter through the open windows. The Gospel seemed to agree with the diaphragm of the minister and his guests. He came off his horse at the door, and let him crop the grass on a garden-border.

"Can I see Sheriff Mill?"

"He's engaged the noo."

"I'm sorry for that; but I must see him. The case is urgent. Tell him a fisherman from Ruddersdale wants to see him."

"A fisherman?"

"Yes."

"Ye can just bide a wee. The sheriff's brewin' the toddy, and tellin' a story."

"Tell him a distinguished lawyer from Edinburgh—say Lord Straven wants to see him."

"Lord!—eh?—mighty me!" and the domestic vanished, the sheriff running down behind with a rapidity which rather alarmed Nixon, who waited for him.

"I was obliged," he said, "Sheriff Mill, to say something that

would induce you to come down. I have a statement to make from a boat accident, of great importance."

Sheriff Mill was a stalwart-looking person, with a sunburnt face, a tall brow, and a brown wig.

"Well, you are not Lord Straven," he murmured, looking at him. "Come in; we can have the use of Mr. Key's study—that I know. What is it?" Nixon followed him into Mr. Key's study, and sat down, feeling weak and ill.

"I would have supposed the accident had happened to-night," said the sheriff-substitute, peering into his face.

"I am only a little tired; there is not much to say. Just this. I am an advocate. I came to Ruddersdale when the gold-fever broke out. I have tried the diggings, and found nothing. The other day I became a fisherman. I took a seat in Peter M'Craw's boat along with a lad Ingster. The last night we were out, the boat turned over. Ingster was drowned. Peter was drowned; but before Peter went under he threw some light on an incident in which I am and was deeply interested. He said, before he let go his hold of the boat and sank, as far as I can remember—but I will give you his exact words when we come to write down the accurate details—he said, 'I have one thing on my mind. I never took a girl ashore from a foreign wreck to the house of Roderick Leslie.' Then he sank."

"Peter M'Craw?"

"Yes."

"I know him—a good, sturdy, lonely, quarrelsome old fellow. He has been in my court more than once."

"Very likely."

"No doubt about it. I'm afraid I must give up the brewing of toddy, and take you along to my house."

They went over to his house, and the sheriff-substitute took down, word for word, Peter's last utterances as Nixon remembered them.

"I may say," observed Nixon at the end, "that I have come to the conclusion that Roderick Leslie has been guilty of a crime."

"Do you propose to lay a criminal information against him?"

"No; at present I am talking as one advocate to another. It is my opinion, however, that the factor holds a secret which he will have to be compelled to deliver up."

"You will stay all night with me?" asked the sheriff.

"No, thank you, I must ride back to Ruddersdale; but we will probably meet again."

"Very likely."

"Good-night."

"Humph."

CHAPTER LVII.

AT THE CASCADE.

MINA did not go out again with Usher by himself. Usher was torn with anxiety and doubt. The sheriff was perplexed. The latter confessed bitterly to himself that he did not know what to make of the girl. It annoyed and retarded him too. Yet he had no redress. He was bound to obey her, purely out of use and wont. He would have preferred to mope about the Imperial Library and the archives of the old College; but Mina's wish was law. He joined her, therefore, and the advocate in their excursions for more than a week, and got very tired of it. He was determined to resist the innovation one Sunday afternoon, when he knew the advocate would come over to invite Mina to the Bois de Boulogne. To make sure of himself, he determined to go out that afternoon and engage himself to a French attorney of long standing, who did the business of the Scots College, such as it was, and knew everything of importance that concerned it.

"We shall enjoy going to the Cascade," said Mina, selecting and arranging flowers for the table of their sitting-room, overlooking the Rue de Rivoli.

The sheriff was standing at the window looking at some boys in the gardens playing ball.

"Pshaw!" he said, looking at the game.

He is cross, thought Mina. She would have to humour him.

"Pooh!" said the sheriff, still looking at the game.

"Put one of these in your button-hole," she said, bringing him a lily of immaculate whiteness.

"No, no, Mina. The muffs! The duffers! Call these boys. Boys indeed!"

"What is it, papa?"

"Look at that game of ball and see. They are girls, not boys. Now, if a boy had done that to me when I was a boy, I should have given him a black eye—a pair of black eyes, and red teeth."

"Papa, dear, don't be so sanguinary," suggested Mina, who was thinking of something else, and saw no cause in the garden game for irritation.

"They seem very polite boys," she said.

"They are polite and nothing else. God help the armies of the next great fight!"

He went back to a chair, took some sheets of his magnificent article on the Scots College, addressed to the *Caledonian*; and Mina, having finished decorating the room, spread her soft white gown about her feet and reclined in a corner looking at him. She looked at him a long time in silence; then he laid down his illustrious article and began to talk.

"Mina, Frank comes in a little. He has arranged, all of his

own doing, to bring some sort of conveyance to carry you off to that wonderful waterfall which on Sunday afternoon every good Parisian visits. For my own part I must go to ——”

“Not anywhere else, papa?”

“Why not?”

“I would rather you didn’t.”

“I’ll give you the old gentleman’s name and address, and Frank and you can take me up on your way back. He hangs out in one of these new streets which architect Nap has designed. Nap the Third is a mason from his youth upwards. It shows the force of words that he should be emperor at all. He ought to have been at the head of a prosperous building firm, rearing up turrets and *pigeonniers* for the Lyons men and the Belgians who have iron to sell, and call themselves Frenchmen.”

“No politics, papa, please. Frank talks them, and I dislike them. But I wish you to promise—to say that you will go far enough with us to make it a drive. Then we can come back, and I shall stay at home, and you can see your attorney.”

“God bless me, girl! you are to me the most unintelligible of the human race. To-day you are hot; to-morrow you are cold. Who is it you like? Is it this poor deluded victim who has thrown up briefs on the plea of sickness and followed you, or is it the man of Ruddersdale, or what?”

“Papa dear, don’t talk to me like that,” said Mina, approaching him.

They had never quarrelled, the pair. They had never been affectionate beyond a certain cold point. As her preserver, he would not allow himself the luxury of little domestic irritations. As her guardian, who held her in trust for a fate which had not as yet been revealed, he never allowed himself to be absolutely familiar. But the tone in her voice seemed to betoken so stricken a state of mind that on this occasion he could hardly contain himself. He looked at her and burst out,—

“God bless me, Mina, *what* is it?”

“How can I tell?” answered the girl. “Only that I want you to drive with us, that I want you to come between me and Frank, between me and everything.”

“But, girl, you have discovered at last who it is you care for. You are—you are positively cruel if you have not.”

She threw herself at his knee and sobbed. He leant over her uneasily. The sight of her brought to his mind a far time when a first wife had leant so. His eyes were dimmed with the mist which, with his age and experience, no longer went the length of tears.

“Rise, rise, girl. This is foolishness. I can’t break my engagement. You will go with Frank, and tell me about it afterwards.”

* * * * *

Usher came to the hotel door with a magnificent carriage and pair. He had been told at the Normandy that it was one of the Sundays when the Emperor would be likely to ride through the Bois de Boulogne. He had heard the sheriff's assertion of relationship, and judged that he would like to appear in a magnificent equipage if he thought he were to see and distantly bow to his illustrious relative, the Kilpatrick. But the sheriff could not go. He was delighted to see the honour the advocate meant to offer to both of them; but he was sorry that he had another engagement. Mina, however, had wiped her eyes, dressed, looked sparkling, handsome, expectant, and Usher handed her into the carriage with a recovered sense of possession.

"Cascade!" he shouted.

And they started off.

"It's Sunday, Frank."

"Yes, I know it is."

"Sunday—let me see, what time is it? Between two and three. What a crowd, to be sure, coming down from the Madeleine! They are going to church, I suppose."

"Not they. They are going where you and I are going."

"Between two and three. The organist at home will have played his voluntary. Well, some of them are as spitefully secular as that piano-organ man is. Before and after sermon I have danced in and danced out to a tune played by dear frosty old Dr. Truth's organist. It's all Dr. Truth's fault—all. He advises the tunes, and prefers reels to dirges."

"He must have been a lost soul, who has strayed from Paris in the period of Louis XV."

"Very likely."

"I feel a little uneasy about driving out on Sunday—a lost soul, as you call it. I have never done it before."

"You will probably do it again."

"It depends upon what we see at the Cascade."

It was a brilliant Sunday afternoon, and the broad avenue towards the triumphal arch was alive with representatives of all the nationalities of the earth. Horsemen shot recklessly past their carriage, other carriages rolled up and away from them, cabs overtook them. Obviously, the advocate had arranged that the drive should be as long as possible.

"They will think we are bride and bridegroom," he said gaily, looking out on the crammed side-walks and crowded cafés.

"I fancy they are all so taken up, each man and woman with himself and herself, that they have no time to give to anything else."

"I don't know. My experience is, in walking among the crowd, that each vehicle which passes with a face in it makes a momentary impression on my eye, and gives me the opportunity of an instantaneous judgment upon the face. You may carry

the picture of one of these faces for weeks. I do, if they are grotesque, hideous, lovely, or striking."

"It is your business, of course, to judge character."

"Yes."

"I should die of nervous irritation if they impressed me so keenly."

And so they chatted till they came to the Bois. She spoke very little to him all the way to the Cascade. There was a dreadful rushing and prancing of horses, everybody hastening to the same corner. When the pair reached it, the café was crammed and hardly a vacant seat was to be got. However, at last room was made for them in an outlying spot among the trees. They began an attack upon an ice, Usher very much wishing he were out on his honeymoon, Mina reconciled to her lot in being there with him.

"Compagnie d'Or! Compagnie d'Or!"

Every other second the phrase reached their ears. Usher looked to a further table, where he saw Porteous's broad back turned to him. He was sitting with a company of highly-dressed gentlemen, over whom a showily got-up woman presided, with mighty heavings of a mighty bosom and strange movements of her eyes. Usher ran away for his coachman.

"Compagnie d'Or! Compagnie d'Or!"

Mina listened. The advocate came back to find her standing, with parted lips and anxious face.

"Go back to the sheriff at once, as fast as he can drive. I have learnt what may save his fortune. Compagnie d'Or."

CHAPTER LVIII.

RECALLED.

"WHY, Mina, what is it?" demanded Usher, having handed the girl back into the carriage.

"Tell him," she replied, "tell him to gallop all the way back."

"Cocher," said Usher, who was about as accomplished a French scholar as the sheriff, "voulez vous galoper à l'hôtel Rivoli."

The *cocher* tried to obey orders as well as a crowded roadway would permit him, and as they ran back again Usher again approached the subject.

"What have you heard, Mina?" he asked, caressing her right hand, which she promptly withdrew from him. She shifted her seat, and looked beyond the opposite window from that at which he was sitting. He was desperately put out. He did not know how he had offended her. He edged himself over and tried to look into her face. She stared into the trees and side-walks.

"Mina," he remarked softly, "what have I done?"

"Ruined the sheriff," she replied, neither turning nor looking at him.

"Ruined?"

"Yes; I heard you advise him to buy shares in gold mines. And he is so simple; he is so simple! He has bought them, and—tell him to gallop!"

He put out his head and shouted, "Voulez vous galoper?" They seemed to get on a little faster.

"What have you heard?" he asked.

"I have heard the brokers laugh, and seen the Frenchmen shrug their shoulders, and the woman look horrible—horrible! I am sure there is something wrong. I know there is ruin. Do not speak to me, Mr. Usher."

He sank back in despair in the remotest corner of the carriage.

She continued to look out, and they retained that relative attitude till the carriage drew abruptly up at the hotel door.

Mina fled into the court and upstairs to their sitting-room. She was greatly afraid that the sheriff might be keeping his engagement; but no. There he was on his sofa, sound asleep; nor did her swift and excited entrance so much as waken him.

"Papa dear!" she said, kneeling beside the sofa.

He groaned a little, but did not waken.

"Papa!"

He moved, but still slept.

"Papa!"

"Yes," he said, coming into a sitting attitude, as if he had been suddenly pierced in the foot.

"By Jove!" he said, diving for his watch, "I've slept through that engagement. It's provoking. But why are you back so soon? You can't have gone half the distance you intended. You can't have quarrelled. What's the matter?"

"Papa, we went to the Cascade, and when there, some men sat down in front of us. One of them, Frank said, was the operator who was placing the Compagnie d'Or. Well, all the time I sat there they did nothing but pelt it with ridicule. They do not believe in the gold; and I know you have money in it, and will lose it."

"Singular!"

Usher and a waiter came into the room at the same moment, the former with a dejected expression, the latter bearing a telegram.

The sheriff tore open the telegram, while the advocate sat down uncomfortably to study Mina in side glances.

"H'm. Something up. It dovetails—it dovetails, Mina, my dear. Very singular indeed! We must return to Scotland at once—break up our pleasant holiday, and get away to the seat of my jurisdiction. Your news from the Cascade and mine from Oiley go together. It is provoking in the extreme—just when

we had settled down, and they had discovered my taste in salads to a nicety."

"May I ask what has happened, sheriff?" asked Usher feebly, swallowing mouthfuls of chagrin at Mina's behaviour.

"You may, Frank, as I can't tell you. All I can say is that my good and learned substitute has telegraphed to say, 'Your presence would greatly assist us at a curious crisis in the management of the Ruddersdale estates;' which means, I rather think, no gold. By the way, Frank, I took your advice, and gave Porteous a sort of *carte-blanche* to go for raw sovereigns."

"He is an honest and capable man," said the advocate.

"I have no reason to doubt him. He always pays me my dividends to an hour, and seems to select his investments with an eye to making the best of the existing markets."

"I know there is something wrong," said Mina.

"Pooh! pooh! What have ladies got to do with business? Nothing. They always fall foul of important points and play into the hands of the enemy. A false alarm, Mina. But tell me, are you able to be a traveller *en route* to Scotland to-morrow? Do you feel——"

"Papa, there is real danger. I cannot give you evidence. But I feel there is."

"Woman's instinct, Mina. It is correct once in a thousand instances. I know Porteous. Frank knows him. I trust him. So does Frank. Let business alone, my dear girl. Do you see your way to returning to-morrow, without deadly inconvenience?"

"I can do what you wish."

"How long do you stay, Frank?"

"I could return to-morrow."

Mina left the room.

"You could?"

"Yes."

"I'm not certain, Frank, that my little girl hasn't the right end of the stick. And, what's more, about this gold business, I haven't taken the trouble to inquire whether it is limited or unlimited, and whether, in the event of a burst-up, there are not responsibilities to the extent of one's means."

"No?"

"No; and I shouldn't mind, Frank, if you took these papers—let me see, here they are—and tell Porteous that, as I am no longer in Paris, I don't care a rap about shares in Ruddersdale gold. I have been summoned to Ruddersdale. Mill knows what he is about. There is something mighty far wrong. I can't judge from this telegram. But I have a feeling that I am wanted. And, upon my word, Frank, though I have no belief in the sudden instincts of women, Mina's earnestness about these shares impresses me. Did you hear nothing?"

"No, nothing, I was away. I went away to avoid Porteous."

"To avoid him—why? I invested to a great extent because he had your confidence."

"Well, only because Mina wanted the carriage."

"You overheard nothing?"

"Not a word. I believe it's a—a sort of hallucination."

"Now, Frank, tell me. I know why you have come here, and approve of the reason. You want to marry Mina. Has she accepted you? She is so strange—of course, all girls are at that period—she is so peculiar that I can't make out. Are you the fortunate fellow?"

"I hope, sheriff, I am. But she has given me no assurance—only hints. I am afraid the other man—Nixon—has still a great hold of her heart."

"Well, that's love. Love must wait. It isn't half so desperate as it thinks it is. But it must wait. Now, Usher, this is serious. Mill is nothing if he isn't peremptory and exact. I must return and discuss my disappointment on the road. There's some little truth in Mina's belief that I took shares—additional ones—on the strength of your recommendation. Stay on, then, a day, and tell Porteous to withdraw. I don't want to lose my poor little fortune."

"I will with pleasure."

"You might, then. I have a great deal to do, and I promise you Mina's hand."

"Good-night. I only hope she will abide by your decision. God knows I have risked burking my career to gain her love."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

Usher left the hotel by himself, and went in search of Porteous. He knew his hotel in the Boulevards. He drove straight there.

"He is gone to Marseilles," said a waiter in reply to a question he put to him.

CHAPTER LIX.

A CRISIS.

THE sheriff's telegram did not misrepresent facts. There had certainly been a crisis at Ruddersdale. It came about in this way. In sheriff-substitute Mill's office at Oiley was an old clerk of Leslie's. He became aware that proceedings were likely to be taken against the factor. Partly for the sake of auld lang syne, partly because he saw a rare prospective advantage in giving his old master a word of warning, he took an outside seat on Mr. Laggan's coach, and came down in the evening after Nixon's interview. The bank was shut, but Leslie was still at work in his parlour. When the name was given him through the shut door of a passage running between the bank and the house, he

opened his door waiting. The Oiley man stepped back from it horror-struck. He hardly recognised in the blazing face, unearthly eyes, and twisted mouth of the man who looked at him, the former master whose confidence he had won and whom he had remuneratively served once, and again since he had left him.

"Come in," said Leslie huskily, closing and locking the door.

The clerk followed him into the bank parlour, where he was amazed to see heaps of notes lying about the floor, a pile of gold on a chair, silver coins lying in handfuls on the floor.

"Business, business," said Roderick. "Business, Banks. Hard at work. The inspector comes to-morrow. A sharp fellow. He knows what he's about. He'll be the governor of the Bank of England yet. It must be. And I'm preparing for him."

"So I see, sir," remarked Banks.

"Help yourself, Banks," said the factor, waving his arm over the scattered money. "Help yourself, you've always been a good friend to me—always. Fol-de-rol, tiddle-doll, fol-de-rol, tiddle dee! There's plenty of it there, Banks. I said it would do. I knew there was plenty of it if they only dug for it. And they've dug and there it is. That's it, taken out o' the diggings. It's a secret; but you're not a traitor, Banks."

"No, my good friend."

"And these pound-notes, you see them—you see them. Very good, they grow on the trees. They pull them off in basketfuls and bring them here. It's a new discovery. I'll patent it. Help yourself, Banks."

The Oiley man thought his former master had been over-indulging himself. He laughed quietly at the invitation to help himself, became suddenly serious, and standing over Leslie remarked,—

"You're in danger, sir."

"In danger?"

"Yes. There's a young fellow lives hereabouts has come to the sheriff's, and I know for a fact that a criminal information will be laid against you."

"A young fellow of the name of Nixon?"

"Yes."

"Ay, ay. That's the mother's doing. That's her back again. Help yourself, Banks. Take a handful when you see it."

"It's not yours to give, sir."

"A criminal information?" said Leslie.

"Yes, sir."

"Banks, can you load a gun?"

"I used to be able."

"Take that key, go upstairs to my room—Fol-de-rol—tiddle-dol-fol-de-rol—tiddle-dee! Go up and find my cartridge-box and rifle, and load the gun. We'll see, then—ay, then. Help yourself, Banks."

"What would ye want to do, sir?"

"Shoot, shoot—kill, and do away with them—the whole three of them—Nancy, Elspeth, Joseph. Quick, quick about it, Banks! Load the gun, and bring me it. There's your reward lying at my feet—silver and gold and pound-notes."

Banks went upstairs and loaded the gun with blank-cartridge. He put caps on, and brought it to Leslie.

When he entered he saw the chair with the coins on it tumbled, and its contents scattered on the floor.

Leslie was leaning at his desk, his hands grasping his bursting head. Yet there were no signs of drinking about the room. As Banks entered he swept his elbow across his desk and threw a great inkstand among the scattered notes.

"Let it lie!" he roared, as Banks attempted to recover it; "let it lie. A gun, a gun! Hold, man! Keep the muzzle down. You don't want to shoot me."

A look of abject terror came into his face, as, hands up, he retreated to a corner of the room and turned his back.

Banks began to suspect he was mad.

"See, sir," he cried, "I've laid it down. There it is."

Leslie abruptly faced about, became conscious of the scattered coin, stopped.

"Ah, you robber—you vagabond thief! You came here for my money; you want to run away with my sovereigns. I'll—I'll shoot you."

"Don't shoot!" said Banks, pale and a little terrified lest blank-cartridge were not inside the rifle. "Don't shoot, Mr. Leslie, sir—don't. If you take my life away you'll take away the life of an innocent man. You know that—you know I'm innocent, and that I came here to tell you of danger—danger and a criminal information!"

"Shake hands," said Leslie, passing his hand on his face, and breathing hard; "Shake hands, and here's a suitable reward for you."

He stooped among the scattered thousands of pounds, shillings, sixpences, sovereigns, notes of every value, and found a four-penny-piece.

"There!" he said, clutching his rifle; "there! You are well rewarded, Banks. You've given me good news—good news! Go." And he clasped his hand upon the coin as if it were a fortune, and showed his friend to the door; from which his friend took his way to Oiley with all due expedition.

"Criminal information," murmured Leslie, coming out into the silent street half an hour afterwards. "Crim—Ha, ha, ha! Loaded—yes, loaded. Three lives in it—three. They must go—all three of them—all three. I hope they're—they're pre—yes, three at a shot!"

He stole out from his room into the street. It was not far

to Nancy's. He crept as he approached—crept and fired both barrels aimlessly into a window.

Then a quiet policeman strolled round a corner, and saw him on his back, yelling with a mingled sense of fear and triumph.

CHAPTER LX.

DISCOVERIES.

THE sheriff ran away from Paris, taking Mina with him, and left Usher behind to tell Porteous to recall the shares in gold.

Mina was not sorry to leave. She was tired of lovers. Nixon had disappointed her. Usher had not risen to the pinnacle to which her expectation had raised him. She had a new and strange clinging to the man who had rescued her in babyhood, brought her up as his own and treated her with more than a father's affection and care. It was with unusual show of quiet love that she accompanied him home again, protesting to his great astonishment that Paris was nothing to her; that she did not mind about staying in London to see Hyde Park, Piccadilly, and the theatres; that she preferred Durie Den to all else.

"*Splendide mendax*," said the sheriff over and over again; "but I suppose I am bound to believe you. It suits me to think so, Mina. You are very good to fib so agreeably. I believe vastly in truth, but fibs are the lubricators of life."

"Now you are profound," the girl would say, "and I don't understand you. I never fib. I mean what I say. I do not care for Paris, and London is a howling wilderness to me, and I *do* prefer Durie Den."

"Very good, Mina."

They went back to Scotland as they had come, past Newcastle and along the east coast. At Newcastle the sheriff got a newspaper. On this occasion he had been awake all night, and the disenchanted Mina had slept. He was pleased to have his newspaper to break the monotony of his wakefulness, and as he fastened the window against the fresh air of the morning, picked up his flask to see if there was any more of that light, mellow French brandy in it, he had a momentary cheerfulness at returning to Scotland, in spite of a little anxiety.

His anxiety changed to excitement when he saw "Scots College" in three and a half columns—the first part of his great article to the *Caledonian*.

"Mina," he shouted to the dozing girl, "here's a welcome back. Look at that." And he held out the fresh sheet to her.

"I'm so glad," she said, falling asleep again.

The sheriff was not hardened against his own productions. He had not got the length of regarding them with unfeeling indifference or positive contempt. An article was an article to him,

and he read his "Scots College" over with an enthusiasm worthy of a first appearance, at the age of twelve, in the poets' corner of a journal with a limited circulation. Yes, it was a good solid contribution, he assured himself; and for sixty miles he perused nothing else. Then his eye fell upon a couple of paragraphs arranged beneath his own article. One of them, headed "The Ruddersdale Gold-fields," ran in this style:—

"An extraordinary incident occurred at the village of Ruddersdale on the evening of the —th. Mr. Roderick Leslie, the much-respected and able manager of the estates, having left his house, presented himself, with a rifle, at the window of Mrs. Harper's Inn. He there discharged both barrels, and muttering, 'They are gone, they will give no more trouble,' disappeared into a neighbouring moor. Though closely followed, he evaded the pursuit of the night constable, and was lost to view. Next morning he was seen striding towards the gold-diggings. Being accosted, he assured four men, who surrounded him, that he was the Duke of Burrows, and added that if they dared to touch their hats to him they would be discharged on the spot. As it was evident that he was labouring under a temporary aberration of intellect, he was immediately overpowered and secured, and brought back to the village. He has since been removed to the county gaol, Oiley, at the instigation of Sheriff Mill. Much talk has been caused by such a step having been taken, as it is rumoured there are causes other than madness for the incarceration."

The other paragraph was headed "Compagnie d'Or," and ran to the following effect:—

"Rumours are rife in well-informed circles that the Compagnie d'Or will be speedily wound up. The shareholders are mostly foreign, probably French. The gold is believed for the most part to be rainbow gold."

Sheriff Durie forgot the "Scots College" when he read the paragraphs, which were arranged as if they had been notes to his own contribution.

"Leslie mad! In prison! Why, Mill would never do that unless he had a criminal information against him! The company wound up! Poor Mina! I'm afraid your little instinct was quite correct."

But Mina slept, and he did not awaken her. At Edinburgh he put her into his carriage, and told her he would follow to Durie Den about mid-day; in the meantime he had some business to look after. When he did follow her he had a serious face as he came into his house on Corstorphine Hill.

"Papa dear, you are anxious," Mina said.

"Yes, dear, a little. I shall have to go North this evening—to Ruddersdale. I am tremendously wanted. I suppose you don't want to extend your travels?"

"If you wish it, papa."

"You would rather not, I see."

"I should be afraid to meet Joseph Nixon."

"I daresay you are right."

"Has anything happened, papa, that I might know?"

"Well, only that the *Compagnie d'Or* is burst up in Paris, and Leslie is in prison. The gold was a fraud. My broker was a fraud. He has disappeared from Marseilles—with plunder probably—with all my little income, in fact. Mina, I regret nothing except that it leaves me without a fraction to dower you with."

"I shall never be dowered. I shall prefer to have nothing. Let me abandon these lovers and their requests. Let me stay in Durie Den—for ever. Let me be the light of your life, and I shall be happy. I am weary, weary of love-making. It is all hollow and insincere, and I have begun to hate it."

"Poor Mina!" said the sheriff, lightly kissing her brow.

The same evening he took his way to the north of Scotland, and next afternoon, while Mina was renewing her acquaintance with a number of budding rose-trees in a remote corner of the garden, Usher made his appearance. He did not at first observe her, but presently he saw her stooping figure, and he joined her among the roses.

"Ah, Mina!"

She said nothing in reply, but looked into her flowers with a determined air.

"I've travelled post-haste at your back. I've had such bad news to carry with me."

"Yes, you have ruined the sheriff."

"No, not so bad as that."

"Quite as bad."

"No, he is still sheriff, and if he has lost a little money, that does not deprive him of his position."

"You have ruined him. I heard you advise him to take shares. He believed in your judgment, and took them. Dear papa!"

"Where is he?"

"In Ruddersdale—a ruined man."

"No, you talk without knowledge. And if he be ruined, Mina—if he be ruined"—in a hopeful voice—"you know that I am not ruined, that I am prepared to take all responsibilities on my shoulders. Only say that you will be my wife, Mina, and all will be well."

Mina straightened herself, and looking him in the face, her eyes deepening into an earnestness of expression which he had never seen before, replied,—

"No, Frank Usher, no. There was a time when I thought I should love to marry. I thought I should delight in being a good man's wife. I gave my heart first of all to Joseph Nixon.

You whispered him away, and I recalled it, and made a present of it to you. You have ruined the sheriff, and I decide to keep it—keep it for him, dear guardian, dear friend, dear fa—as long as he cares to have it.”

“Dear guardian, dear friend!” murmured the advocate. “You will marry him. You have loved him all along. You have been playing off Nixon against me, and me against Nixon, and it is the sheriff you love.”

“No, I shall not marry anybody. I shall not.” But he had turned on his heel and left Durie Den.

* * * * *

At Ruddersdale the sheriff found a good deal of confusion. Leslie had gone mad, and was haled away to prison. Two such events had not occurred within the memory of man in that region. It seemed to the village as if the Queen had been beheaded in London, or some tremendous constitutional change occurred, which must affect the order of the seasons and the destiny of lives. To add to the confusion, the diggers had struck work and come back again. They went about denouncing in public and laughing the gold to scorn. They unanimously and with united hiccoughs denied its existence. And the fishermen still maintained their attitude of waiting laziness. So that there was a hubbub in the Square the evening that Sheriff Durie, Sheriff Mill, and a solicitor from the Court of Session sat in Leslie's upper room among his papers. The public outside was waiting for information, and getting drunk and riotous in expectation of it. The investigators within were examining the factor's "record" since he first had come to his position in Ruddersdale. Bit by bit a strange story came out. It may be written in a few sentences, though at one point of the discovery Sheriff Durie laid his head upon the factor's table and sobbed. The discoveries were easily made. Until that occasion when Leslie had got out all the money of the bank and tossed it heedlessly on the floor, he had been a good business man. When he was sane he did his duty to the estates, but early errors had been too much for him, and he had collapsed under difficulties of his own creating, years and years ago. As the sheriffs and the solicitor sat, aided by a confidential clerk of Leslie's, they gradually unravelled it all. In the first place, a selection of letters which had passed between Leslie and Sir Thomas Dunbeath in Australia explained the existence of the strips of a deed of conveyance which had puzzled all Parliament House. These letters revealed the fact that Leslie had a son by the wife whom he had forcibly removed from his house. To that son, in view of Leslie's kindness to Sir Thomas's daughter, the absent baronet had devised the tenement in which the banker lived.

“If,” ran one of the letters, “he goes to the law and serves me as his father has done, he will have well earned it. But in the

meantime it will save you from anxiety since you complain of a failure of crops, and rot among the sheep. You may have nothing to leave him, should you die; but here at least is this house." It shortly came out in another letter that Joseph Nixon was the son of Roderick Leslie, that he was wearing his mother's name, and, as it appeared, that he had been kept out of his father's way because of a detestable resemblance to her. Nixon had been supported in an underhand way and without knowledge of parentage, chiefly for that reason.

"God bless me!" said Sheriff Durie, after that mystery had been unravelled from a bunch of well-arranged letters. "How did my poor Mina come to have the fragments of that deed in her possession?"

"There's something to explain," said Sheriff Mill.

"Gentlemen," said the solicitor for the Court of Session, who had been intently reading a couple of letters. "Sir Thomas has been dead for at least fifteen years. Leslie has been paying an income to an Australian solicitor to keep the death out of the obituaries, and there is an heir."

"An heir!"

"An heir!"

"Well, an heiress."

"Read—read."

"Here is a letter dated ——. 'I quite approve,' it goes on—'I quite approve of what you have done in quietly removing my daughter from her mother and sending her for a time to live with the mountain people. She will be well nursed and cared for. She will have good air in her childhood, and when I return I shall be glad to see her. That her mother died in giving birth to her is a little painful to me, though I could never have acknowledged her before the world. My good friend and trusty factor, you and I have been rather severely tried in the matter of wives. I am only following your suit, not only in suppressing my wife's name and death, but in keeping out of sight for a time my daughter's birth and name. See that the little girl is properly cared for. Let her for a little have the name of the people among whom she lives. But accustom her to the use of the name Elspeth, when she comes to know what it means. Elspeth is my grandmother's name, and she is the only woman who ever took the trouble of offering me a kindness. Elspeth therefore let it be.' Then," pursued the solicitor, looking at the date of another letter, "comes the announcement of his death. And an unscrupulous rascal the fellow is, for he hints that he knows there are reasons why Sir Thomas wanted to keep his name from the public, while he would have no objection to continuing the fraud—he doesn't call it a fraud—if steady remuneration were forthcoming. That explains a good deal, I think."

Sheriff Mill took the letter and judiciously observed,—

"Roderick Leslie married a woman who became intolerable to him. Roderick sent her away to Creiff. She bore him a son there. The son was sent on to Edinburgh after her death, at a time when he forgot his own mother. He was treated as a bastard, and paid for as such by Roderick. The influence of the factor upon the master is manifest. The master's marriage was beneath him. I can make that out—*arcades ambo*! It was beneath him, and it was secret; and doubtless Roderick had a hand in it. It well suited his position that Sir Thomas should put himself egregiously in his power."

"What I cannot understand is," pursued Sheriff Durie, "how my little girl should come to wear these parchments. Where there has been so much that is mysterious——"

A loud knocking came to the door.

"It cannot be opened," said Sheriff Mill.

"No admittance!" roared the solicitor.

"It's Mrs. Harper," said Sheriff Durie, and rising he opened the door. The innkeeper, with haggard face and unkept hair, tottered into the room.

"Gentlemen, I'm not long for this world. The hand of God is upon me. Let me speak what I know, and be done. Wae's me, Sheriff Durie!"

"We are engaged," said the sheriff, "on matters of life and death interests, Mrs. Harper. If you have not something of immense importance to communicate, we can hardly listen to it."

The three men saw, however, that she had something on her mind which it was well for them to hear.

"Wae's me!" she repeated, rocking on a chair. "It's sixteen—it's eighteen years ago, sheriff; your wife was young and bonnie, and in an evil hour she came to our coasts. Her brither was wi' her, and they had been livin' at Oiley, and you were to join them, but something happened in Embro, and you were keepit. It was, maybe, as weel, for if you had come you would have gane to Granton on board the ill-fated steamer that never reached its destination."

"No, God knows," said the sheriff.

"Never reached it—no; but a'boddy wasna drooned that got credit for't. Your wife's brither was drooned, and the Duke's butler was drooned, and auld George Mowat o' the Square, and a the sailors."

"And my wife, Mrs. Harper?"

"The old woman paused; the lines of her mouth deepened. There was absolute silence in the room. The Sheriff painfully bent towards her.

"Your wife, Sheriff Durie, delivered a daughter into my hands, and peacefully passed away. Her name was on the passenger list o' the steamer, and Roderick keepit it there. It was a wild, wild night, and I was Roderick's housekeeper at the time on

the hill-farm, which he afterwards gave up for its unpleasant memories. But she was brought to bed o' a daughter, and it was her fear that such would be, though premature, or she wad ha'e gone sooth wi' her brither. Ay, ay—it was a stormy night, such as I have no recollection o' since ; an' a ship came ashore i' the Stacks, an' naething could be done for her. But Roderick, signifyin' to me to keep mither an' babe till he got a doctor, an' no' to open the door to anybody o' high or low degree, I waited. But he came back wi' no doctor—only Peter M'Craw the fisherman, and a man from the mouth o' the Cranbury burn. He took Peter up and showed him the bairn. He showed it to the other man at the room-door, an' he took them awa', and I heard them sweerin' an aith, an' there was drink an' money goin'; and Roderick he came in and said to me, 'Nance Harper, ye've been a gude freend to me. There's word o' the steamboat that left Ruddersdale havin' gane tae the bottom o' the sea. The sheriff's wife, she's aboard a'boddy thinks. Now, here's Sir Thomas Dunbeath in a great difficulty about his daughter. She must be kept out o' sight for a little. Now, here's a babe that belongs to nobody. It'll be presented to the sheriff o' the county as a babe that came ashore from the wreck on the Stacks. There's no difficulty, Nancy, and you'll be doing me a service, Sir Thomas a service, and the babe, maybe, too, for the secret will not be kept up too long. No, not by any means ; not longer, Nancy, than you're satisfied that fair-play is to come out of it all.' Sirs, I succumbed, after great debates in my mind. I gave in, and promised to do for Roderick what would convenience Sir Thomas—to keep Elspeth Gun, as she has been ca'd, from the eye o' the public, healthy and snug, and waitin' her father's return, and to let Roderick do what his superior wisdom might suggest to him about the babe that was born in the hoose aifter the steamer went doon. (Now, sir—I could take a little water. I have na long to live. What wi' one thing and another, I'm a woman at the end of my tether, and pleased to be there.)—Now, sir, God put it in your heart to come here and investigate, and there was some hard sweerin', but you had been under bereavement, and this little babe in the cradle touched ye, and ye said, 'Mr. Leslie, could there be any harm in my taking this little stranger home to educate?' 'None,' I said, 'none, Sheriff Durie ; she's yours, if you'll have her.' An' ye took her away to the sooth, father of her unbeknown, an' now—an' now——"

The old woman raised her hands to her eyes, and the tears fell through her fingers.

The sheriff was himself overcome, and laid his brow on the edge of the table.

"God bless me !" said the solicitor.

"You must be aware, Mrs. Harper, that you were placed in

your hotel by Mr. Leslie, and that it has the very bad look of a woman engaged in a crime being paid to conceal the crime," said the sheriff-substitute.

"Don't raise that question," observed Sheriff Durie, exhibiting a face to his colleagues from which law had departed and emotion was supreme.

"Go on, Mrs. Harper," said the solicitor.

"Sirs, I have nothing more to say, but that Sir Thomas's daughter is in my house, feeding on the best, occupying my best room, and enjoying it. And now I'll put myself at your disposal, for I have not long to live. Ah! Roderick's mad."

"You may go, Mrs. Harper," said the sheriff.

"And Roderick's mad," she murmured, tottering to the door.

"Eternal justice!" said the sheriff. "I can make no inquiries. Tell me to-morrow, Mill, what was the result of your inquiries." Then he left the house for the "Duke's Arms."

CHAPTER LXI.

THE END.

A MONTH after the events related in the last chapter, the sheriff sat in his drawing-room in Durie Den. Everything had become quite clear under investigation. It might have been as clear sixteen or eighteen years before, had not Roderick been a much-respected man, upon whose doings there was no suspicion, or not enough to challenge investigation. The story was strange certainly, but no more strange than many as true. Roderick had been a suppressionist. He had suppressed his wife; he had suppressed his son half a dozen years before Sir Thomas Dunbeath had married. When Sir Thomas was tired of his wife—who was a comely woman, born on a remote part of his own estate, who served him—he induced him to suppress her. He was able, when Sir Thomas was in Australia, to have his child temporarily suppressed. He suppressed the sheriff's wife, who died on his hill-farm; and he would have suppressed his daughter, had it not better suited his purpose that she should carry off on her person an aggravating strip of a deed of conveyance to Sheriff Durie, relating to his own son.

"It's a queer coil," said Ruddersdale, and Ruddersdale was correct; but with that we have nothing to do. It was not a bit more queer than many things which happen in this ancient unsuspecting kingdom. Well, Roderick went mad, and remained so; and we shall follow his destiny no further. Nancy retired to her bed to die, and looked so like death that in the adjustment of rewards and punishments the law overlooked her existence. There was plenty of evidence without her. It was evidence the law wanted, and not victims. The law left Nancy lying feeble,

but capable of recovery, in her bed. As for the rest, it may be discovered in two short conversations. At Durie Den the sheriff sat at his drawing-room window; Mina sat at his knee. It was twilight, as it had often been before when they spoke tenderly to each other.

"My girl," he was saying, "though Heaven has vouchsafed a ray or two of white light and shown us where we are, that does not mean that I am going to selfishly absorb you."

"I have no other wish."

"Still, I think you ought to marry. I shall die one of these days."

"Don't say so, father."

"You see the flag of death hoisted on my skull without my doing. I have turned from grey to white in a few weeks. And I have no fortune, Mina; it is all gone. The gold fraud has swallowed it all up—every penny of the oil-works. Not a fraction left; nothing that my worthy uncle saved. All gone!"

"It was Frank Usher's doing; I heard him advise you. I shall never marry—no, never."

"Don't say that, Mina. Frank will be Lord Advocate of Scotland—a great position, my girl. You don't realise the height of it. He might as well be Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli—the only men I can compare him with. He is worth holding on to. Love him, Mina; love him if you can."

"Father, dear, you do not understand. How can you? All my life I have lived without a father, without a mother, and it has always seemed to me that there was the roaring of a great sea at my origin—nothing else. Coming from the Infinite, as Frank used to say. And the Infinite, in that sense, is to me mist on the hills, clouds in the sky, high winds, distant billows—anything, anything, father, that is far off and away, and not related to me, and cold, cold and unknown. No, I am your daughter, and it contents me quite."

The sheriff laid his hand on her head. He was certainly very old-looking within a few weeks.

"You will learn to love him, Mina. You have no feeling about—about Joseph?"

"I think not. No—no, I have no feeling about him."

"Then by-and-by, when all this feeling is gone, you will try to care about Frank?"

There was the sound of footsteps on the sheriff's walk. He looked out and saw Usher.

"Mina, I asked him to come. It is Frank. He loves you. Love me, darling, and be generous."

He kissed her and left the room, and Usher was shown upstairs.

* * * * *

Elsbeth Gun would not leave Nancy's. She occupied the

room in which she had been born, and whilst Nancy was ill in bed she remained there, partly attending upon the innkeeper, partly trying to comprehend what it was the solicitor from the Court of Session had to explain to her.

"Your father," explained the solicitor on one occasion, "devised to Joseph Nixon—*i.e.*, Joseph Nixon Leslie—the tenement in which the populace of Ruddersdale bank. We can dispute his claim to the house, because the deed is deficient. But there are other circumstances to be taken into account."

"Yes," said Elspeth, who within a few weeks had arrived at a perfect comprehension of the English language. "Yes; I love him, and I understand that the house is mine, as the daughter of my father."

"You are right."

"And what'll happen to my father and mother?"

"Oliver Gun and his wife."

"Yes, indeed."

"They will occupy what position you may choose to give them."

"And is there nothing more about Joseph Nixon Leslie?"

"Nothing."

"Surely my father must have known how good and brave a man he was when he left him the house."

"Not he, Miss Dunbeath——"

"Don't call me that, please. You're takin' me off, or it sounds like that. Give me a little time to get used to it. I would like to see Mr. Nixon."

"That is not difficult."

It was not very difficult, for by this time the village had come round to itself again. The miners, paid their wages in full, had put on their coats and gone home. There was no crowding in the Square. A few Highlanders from the West had arrived to fish, and evening hymns of praise had been heard in the bay, as pious skippers had "worship" before beginning to fish for herring. Any talk there was in the streets was low and subdued, and troubled nobody inside the houses. Nixon was to be found on the pier or at the late Peter M'Craw's. He was easily found, and the solicitor disappeared with a gesture of impatience and contempt, as he came into the room which Nancy had assigned to Elspeth.

"I don't know what to call you, now," she said, smiling on him and holding out her hand.

"I do. Call me your servant. You are Elspeth, Miss Dunbeath. I am simply Joseph Nixon Leslie, factor of Ruddersdale."

"Factor."

"Yes. They have discovered a provision in the will of your father, that, if I had been trained to the law, I shall have the

first choice of accepting the place on Roderick Leslie's demission or death."

"Poor Roderick!"

"My poor father!—yes."

"And you will take it?"

"I will, Elspeth, if you will take me."

"I promised you my love a long time ago."

"Yes, three weeks ago; but will it last till the Court! of Session says Miss Dunbeath is her own mistress?"

"I have never known love before."

"But you may afterwards. You may see somebody you may care for better than me. I once loved a girl, and I thought I should care for no one better than her."

"But you hadn't seen me?"

"No, Elspeth, I hadn't seen you."

THE END.

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE PAST MONTH.

OUR last monthly review was still in the hands of the printer when an event occurred which for its far-reaching effects and permanent importance will occupy a conspicuous place in the pages of history. The Roumelian revolution instantly and completely extinguished whatever interest was taken throughout Europe in the ephemeral "crisis" caused by the differences between Germany and Spain. And justly so. The dispute about the Caroline Islands was "momentous" only, as the event has proved, in the journalistic sense of the word. The breakdown of the Treaty of Berlin is momentous, as everybody now recognizes, in its higher sense, as it is used, not by the journalist, but by the historian. Germany and Spain are accordingly being left to settle their quarrel without the invaluable assistance of the European gallery, shouting its applause and disapproval or obtruding its advice. That quarrel, as we anticipated, will not end in war, nor even—what was at one time a real danger—in the overthrow of the existing government in Spain. As yet it has not so much as caused the downfall of the Spanish Ministry. The course of the negotiations is slow, but they will probably end in a recognition of the nominal sovereignty of Spain over the disputed territory, counterbalanced by the concession of commercial privileges to Germany. The most interesting feature of the business has been the submission of Spain's claims, by the mutual consent of the disputing parties, to the arbitration of the Pope. It marks in the most decisive manner the reconciliation between the German Imperial Government and the Papal See, between whom ten years ago there raged so bitter and apparently irreconcilable a conflict. The Romophobists, who exulted in the *Kulturkampf* as the beginning of the end of the political influence of the hated Scarlet Lady, have for the hundredth time been disappointed. Stripped of all temporal dominion, the Papal See still remains a mighty factor in temporal affairs—the toughest as it is the most ancient of the Great Powers. The Iron Chancellor, who has got the best of all other antagonists, has found himself, if not defeated, at least effectually baffled, by this subtle enemy, an enemy not to be grasped by the arm of material power. And with his ready recognition of facts,

even when they are least agreeable to him, he has long been willing to bury the hatchet. That ceremony has now been performed in a graceful and inconspicuous manner by Germany's acceptance of the good offices of the Pope. It is this view of the matter which gives a more than ephemeral interest to the latest case of international arbitration.

But, as we have said, the whole question has ceased to engage the attention of Englishmen. Their political interest, so far as it is not absorbed by the din of political controversy at home, is fixed upon the new development of the eternal Eastern Question which has resulted from the union of the two sections of Bulgaria that were rent asunder by European diplomacy in 1878. Considering the highly artificial character of the arrangement then arrived at, it is a wonder it should have lasted so long. The frailness of the barrier set up for the separation of Northern and Southern Bulgaria, in order to create which England once went to the verge of war, is shown by the ease with which it was knocked over. On the 18th of September, without any previous symptom discernible to the general world, the people of Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, rose in unanimous insurrection, quietly deposed "Gavril Pasha," a Servian who had been placed as governor over them by the Porte, and declared in favour of a union with Bulgaria. Almost simultaneously the Bulgarian army was mobilized, and within three days of the rising Prince Alexander had arrived at the head of his troops in Philippopolis, receiving on all hands a cordial welcome, had proclaimed himself "Prince of Northern and Southern Bulgaria," and had despatched assurances to the Powers and the Porte that, having all he wanted, he would be on his behaviour ever after. No resistance was offered, and, indeed, as the Turks had never exercised their right of occupying the Balkan passes, and the people south of them were unanimous in welcoming the invaders, there was nobody to resist. Not a shot was fired, not a life lost, nor a wound inflicted. Without a cry or a blow the phantom of Eastern Roumelia vanished from the stage of European politics.

It would be a great mistake, however, to underestimate the importance of these transactions because they were not immediately productive of any startling convulsion. The rising in Herzegovina, which preceded by precisely a decade the recent Roumelian revolution, likewise did not immediately reveal all the momentous offspring with which it was pregnant. Yet it led in the fulness of time to the Servian war, the Russo-Turkish war, and the Treaty of Berlin. Now, as then, we may have to wait six months, a year, or two years, to see the full consequences of the recent occurrence in Bulgaria. The slowness with which the affair develops itself is neither unprecedented nor reassuring. On the first receipt of the news all Europe was alarmed at the prospect of Turkey's immediately taking action. Her troops, it

was thought, would promptly enter Eastern Roumelia, to reassert the authority of the Porte and the arrangements of United Europe, and we should have war in a fortnight. When Turkey, contrary to expectation, grasped not the sword, but the pen, and instead of entering Roumelia by force, circularized the Great Powers on the subject of her grievances, men began to think that the whole trouble would blow over. As a matter of fact, it would have been more likely to blow over if Turkey had adopted the more vigorous course. In the interests of humanity and progress, of the ultimate freedom and independent development of the Balkan races, we may rejoice that she did not do so. But, as far as our immediate quiet is concerned, it would have been better if she had. The situation to-day is not less, but more threatening than it was four weeks ago. And it is extraordinarily complicated. The common opinion has long been that as long as Germany, Austria, and Russia were determined to keep the peace, no serious disturbance of the established compromise in South-eastern Europe would be possible. The great alarm caused by the first news of the Roumelian rising was due to the belief that Russia was at the bottom of it. When it became evident that Russia was not, that, so far from approving, she positively deprecated, the reopening of the Eastern Question at a moment when she was not prepared to intervene in it to her own advantage, that alarm gave way to an unreasonable confidence in the maintenance of peace. If the three empires were really anxious to preserve tranquillity, there would be no difficulty, it was thought, in once more patching up the Turkish Empire in Europe. All the Treaty Powers might resent the forwardness of the Bulgarians in upsetting the arrangement made at Berlin, but none of them had sufficient interest in re-establishing the cardboard wall of separation to incur the sacrifices that would be necessary to restore it. Turkey had really no interest in Eastern Roumelia beyond the regular receipt of the tribute, and Prince Alexander was willing to arrange for the payment of that as well as to show all formal deference to the authority of the Porte. England and Austria, who, seven years ago, had been foremost in insisting on the severance of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, were only actuated at that time by the fear that the "big Bulgaria" of San Stefano would be little better than a Russian province. Now that Bulgaria had emancipated herself from Russian influence, the bigger she was the better. Germany would not separate herself on this question from Austria and England, and, finally, the Russian Government, anxious as it might be to punish the Bulgarians, and above all their ruler, for having taken so momentous a step without its sanction, would not venture to incur the odium which would be excited among its subjects by an attempt to reimpose upon a Slav people, which had once broken through its fetters, the hated authority of the Turk.

Such was the forecast. And when it was known that the ambassadors of the Powers were to meet in informal conference at Constantinople, with a view to devising some arrangement which they could recommend to Bulgaria and the Porte, it was generally anticipated that Prince Alexander would be asked to make a formal atonement for his insubordination, but that the union of Bulgaria would be recognised, that, for the rest, the arrangements of the Treaty of Berlin would, with some slight modifications, be reaffirmed, and that all would again be peace.

And so it might be if the Great Powers were really the exclusive arbiters of the matter. But it remains to be seen whether they are. As between Turkey and Bulgaria the issue is comparatively simple. Not so between Turkey and her other old subjects and present neighbours, Greece and Servia, nor yet between the various heirs of Turkey among themselves. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, are all intensely jealous of one another. The idea of the "balance of power" which has led to so many wars in Europe bids fair to be fertile of similar disasters in miniature throughout the Balkan Peninsula. Each of the small states of that region is constantly on the look-out for the break-up of Turkey, not so much from a desire to grab something for itself—though such desire is not absent—as from anxiety lest its neighbour should get the start in the scramble. Servia and Greece are furious at the thought that Bulgaria has stolen a march on them by the evidently preconcerted overthrow of the barriers which divided and weakened her. Their restlessness was increased as soon as it became apparent that Bulgaria would in all probability be allowed to profit by her temerity, and to defy with impunity the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. If the fact of having taken the law into her own hands was to be allowed to count in favour of their rival, they too would take the law into their own hands, so as to create a similar prejudice in favour of themselves. Nor is ample temptation wanting in either case. Albania, seething with discontent, and Macedonia, groaning under a system of government which the platonic promises of the Treaty of Berlin have done nothing to improve, offer an open field to Greece for "restoring the balance of power" in her own favour. The district of old Servia, which is still Turkish, but which contains all the classical spots of Servian history, or the north-western corner of Bulgaria, adjoining his own frontier, present a no less tempting opportunity to the ambition of the King of Servia. For the humour of the situation is that these nation-makers seem entirely indifferent what they take or whom they take from provided they aggrandize, or, in their own euphemism, "compensate" themselves. At this moment the doubt, whether Servia will go to war, is complicated by the further question whether, if she does do so, her attack will be directed

against the infidel Turk or against her Bulgarian fellow-Christians. And the action of Servia is the decisive factor in the case. She has a better army than Greece, and one more readily mobilized. Moreover, on the receipt of the news of the Bulgarian move, she instantly mobilized it, and now stands with a considerable force, on the frontier both of Turkey and Bulgaria, ready to strike, if she can only make up her mind to defy the warnings of the Great Powers, and forget the lesson of 1876. And if Servia strikes in, Greece will probably follow suit. The sword of Damocles which hangs over the luckless Balkan lands is, therefore, suspended by a single frail thread, the restraining influence which the Great Powers may be able to exercise upon Servia. That they all for various reasons do not want further to embroil matters may be taken for certain. But whether any of them care to go the length of forcibly intervening to prevent Servian intervention is a different question. Such a remedy, they may think, would be worse than the disease. Besides, both Russia and Austria, the only two States which are practically in a position to interfere by force, have both the same excellent reason for not doing so. They have been intriguing for years to supplant one another in the affection of these troublesome small States beyond the Danube. But whichever of them undertakes the unpleasant task of coercing these States into a respect for European treaties will assuredly drive them into the arms of the other. Just as Russia cannot afford to offend her fellow-Slavs by acting as the policeman of Europe to keep Bulgaria in order, so Austria would naturally shrink from sacrificing her newly-acquired influence in Servia by forcibly compelling her hot-headed protégé to keep the peace. If Servia insists on going on, therefore, who is going to stop her? And the Servian people are wild to go on. The lust of aggrandisement common, it is to be feared, to the whole family of nations, is enhanced in their case by a national enthusiasm, stimulated by tradition and hallowed by religious zeal. The very sense of self-preservation may compel their rulers to give the rein to this overwhelming popular impulse.

Before turning to events nearer home, it is necessary to notice one other foreign incident, of some importance, the conspicuous disaster which befell the Republicans at the first instalment of the Parliamentary elections in France. Of 584 seats 187 were carried by candidates of the various reactionary parties, and only 136 by friends of the existing Constitution, whether Moderate, Opportunist, or Radical. No one doubts that the 222 seats which still remain to be won by a second ballot will, owing to the union which is now forced upon all shades of Republicans, be carried in the vast majority of cases by supporters of the existing order, but the lesson of the 4th October remains. The Republicans will still have a majority, but it will no longer be safe for them

to carry on those internecine feuds, or to involve their country in those aimless and wasteful foreign adventures, which have done so much to discredit the governing party of France during the past three years. Whether the effect of their recent mishap will be to make them more moderate in their domestic policy is far more doubtful. Unquestionably the Republican majority in the new Chamber will be to a great extent composed of extreme men; unquestionably also the fact that that majority is not larger is principally due to the hostility of the Church, exasperated as she has been by the persistent attacks made upon her by successive Ministries. Is it not likely then that the cry that "Clericalism is the enemy" will be raised with renewed vigour, and that the longed-for Republican unity will be sought, where it has ere now been so often found, in a new onslaught upon the Church? The fresh evidence of its power which Clericalism has just given, instead of discouraging the anti-Clerical spirit of the ruling party, will probably tend to produce an exactly opposite effect, and to combine all shades of Republicans in a life-and-death struggle with the inveterate enemy of their political creed. In any case there are stormy times before the new French Chamber, and we may expect that the domestic affairs of our nearest neighbours will once more excite an interest in this country which has not been known since the death of Gambetta.

The victory of Conservatism in France has done something to inspirit the Conservatives in this country, and to put a little more heart into them in view of our own general election. And they sorely needed such encouragement. Despite the fact that they have, on the whole, been lucky in their assumption of office, and that during the summer a variety of events, noticed in our previous reviews, conspired to favour them, they have, since the actual election campaign was opened by Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, been losing ground and losing spirit. It is hard to assign a reason for the change, unless it be that they are demoralized by the enormously superior artillery of the Liberals—that they cannot stand up against the incessant and crushing fire poured into them by the oratorical batteries of their opponents. It is not only that the Liberals have a greater number of distinguished speakers. The average speaker on the Liberal side is so much abler and so much more strenuous than the Conservative. And this is telling everywhere, especially in the rural districts, where political meetings are more of a novelty than they are in towns, audiences less critical, commonplaces less familiar, and the ordinary Liberal candidate, with his ample stock of popular sentiments and fascinating promises, is therefore still a wonderful and a delightful phenomenon. The opinion gains ground that, while the Liberals may lose seats in some of the boroughs, especially where there is a strong Irish element among the

electors, they will sweep the board in an unexpectedly large number of counties, and that the general result will be to send them back to power with a majority large enough to outvote any possible coalition. This is the general, and, in our opinion, under present circumstances, the most reasonable anticipation. But there still remains the chapter of accidents. The mind of the new electorate is still, to a great extent, an unexplored world, a new dark continent. The element of uncertainty, always considerable in these matters, has never been stronger than in the present case, with the vast increase in the number of voters and with the new constituencies still in an unorganized or only half-organized state.

And then the issues before the country are more than ordinarily confused. With the line of party cleavage no longer corresponding to the real boundary of opinion, with men of the most opposite views fighting on the same side and men, between whose views there is only an imperceptible shade of difference, fighting against one another, with innumerable proposals, some of immediate import, some only of distant practicability, all being discussed at once and on the same footing, it is more than ordinarily difficult to say how the non-partizan electors, who after all turn the scale, will cast their votes. In the present appalling deluge of political oratory there is much to distract and little to guide them. It would serve no good purpose to record in this place the number of eminent public men who have been trying to make their voices heard during the last four weeks, or the scenes and dates of their respective efforts. A few salient features attract notice in the complicated scrimmage. A few voices are heard, distinct and commanding, above the general din. There are, speaking roughly, three great bodies of opinion, which are struggling for supremacy. Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill for the Tories, Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen for the Moderates, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke—or, should we say, Mr. John Morley—for the Radicals, are in each case the men whose speeches, if not always the most effective for the moment, command the greatest attention and exercise the widest influence throughout the country as a whole. Of these six Mr. Chamberlain is, as a platform orator, out-and-out the best. The progress of this gentleman in popular influence is indeed something phenomenal. His is the only name, except Mr. Gladstone's, which at the Liberal meeting of the ordinary type raises a really hearty cheer. Mr. Chamberlain has brought the art of speaking to large popular audiences to a pitch of perfection hitherto unattained in England. It is not that he can compare, as a born orator, with some of the giants of the past, O'Connell for instance, or Gladstone, or Bright. But he has a perfect method. Public speaking in his hands is a science which renders him independent of the quality of his cause or the inspir-

ation of the moment. There is always a prelude of lively and vigorous, if often unfair polemic, always the necessary amount of imported humour, the joke or the story, to temper the seriousness of political discussion, always just so much, and no more, of high-pitched sentiment as is required to soften and glorify the direct appeal to the material interests of his hearers. And then how admirable are the sentences. Terse, clean-cut, direct, intelligible to the simplest, yet commanding, by their literary excellence, the admiration of the most fastidious, they are—if we except those rare outbursts of genuine passion or natural eloquence, which are necessarily exceptional—the most effective controversial missiles at present flying about the world. Lord Salisbury may have higher qualities. His speeches have a wider range, a finer satire, a more logical arrangement, and now and again strike a higher note. But their excellence is more purely literary—his programme speech at Newport, for instance, is the best political essay of the year—and then his delivery is immeasurably inferior. Of the other speakers we have named, Mr. John Morley is the most eloquent to read, but is never quite at his ease in speaking. Lord Randolph Churchill, who from ill-health has been less prominent than usual lately, is the pure demagogue, reckless and hard-hitting. Sir Charles Dilke is dull but instructive, Lord Hartington dull but weighty. He labours, however, under the disadvantage that the sort of things he has to say are being better said, just at present, by Mr. Goschen. The latter, though not possessing a very popular, or indeed a very good style, is perhaps the most cogent in argument of all our political orators, and his great vigour and unmistakable sincerity occasionally rise into simple and telling eloquence. Starting a long way behind Lord Hartington, and heavily handicapped by his unfortunate opposition to the Franchise Act, Mr. Goschen's greater courage and strenuousness are beginning to make moderate Liberals look to him rather than to the late Secretary at War for the effective exposition of their principles, and perhaps the very set which is being made against him by some Radical orators is the best testimony to his growing influence and reputation.

As far as the questions chiefly before the country are concerned, the attitude of the different parties may be epitomized as follows:—With regard to Ireland everybody uses pretty much the same language, and all pledge themselves as little as possible. The moderate Liberals are, "perhaps, the most definitely opposed to Mr. Parnell's demand for legislative independence," but both Conservatives and Radicals likewise declare themselves in favour of "the integrity of the United Kingdom," and then pass on as speedily as possible to other subjects. Foremost among these are the Reform of Local Government and the Reform of the Land Laws in the direction of making land more easily and cheaply transferable, with both of which the Conservatives loudly pro-

claim themselves willing and even specially qualified to deal. Rather startling assertions these—in view of their past history—but then we move fast in these days, and the Conservatives are the party of sudden conversions. Nevertheless, there is something suspicious about the paucity of detail in the Tory utterances on these subjects, which contrasts very strongly with the elaborate schemes propounded by the spokesmen of all sections on the other side. Besides asserting their greater sincerity with respect to the measures just mentioned, the Liberals, of whatever shade of opinion, insist strongly on the necessity of a further reform in the procedure of the House of Commons. But with procedure, local government, and free trade in land such agreement as exists in the ranks of the Opposition comes to an end, and the rest of their time is spent in internecine warfare on a variety of important points. A large number of the more advanced men are pledged to free education; a still larger number of all sections have promised to vote for the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church, either absolutely or “when it becomes a Government question.” Yet it may be doubted whether Disestablishment will be adopted as a definite portion of the Liberal party programme during the life-time of the next Parliament. The Moderates, it is true, are not by any means unanimously opposed to it, while the Radicals are, almost to a man, strongly in its favour, but they seem more inclined to insist on some other measures as their immediate contribution to the general programme of the party. Thus Mr. Chamberlain in his speech at the Victoria Hall on September 24th put forward three points, the exclusion of which from the programme of the party would exclude him from any future Liberal Cabinet. These were a revision of taxation in the interests of the poorer classes, free education, and power to local authorities to take land for public purposes, and especially in order to sell or let it, in small quantities, to labourers in the country districts. It is true there has been a good deal of discussion as to what Mr. Chamberlain meant by this remarkable ultimatum. Did he mean that these measures must be included in the programme of any Ministry to which he would consent to belong, or simply that such Ministry must agree to treat them as open questions? His declaration has been variously interpreted, and he, perhaps wisely, seems disinclined to give any formal interpretation of it himself. For unquestionably the doubt which rests upon the subject is of service to the Liberals from the electioneering point of view. If these proposals were definitely excluded from the programme of official Liberalism, it would sacrifice much of the enthusiasm of its working class supporters, both in town and country. If, on the other hand, they were to be definitely included, the middle-class Liberals, who do not care about paying for the education of other people’s children, and

think peasant proprietorship impracticable, would begin to take alarm. On the whole, there is probably quite as strong an admixture of Socialism in the schemes and speeches of the majority of Liberal candidates as in the interests of the party is at present advisable. The Radicals cannot go much further in that direction just yet without breaking up the Coalition, and tearing Mr. Gladstone's invaluable umbrella to shreds. Whether the Radicals of the purest water have an effective majority in the country is still very uncertain. And they might surely be satisfied with the rate at which they are impregnating the mass of Liberals with those socialistic doctrines to which they are themselves such recent converts.

Curiously enough, while a certain diluted Socialism is not only tolerated, but even fashionable in the highest quarters, pure Socialism has had to fight hard lately to save itself from suppression as a pestilent heresy, to be publicly uttered only on penalty of fine and imprisonment. For some time past the police have been something more than officious in superintending the Socialist meetings which have of late days been common in the East End of London. Objecting to Socialism in principle, they managed to convince themselves with remarkable facility that Socialist speakers were in fact guilty of obstructing traffic in the streets. This petty bullying went on for some time unchecked, but at length the overzealous guardians of law and order went so far as to arouse public opinion very decidedly on the side of the persecuted. A Socialist meeting, which was held in Dod Street, Limehouse, on Sunday, September 27th, was interrupted by the police on the ground that it was an obstruction to the traffic. As a matter of fact, there was no traffic to obstruct, and the crowd was so irritated by this interference that one or two of its members did offer some trifling resistance to the officers of the law in their attempt to break up the assembly. Several Socialists were accordingly arrested and brought before Mr. Saunders, the magistrate at the Thames Police Court, on the following day on a trumpery charge of obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty. That gentleman so far allowed his disapproval of Socialism to get the better of his judgment as to commit two of the men arrested to prison for a couple of months, and to accompany his sentence with some exceedingly unwise and irrelevant remarks on the heinousness of the doctrines they were engaged in promulgating. The indignation at this conduct among a large portion of the working classes in the East End of London would probably have assumed formidable proportions had not the press taken up the matter so warmly as to compel the authorities to reconsider their attitude towards Socialist gatherings. A much larger meeting which was got up on the same spot in Dod Street on the following Sunday, was prudently let alone by the police,

and accordingly passed off in the most orderly manner. It is strange that Englishmen, of all people in the world, should, at this time of day, have needed a fresh illustration of the wisdom of the good old English principle of letting people have their say, however undesirable may be their opinions.

The month has been devoid of events of domestic interest outside the political sphere, but with one melancholy exception. One of the noblest Englishmen of the century has recently passed away, high in years and honours. There is no section of our countrymen among whom a genuine and deep regret is not felt at the death of Lord Shaftesbury. Even those to whom his narrow religious creed was most distasteful can unite with the ecclesiastical school, with which he had so closely identified himself, in admiration for his pure and unselfish life, his abounding patriotism, his splendid services in the cause of social progress. Lord Shaftesbury's name will live in history, not alone but principally, as that of the first great champion of factory legislation, the earlier of the two great triumphs which practical Socialism has achieved in England since the Reform Act, and with both of which Lord Shaftesbury's name is associated. Nor should we, in touching the obituary of the month, omit all mention of Lord Shaftesbury's fellow-octogenarian, Lord Strathnairn, better known as Sir Hugh Rose, one of the last survivors of the now almost forgotten hero-generals of the Indian Mutiny.

The great deeds, which Sir Hugh Rose's name recalls, come home to us all the more at a moment when we are seemingly about to engage in fresh fighting in the far East. It is true the struggle to which we are, in all probability, committed in Burmah belongs to the category of little, of very little, wars. But it may be the parent of much trouble, and perhaps of far severer conflicts later on. The difficulty is, how we can bring Theebaw to reason without annexing independent Burmah, and to annex it is to become the neighbour of China, a position of no little embarrassment, which the experience of the French in Tonquin is not calculated to render more attractive.

A. M.

October 19th, 1885.

Critical Notices.

MEREDITH'S "EVAN HARRINGTON."*

SOME months since I ventured to express, in these columns, a wish which was scarcely a hope, a wish that Mr. George Meredith's publishers would permit us to buy his books without having to give fancy prices for first editions. I certainly did not think, when I wrote those words, that my wish, and the wish of so many others, would so soon be gratified. However, here is the "new and uniform edition of George Meredith's works," in which for the first time since most of the books were published, lovers of Meredith may obtain the greater part of his works, still not the whole of them, one regrets to say, for six shillings a volume. The novels included in the series are the following: *Diana of the Crossways*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Evan Harrington*, *Emilia in England*, *Harry Richmond*, *Vittoria*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Beauchamp's Career*, and *The Egoist*. *Mary Bertrand*, which should come between *Richard Feverel* and *Evan Harrington*, is absent from the list; on what account I am at a loss to conceive. Equally incomprehensible is the omission of the brilliant and original *Shaving of Shagpat* and *Farina*. The poems, too, the early and extinct volume of 1851, and the *Modern Love* (a most remarkable work) of 1862, one would have been glad to see in the same company. Is it too late to hope that these works (without which it is impossible to talk of a "complete edition") may yet be added to the list? Meanwhile, unalloyed praise may be given to the style in which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have got up the edition. Type and paper are both good: the smooth olive-green covers, plain gilt lettered, excellent; the general *format* quite simple, handsome, unobtrusive. I can give it no higher praise than by saying that it is worthy of what it contains.

The first volume of the series, published in July, was *Diana of the Crossways*, of which I said something here at the time of its first appearance. The second volume, *Evan Harrington*, was issued last month; and it is with this that I am concerned at present. Although merely a reprint, this and the other novels of the series have so long been quite out of print, that one may almost speak of them, to people in general, as of new books. To

* *Evan Harrington*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, 1885.

those who know and admire them already, they have become, in a sense, classics; and of classics when is a word not welcome?

Evan Harrington is a story of modern society; not so philosophical, witty, profound, nor so deeply and pathetically tragic, as *Richard Feverel*—not so wildly adventurous, nor so romantic and fantastic as *Harry Richmond*, but occupying a place midway between the two. Without being the greatest of Mr. Meredith's novels, it is the most evenly interesting, I think, the most easy, pleasant, absorbing, and ought to be one of the most widely popular. I have seen those who read *Richard Feverel* with effort, read *Evan Harrington* with delight; and I am sure that if Mr. Mudie's customers know what is good for them, there will be a great demand for the book. *Evan Harrington* is the story of a young man whose fate it is to be the son of a tailor and the brother of a countess. The father dies at the beginning of the first chapter; Evan is left between a strong-willed mother, resolved that her son shall be a tailor, and a clever sister, bent on his being a gentleman and marrying a certain heiress. The book is the absorbing chronicle of the intrigues of the countess and her sisters to hide the fact of their father's trade, to get an entrance into society, and, in the case of the countess, to make Evan's way smooth for him. Then there are plots and counterplots, very Machiavellian, but never vulgar, and all in the very best society, where the touching a nerve is the blood-spilling of uncivilized battles, and the heroes triumph in a tone of the voice. In the midst of it all, Evan, a fine figure of genuine manliness, a gentleman of heart and breeding, if not of birth, acts unconscious of the toils which are being woven for his benefit and against it, until at length he is caught in them, and appears for a time to be a disgraced hero, and finally triumphs, as heroes do. By his side I would name Rose Jocelyn, a true young English girl, frank, bright and fearless, free of speech and bold of heart,—the dearest, best, and most likeable of all Mr. Meredith's portraits of women, I think, though I am far from forgetting Lucy or Diana. Lucy is softly feminine, Diana imperiously; but Rose is one of those women who are simply brave and good, and not in any way strikingly remarkable, and whom we love the more for it.

Grouped around these central figures are an almost bewildering number of minor characters, most of whom I cannot even name here. Truly noteworthy, and unique in Mr. Meredith, are the Dickens-like sketches of the Brothers Cogglesby—sketches full of a genial and large-throated humour which is rarer now in English novels than it once was. Humour of a different kind, the humour of Thackeray rather than of Dickens,—that tolerant ironical underplay which Mr. Meredith, almost alone since Thackeray, has fully comprehended,—may be seen in the characters of the Harrington sisters, especially of the leader of them, the heroic Countess de

Saldar de Sancorvo. The countess is a sort of refined and christianized Becky Sharp,—type of the world's fine ladies with a secret (innocent enough, in itself) to hide; a purpose (plausible enough) to achieve. She has to hide the secret of that link with tailordom; she has to force her brother into fortune. And the plots, and devices, and cunning schemes, and skilful fencing, and deadly reprisals with which she carries on her warfare; the Napoleonic genius of her campaigns; all the acts, and arts, and flatteries of her most marvellous spinning; are they not written in the book of the history of Evan Harrington? Thither I refer any one who cares to read of them; and to the person who goes thither I can promise much more than this, more than I have hinted at; fun and drollery of the best, high-life sketches and low-life, the humours of an inn and of a country house, genuine human nature at work and at play, and if but little pathos, but little real tragedy, an entertainment of pure comedy, at once pleasant, and bracing, and inexhaustibly entertaining.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE LIVES OF ROBERT AND MARY MOFFAT.*

THIS is an account of the life and work of the celebrated South African missionary, ably edited and arranged by his son. Mr. Moffat has had the discretion and good taste to let the story tell itself through the letters of his parents, confining his own share in the family narration to a concise statement of such facts and events as were necessary to the continuity of the history related, without comment or remark. For the son of a man of such strong personality as Robert Moffat to place himself in the attitude of an unprejudiced biographer, argues no small amount of self-restraint, but in no other way could he have given his readers so clear an idea of the single-mindedness and unselfishness of his father. The venerable missionary's letters are full of that intense fervour and zeal, without which no prophet ever makes a convert, be his mission what it may, and this alone would make them interesting reading, even though they had nothing else to commend them. But, furthermore, they form a stirring story of life in South Africa in the early days of English settlements there, before England had annexed the Transvaal, and when the "Dark Continent" was as yet entirely unexplored. The relations between the missionary and his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, constitute a particularly attractive chapter of the romance, and the premature death of Mrs. Livingstone is related in a passage the more touching by reason of its brevity.

Nor was Mrs. Moffat far behind her husband in the devotion to

* "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat." By JOHN S. MOFFAT. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

634 THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

the cause of Gospel-teaching. She was no whit less missionary than wife and mother, but in whatever character we meet her, she always engages our sympathy by her simplicity and absence of self-consciousness, from the time that she—a girl of twenty—sails from Gosport to be married at Capetown, “her heart sickening, and floods of tears drenching her face” at the separation from her parents, till the day that she dies, full of years, “her children thanking God for such a mother.”

Want of space forbids detailed quotation from the book, but we have doubtless said enough to prove its interest, not only to those occupied in missionary work, but also to the general reader. It contains several good portraits and illustrations.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the “best books,” arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

Alexander, W. L. Zechariah ; cr. 8vo, Nisbet, 6s.

Farrar, Archdeacon. 2 Corinthians and Galatians [Pulpit Commentary] ; roy. 8vo, Paul, 21s.

A 2.—HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Overton, J. H. Life in the English Church [1660—1714] ; 8vo, Longman, 14s.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

—Evolution of Religious Thought. By G. D'Alviella ; 8vo, Williams, 10s. 6d.

Immortality: A Clerical Symposium [repr. fr. Homiletic Mag.]. By Revs. C. A. Row, Horder, Page Hopps, Knox-Little, Cairns, Rabbi Adler, etc. ; cr. 8vo, Nisbet, 6s.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Adams, Rev. F. A. My Man and I: A book for Churchmen [on Disestablishment and other Contemp. Church problems] ; 8vo, Sonnenschein, 9s.

A 5.—DEVOTION AND PRACTICE.

Jones, Miss A. C. Saints of the Prayer-Book acc. to the Kalendar ; ill., 16mo, Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Bersier, E. Sermons [translated] ; Vol. II., cr. 8vo, Dickenson, 4s.

Pattison, Rev. Mark. Sermons ; cr. 8vo, Macmillan, 6s.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 1.—MENTAL.

Perez. The First Three Years of Childhood ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 4s. 6d.

C 2.—MORAL.

Lotze, H. Microcosmus : An Essay on Man [tr.] ; 2 v., 8vo, Clark, 30s.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

Buxton, S., M. P. Over-Pressure and Element. Educ. ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 2s.
Lord, F. + E. Mothers' Songs and Games [Kindergarten] ; 8vo, Rice, 7s. 6d.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY.

E 2.—EUROPE.

Norwegian Pictures. By R. Lovett ; ill., imp. 8vo, Rel. Tr. Soc., 8s.
Sardinia and its Resources. By R. Tennant ; 8vo, Stanford, 12s. 6d.

E 3.—ASIA.

Canara, Wild Life in. By Gordon S. Forbes, C.S. ; col. pl., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 6s.
Siberian Snows, Over. By Victor Meignan ; ill., 8vo, Sonnenschein, 16s.

E 7.—BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY.

Greenwich Palace and Hospital. By A. G. L'Estrange ; cr. 8vo, Hurst, 21s.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 1.—GENERAL.

American Republic, The Founders of. By C. Mackay ; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 10s. 6d.
Ireland under the Tudors. By R. Bagwell ; 2 v., 8vo, Longman, 32s.
United States, Larger History of. By T. W. Higginson [Amer.] ; 4to, Low, 14s.

F 3.—MEDIÆVAL HISTORY.

Legge, A. O. The Unpopular King [Richard III.] ; 2 v., 8vo, Ward & Downey, 30s.

F 4.—MODERN HISTORY.

Greville Memoirs, The. Part II. ; 3 v., 8vo, Longman, 36s.

F 5.—CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

Baxter, Rt. Hon. W. E. England and Russia in East [Imp. Parl. Ser.] ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.
Brackenbury, Col. G. H. The Advance of the River Column [Egypt] ; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 7s. 6d.
Caine + Hoyle + Burns : W. ; W. ; Rev. D. Local Option [Imp. Parl. Ser.] ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.
Dilke + Woodall : Mrs. A. ; W. Women Suffrage [Imp. Parl. Ser.] ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.
Knollys, H. English Life in China ; cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder, 7s. 6d.
Rodrigues, J. C. The Panama Canal ; cr. 8vo, Low, 5s.

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❖ TIME. ❖

DECEMBER, 1885.

THE RUSSIAN STORM-CLOUD.

BY STEPNIAK.

IV.

THE POLITICAL FORM OF THE RUSSIA OF THE FUTURE.

WELL, the reader will say to my pointing to the danger of the maintenance of Russian tyranny, the Autocracy must be destroyed. But is revolution really so certain a guarantee against foreign aggression? Who knows whether the chronic danger Russian despotism presents will not manifest itself at the outbreak of a revolution by a wild rush for external conquests? Was it not so in France? Will not history be repeated in Russia also?

No Russian, unless he has spent all his lifetime abroad, will entertain such doubts and apprehensions. But they exist, to a certain degree, in the minds of the English. I will, therefore, ask permission to dwell for a moment upon facts, which, if not unknown, are at all events not sufficiently taken into consideration; otherwise the misapprehensions about our future would have been impossible. I refer to the absence of any tendency to centralisation in the Russian nation itself.

The unification of France, ethical, intellectual, and political,—due to the high standard of French civilisation radiating from Paris,—was an accomplished fact long before the Revolution. When this latter broke out none but a strongly centralised government was possible in France. During the unexampled social fermentation of that period the provinces showed no inclination for autonomy and local independence. The innocent dreams of federalism of the unfortunate Girondists were considered as treason, and among the imaginary crimes imputed to them, one of the heaviest was that of desiring the “dismembering of France.” And notwithstanding the numerous

changes of her political constitution and great progress in her political liberties, the centralised form of government remained unshaken, the first practical manifestation of federalism being made by the so much calumniated Commune of 1871.

Now the centralisation of political power in any shape,—be it in the form of the Roman senate or of the French Committee of Safety,—if not necessarily aggressive, is always liable to be hurried into foreign war. France, moreover, was enticed into it by external aggression. The usurpation of Napoleon I. was the consequence both of this centralisation and of those wars, and he only pushed to an extreme what had preceded him.

The social conditions of Russia are quite the reverse of those of France. Only the central ethnical nucleus of the Russian Empire—Muscovy proper—was formed by a natural process of unification, having some analogy to that of France; the remnant being either conquered by main force or annexed voluntarily, to be enchained the following day. None of these elements were ever fused into the ruling nationality; Muscovite habits had no attractiveness, and their culture was often much lower than that of the annexed country. Whilst the German inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, conquered by the French, became, after the lapse of a century, most ardent French patriots, the Ruthenian population, for example, formerly a military republic, and annexed in 1654 by the decision of its popular assembly, is not in the least assimilated with Russia proper after two centuries of common life. Excluding the handful of nobles and the official classes, the Ruthenians speak their own language, have their own national customs, and, I venture to add, their own religion, genuine Greek orthodoxy; whilst the real worship of the peasants of great Russia is sectarianism. The Ruthenian peasants do not remember the early history of their republican institutions, but they feel strongly that their national individuality is distinct from the dominant great Russian nation, to which they still give the old name of *Moskals*—i.e., Muscovites. Even among the superior and educated classes of the towns, we observe during the last two generations a strong revival of national feeling under the influence of the democratic ideas of our time. So it is with the people who are, by blood, by religion, by language, the nearest of kin to the Russians. I need hardly speak of other nationalities—Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Caucasians, and many others—under the dominion of the Tzar by the force of the bayonet, and separated from the dominant nationality by religion, language, and old historical traditions, with nothing to atone for the loss of their national freedom and to reconcile them to their rulers. Modern Russia possesses no absorbent power. Such various elements are not likely to crave the maintenance of the centralised form of government, when once they are free to have their own way.

Nor is that all. Even in the genuine Russian provinces there is no trace of centralistic tendencies. The long centuries of bureaucratic despotism, to which the enormous distances gave unlimited sway, produced such a universal aversion to centralisation, that in this respect there is hardly any difference between the genuine Russian and the leading men of other nationalities. Nobody but the bureaucratic officials of the Government are partisans of centralisation. Even the obtuse Muscovite slavophiles like M. Axakoff, representing extreme Russian conservatism, akin in sympathy to the upholders of the official status, desire a large development of local self-government as the sole guarantee against bureaucratic tyranny.

Under such conditions there is no possibility of maintaining a centralised empire. Whether the present *régime* shall be destroyed by an insurrection,—which is certainly the speediest and the least painful way of getting rid of it,—or whether, in consequence of a long and morbid process of internal decomposition and of the impending national bankruptcy, the Government will be obliged to appeal to the country, as was the case in France, the result will be the same. Russia, as soon as she obtains the faculty of adjusting herself according to her own disposition, will cease to be a centralised empire. And we may add that the greater the liberty enjoyed at this reconstruction, the fewer will be the centralised elements which will remain in it.

There are, however, strong reasons for inferring that this interior segregation will never arrive at a total dismemberment of the State. I do not refer to Finland, the Caucasus, or the Central Asian conquests, and the other quite heterogeneous elements, which have nothing to do with Russia, and are rather an encumbrance to a free state. They will certainly fall off and constitute themselves into independent States, or perhaps unite with the neighbouring countries. With them the Russian people have nothing to do. What is worth consideration is the political attitude of the formerly independent states of Slav origin occupying the great eastern plain. To get a clue to it we must dwell for a moment on the condition of Poland. If there is a country which may reasonably be expected to adhere to the idea of an entire secession, it is undoubtedly Poland. No country has suffered so much from Russian despotism, and in no one is the national sentiment so keen. Nevertheless it is highly improbable that, should a favourable change in Russian political conditions take place, even Poland would secede. The reason is as simple as it is conclusive. In our times of great manufacturing industries and coming social changes economical considerations weigh enormously in the political balance. Now, from our remarks on the relations of Polish and Russian industry, with which the reader is familiar from a former chapter, it is evident that even at the present time, in the miserable condition

of the Russian nation, the union with this country presents considerable economical advantages to Poland. This small country stands now at the head of our industries, which afford it a vast, we may add an unbounded, market for its products. A wise nation will think twice before forsaking this advantage for the mere pleasure of having a king or a president of its own. And the perfect mutual understanding between the most advanced political parties of both countries indicates that the time is close at hand when the old barrier of hatred dividing both nations will give place to a better feeling.

But no amount of freedom of export, nor even general liberty and security, will reconcile the Poles to union with Russia if they do not obtain a complete assertion of their nationality. They will demand Home Rule; because if they have to send their deputies to a common central parliament, they will be swamped by the mass of deputies representing the millions of other nationalities. For, according to their present numbers, they would only be one-twenty-fifth part of the whole body. It would only be a new kind of subjection for them.

The Polish question is only an extreme case amongst many others. The Ruthenian is a reproduction in a more moderate form of the Polish problem. Here the secession would be still more disadvantageous,—not to say impossible,—since the provinces occupying the middle part of the rivers forming the natural line of communication cannot secede from the provinces holding their sources and mouths.

But mere separation into nationalities cannot satisfy the desire for liberty in so enormous a State as Russia. For we must remember that the homogeneous Ruthenians number about seventeen millions, and occupy an area equal to that of France. Great Russia numbers forty millions, a population equal to that of the German empire, and scattered over a much greater area. Constituted as single states according to nationalities, they would still make enormous centralised bureaucratic states, with no real self-government and with the additional drawback of possible interior struggles. Further subdivision will necessarily be called for. The leader of the Ruthenian Radical movement, Professor Michel Dragomanoff, thinks that his country must be divided into no less than three independent parts. For great Russia, taking into account its size, the number of subdivisions must be at least three times greater. This is, of course, the best guarantee against the possibility of national rivalry, and at the same time the sole mode of obtaining that unification of the State which is desirable for the purpose of national defence, combined with the great variety of differences of the diverse tribes and nations living on the vast eastern plain, and the traditional habit of self-government in which the Russian peasantry is educated by the "mir" and village communes.

Thus the only form into which Russia, when once free, can mould itself, will be a series of autonomous states, each having home-rule—that is, legislative and executive power, with a central government providing for the general interest of the whole union; a form of government of which the United States of America furnishes us with an example. This is not a political dream or theoretical desideratum; it is the simple inference drawn from the natural condition of our country, the ultimate and inevitable end of our political evolution. How soon this final form is likely to be attained, whether the remoulding of the Russian State will be done at once or by a gradual process of compromise with the existing monarchical institutions, is, of course, another question, which only the future can answer. But it is beyond doubt that every change will bring the solution of the problem nearer. It is not at all impossible for the Monarchy to come to an agreement with the nation. To people laying so much stress on social amelioration as all Russian advanced parties do, the mere form of a Republic—though preferable, of course—does not present the same fascination as to the French Montagnard of 1793, or the Italian patriots of Mazzinian persuasion. General civil rights and political freedom have always been placed foremost by the advanced parties of Russia, and the example of England shows that these are not incompatible with a Monarchy. Russians would willingly have abstained from shedding blood for the mere chance of giving a better sounding name to the chief of the State; but in discussing the chances of any compromise the dispositions of both contending parties are to be taken into account. Practically the Russian movement for freedom has to deal with the most stubborn dynasty the world has ever seen, and which has always shown a most desperate incapacity for understanding the interests both of the nation and itself. To hope for the conversion of the Romanoffs to a true liberal policy, is indeed to be a dreamer of the most incorrigible nature. It is more than probable that, as the struggle advances, Russian patriots will openly inscribe the word “Republic” on their banner. And even a court revolution will be hopeless unless it exalt to the throne some junior branch less imbued with traditional shortsighted despotism, and less insensible to reason than the elder one.

However it may be, one thing is certain; every step Russia makes toward liberty will diminish the danger of its military encroachment. And the more the interior transmutation is radical the surer such a result becomes. Nothing can be so incorrect as the supposition that a Russian revolution may result in the outburst of warlike propensities. There is no such feeling in the Russian people. The urgent necessity for protecting the soil against the incessant invasions of Asiatic nomads, to whom the country was open from every part, turned Russia into a centralised despotic State. And when there were no longer any invasions,

the Autocracy continued the expansion of the empire on its own behalf, dragging with it the irresponsible and obedient nation. But the character of the race proved stronger than the combined efforts of the past and the present Russian rulers. By a strange contradiction the most aggressive of European nations is really the most pacific in its disposition. Mr. Cobden said of them : "The Russians are, perhaps, naturally the least warlike people in the world. All their tastes and propensities are of an opposite character. Even in their amusements there is an absence of rudeness and violence" (Cobden's "Political Writings," p. 273); and he corroborates his statement by quoting Mr. Danby Seymour, who was rather distrustful of Russia as a political power, but has the impartiality to testify that "the most singular thing is that the people among whom this military organisation prevails is, without exception, the most pacific nation on the face of the earth; and upon this point, I believe, no difference of opinion exists among all observers. Having lived for several years in a position which enabled me to mix much with the officers and men of the Russian army, such is my strong conviction of the Russian character."

With such a disposition of its people, and a free Russia, with its political arrangements so constituted as to be particularly unfavourable to any adventurous foreign policy, prosperous and enlightened because free, Russia will for ever cease to be a threat to European tranquillity. Having so many interior wants to satisfy, and so many important questions to solve at home, it will certainly become the sure guarantee of peace. Let us only observe that having now a population of a little more than one hundred millions, in the space of sixty-four years this number will be doubled, according to Elisée Reclus' ("Geography") average rate of multiplication of the Russian people. With its present population Russia could afford to have a civil army of about four millions of men, but that the finances of the States will not bear the incorporation of such a mass in the ranks of the standing army; and the despotic form of government prevents the institution of a territorial militia. I abstain from computing to what number such a militia might attain in a few score years. Russia is the only country which requires no standing army to withstand even the strongest military powers of continental Europe.

Thus we may conclude: the careful, and, as far as possible, impartial analysis of the Russian storm-cloud, has shown us that its only threatening ingredient is the autocratic power. All the rest resolves in a rain, which can bring nothing but fruit that can be only welcomed by any good and upright man, whose heart beats in sympathy with his fellow-men.

STEPNIAK.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY D. G. RITCHIE.

THROUGH many long years, and in many sombre volumes, Mr. Herbert Spencer has preached to inattentive governments the duty of self-abnegation, the policy of a masterly inactivity, or, as he calls it, of being merely "negatively regulative;" and in pink paper cover, purchasable at railway bookstalls, there appeared during last year a little pamphlet of reprinted review articles, entitled "The Man *versus* the State." Mr. Spencer is counsel for "The Man," and conducts his case, according to a time-honoured method, by abusing the other party. Not only does Mr. Spencer's conception of what the State is appear to us to involve grave philosophical errors, but his practical conclusions seem altogether wrong, and, if widely accepted, capable of retarding most necessary reforms. A strong conviction on this point must excuse the following pages, which might otherwise appear unduly disrespectful to an honoured name. No one, who has any interest in philosophy, can refuse admiration to an Englishman who has given the energies of his life to philosophical studies, who believes that philosophy must be systematic, and who has made his countrymen read his books. But there are some things that demand more respect than distinguished persons—philosophy itself, and the growing sense of a *common* responsibility to diminish the misery of human life. ✕

"*Laissez faire*" and "Freedom of Contract" used to be Liberal watchwords, but have now been given up or left to the Tories. Mr. Spencer gives the easy explanation that the Liberals have mistakenly adopted the Tory policy. English political parties have a long history and a very complex significance. But to our synthetic philosopher, who deals in "completely-unified knowledge," this is all very simple. There are, according to Mr. Spencer, two great types of society, the militant and the industrial (an idea which may be found in Comte). To the former belongs the *régime* of *status*, to the latter that of contract (this comes from Sir Henry Maine). The former adopts compulsory co-operation, the latter voluntary co-operation (this, we believe, is Mr. Spencer's own invention). Now the Tories are the party who hold by the former or worn-out type of society, the

Liberals by the latter. So that when a Liberal is found attacking contract, in order to make Mr. Spencer's completely-unified knowledge correct, he must be no longer a Liberal but a new Tory.* How is it, then, that Liberals and Tories have come to change places in relation to the question of State interference? According to Mr. Spencer, the essence of Liberal efforts has been the struggle for individualism against Governments—not against bad or despotic Governments merely, but against Governments as such. "The abolition of grievances suffered by the people," "the gaining of a popular good," has been merely "a conspicuous external trait."† People in general have made a mistake in classification, and taken the external trait for the important thing. "The popular good has come to be sought by Liberals, not as an end to be indirectly gained by relaxation of restraints, but as an end to be directly gained." There is a philosophical difficulty here which needs to be cleared up. We do not see why, because an end is sometimes indirectly pursued, it ceases to be an end, and becomes merely "a conspicuous external trait." Least of all do we see how Mr. Spencer can logically hold such a position. He considers pleasure to be the ultimate end of conduct, and yet we suppose he would allow, like Mill, that it is an end which can only be gained by not being directly pursued. We should be very ready to admit that pleasure is "a conspicuous external trait," which Mr. Spencer and others have mistaken for the end—a conclusion which would seem to follow, if Mr. Spencer's argument here is correct. We should hold that there are ends which may be indirectly pursued, and that the popular, or rather the common, good is such an end, while pleasure is not.

But let us leave this philosophical question for the present. The unsophisticated mind is certainly a little surprised to learn that the welfare of the people is only "an external trait." We had always thought that, when men fought for liberty, and checked the tyranny of kings and potentates, they did it for the sake of the common weal, and not for the sake of carrying out Mr. Spencer's theory about the negatively regulative function of the State. Sometimes the common welfare has been promoted by resisting and restraining bad interference, sometimes by instituting Government action to check evils that had grown up through past bad interference or through long-continued neglect. There is a time to break down and a time to build up; and the same men may have to do both. If Mr. Herbert Spencer came on a company of workmen one day demolishing a large building, and some days afterwards found them erecting something else on the same place, he would say to them: "You have mistaken your work. Your business is to make the way clear for indi-

* "The Man *versus* the State," p. 1 ff.

† *Ibid.*, p. 7.

viduals like myself to walk about in as we choose." Some one might perhaps answer him (we omit the probable expletives): "The other day we were pulling down an old palace and an old prison; to-day we are building a school and a library. Some of us like knocking down best; some of us like building up, but some of us are quite ready to do both as required." There is no necessary inconsistency in the same party having struggled against protection, monopolies, and privileges, which favoured a few individuals at the cost of the vast mass of the people, and now struggling to protect individuals who are not wise enough, nor strong enough to protect themselves against the selfishness of those whom past legislation, or past neglect, has allowed to acquire an undue power over them. At the same time there does, on the surface, appear to be a certain inconsistency, and this appearance deters many from lending a helping hand in the cause which they really have at heart. Those who abolished the Corn Laws kicked at first vehemently against the Factory Acts. The view that the main work of Liberalism is to diminish the amount of Government action is widely spread in this country. It is a view which seems to fit in extremely well with the ideas, or at least with the language, of the average Englishman. Of this we may find several explanations.

In a country where political freedom has been won, not by a sudden revolution transferring power from one class to another, but by a very long and very gradual series of struggles between the non-privileged and the privileged, or between the more privileged and the less privileged classes, this long struggle has left as an inheritance a permanent jealousy of rulers, a ready-made disposition to suspect and resent Government interference. The struggle against the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts has made an indelible impression on English political thinking. This we may call the Whig tradition, in which we include the Puritan tradition. The best of the Puritans fought for the liberty of individual conscience; and nearly all of them, when they could not have their own way, wished to be left alone in matters of religion.

Secondly, besides this older Whig tradition, there is the more recent tradition from the struggles of this century—the long fight against State interference especially with trade, but also with freedom of the press, of religious belief, of association, etc. The struggle of the seventeenth century was mainly against unconstitutional and arbitrary kinds of Government. That of the first half of the present century has been against mischievous kinds of Government action. The opponents of some particular kind of bad Government interference often used the unnecessarily wide premise, "All Government interference is bad." The advocates of Free Trade tended to apply the phrase *Laissez faire* in all matters. It became the dogma of the old-fashioned Radical.

Thirdly, there is the patriotic feeling that we are not as other men are, the national pride in the English system of leaving people to do things for themselves, and the prejudice against everything that any one can call "continental bureaucracy." Now most undoubtedly we have a great gain, not in the mere absence of Government action, but in the habit of free association; many of the advantages, however, that we are apt to ascribe to absence of Government interference, are really due to the absence of centralisation—a very different thing. A highly differentiated and decentralised Government is not identical with no Government at all. French and German writers often talk with admiration of our "self-government," and we may feel flattered by the fact that they have borrowed our word. But we know in our inmost hearts how defective our Local Government is, how chaotic its condition, how much more of it we need, and how much more *controlled* it often requires to be.

Underlying all these traditions and prejudices there is a particular metaphysical theory—a metaphysical theory which especially takes hold of those persons who are fondest of abjuring all metaphysics; and the disease is in their case the more dangerous since they do not know when they have it. The chief symptom of this metaphysical complaint is the belief in the abstract individual. The individual is thought of, at least spoken of, as if he had a meaning and significance apart from his surroundings and apart from his relations to the community of which he is a member. It may be quite true that the significance of the individual is not exhausted by his relations to any given set of surroundings, but apart from all of these he is a mere abstraction—a logical ghost, a metaphysical spectre, which haunts the habitations of those who have derided metaphysics. The individual, apart from all relations to a community, is a negation. You can say nothing about him, or rather it, except that it is not any other individual.* Now along with this negative and abstract view of the individual there goes, as counterpart, the way of looking at the State as an opposing element to the individual. The individual and the State are put over against one another. Their relation is regarded as one merely of antithesis. Of course, this is a point of view which we can take, and quite rightly for certain purposes; but it is only one point of view. It expresses only a partial truth, and a partial truth, if accepted as the whole truth, is always a falsehood. Such a conception is, in any case, quite inadequate as a basis for any profitable discussion on the duties of Government.

It is this theory of the individual which underlies Mill's famous book on "Liberty." Mill, and all those who take up his attitude toward the State, seem to assume that all power gained by the

* Cp. Mr. Montague's admirable exposure of "the plump and solid individual" of our ordinary phraseology in his "Limits of Individual Liberty," pp. 55 ff.

State is so much taken from the individual, and, conversely, that all power gained by the individual is gained at the expense of the State. Now this is to treat the two elements, power of the State and power (or liberty) of the individual, as if they formed the debit and credit sides of an account book; it is to make them like two heaps of a fixed number of stones, to neither of which can you add without taking from the other. It is to apply a mere quantitative conception in politics, as if that were an adequate "category" in such matters. The same thing is done when society is spoken of as merely "an aggregate of individuals." The citizen of a state, the member of a society of any sort, even an artificial or temporary association, does not stand in the same relation to the whole that one number does to a series of numbers, or that one stone does to a heap of stones. Even ordinary language shows us this. We feel it a more adequate expression to say that the citizen is a member of the body politic, than to call him merely a unit in a political aggregate. For certain purposes of course he is treated merely as a unit. In the voting at an election "we count heads to save the trouble of breaking them" (as Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen has cleverly said); but a citizen's existence as such is not exhausted by his voting once in several years. Rousseau, carrying out his abstract individualism thoroughly in this respect, said that the English people were only free at a general election, and in the short moments of their liberty they made such a bad use of it that they deserved to lose it.*

"But surely all this is beside the question. Has not Mr. Spencer told us again and again that Society is an organism?" † Yes, Mr. Spencer has told us so. The phrase Social Organism has come to him from Comte, in what way Mr. F. Harrison and he may settle between them. But if Mr. Spencer had only given more attention to Comte's writings he might have come to believe more in his phrase than he apparently does. Let us see what he tells us about the social organism. So far as we know, he has not retracted any part of the essay which he first published in the *Westminster Review* in 1860, although he has not repeated everything in it in his "Principles of Sociology." It is this essay which contains the famous parallel between the up and down lines of the railway which supplies the circulation of commodities in the social organism, and the arteries and veins of a well-developed animal, money being the blood corpuscles, and the telegraph wires the nerves. If Plato's Socrates had told us a myth of this sort he would have introduced it by an apology about his not being very good at the making of images. In almost any other modern writer we might have thought it a *jeu d'esprit*. But this supposition is inapplicable in the case of the author of the system of "Synthetic Philosophy."

* "Contrat Social," iii., 15.

There are many difficulties in this conception of which we should be very glad to have a solution. In the first place, it is distressing to find that when the State is called an organism it is not to be compared with any noble animal,* such as the lion or the eagle, under which forms we are accustomed to figure it, but that it belongs to an extremely low type. We are "bodies dispersed through an indifferentiated jelly."† This, we suppose, represents the British citizen moving in his national fog. But afterwards we are glad to find that the social organism is rather like the vertebrate type, but lower than human. So there is some chance for the British lion after all. Or is our society a Leviathan, as Hobbes thought; or some half-fabulous beast? Of course it will be answered, "In some respects the social organism is of one sort, in some respects of another." But if the description is to vary so much, is it not just possible that, "in some respects," it is not an organism like an animal organism at all?

Again, if society is an organism, the more advanced a community is, the more highly developed should be the organism to which it corresponds. But individual independence within the social organism has to be paralleled by the inferior classes of animals. The analogy of the animal would suggest that in the higher types of the social organism there should be a very great coherence—in fact, a "corporate consciousness;" and this was the conclusion which Plato drew from his, as yet unformulated, conception of social organism. "Is not the best-ordered State that which most nearly approaches to the condition of the individual—as in the body, when but a finger is hurt, the whole frame drawn towards the soul, and forming one realm under the ruling power therein, feels the hurt, and sympathises altogether with the part affected, and we say that the man has a pain in his finger?" ("Rep.," 462).

Mr. Spencer, however, holds that: "As there is no social sensorium, it results that the welfare of the aggregate, considered apart from that of the units, is not an end to be sought. The

* Bluntschli is strongly impressed by the organic character of the State; but he insists that it is human. Nay, he is even more precise. The State is not merely *homo*, common gender; it is the man, the Church being the female woman. See his "Theory of the State," English Translation, p. 22.

† Compare "Principles of Sociology," p. 475. "The parts of a society form a whole that is discrete." It is obvious that Mr. Spencer is really thinking only of the spacially separated individual human *bodies*; but the individuals who compose a human society are not mere animal organisms capable of movement through space. The individual *person*, the citizen with rights and duties, is a complex of ideas, emotions, and aspirations which are altogether unintelligible except as the product of ceaseless action and reaction in the spiritual (*i.e.*, intellectual, moral, etc.) environment which not merely surrounds, but actually constitutes the individual—*i.e.*, makes him what he is. The history of the individual cannot be understood apart from the history of the race, though of course in practice we have to limit ourselves to a small portion. We never can understand any individual thing or person fully, just because we cannot grasp the whole universe. How a "complex" and a "product" can yet know itself as a unity is a problem which psychology and history cannot solve.

society exists for the benefit of its members, not its members for the benefit of the society" ("Principles of Sociology," p. 479). Is it not his political creed of individualism which leads Mr. Spencer to deny the existence of a social sensorium, and to deny to the social organism the important characteristic of all organisms—the dependence of the parts upon the whole?

Again, the more advanced community might be expected to correspond to the more highly-differentiated organism. Progress, as Mr. Spencer has told us more than once, is from the homogeneous and indefinite to the heterogeneous and definite. Now Mr. Spencer, as politician, would undoubtedly regard the United States of America as more advanced than Germany, but an American citizen may very well be a manufacturer, a "colonel," a philosopher of Mr. Spencer's school, and a legislator, not quite after Mr. Spencer's heart, all at the same time; so that to Mr. Spencer, as biological philosopher, America ought to appear one of those rude organisms which do not make the delicate distinction between stomachs and mouths. A highly-developed social organism, if it is to be definite as well as heterogeneous, would really require a caste system—such as Plato proposed. But a caste system, we suspect, would not meet the approval of Mr. Spencer as politician, nor would anything Platonic meet his approval as philosopher. So here is a difficulty. The answer again would probably be: that "in some respects" the social organism resembles one kind of animal organism, and "in some respects" another; which again leads us to a suspicion that in some respects it is not an organism at all.*

In fact, this very conception of organism has been applied by German philosophers† to the criticism of democracy. A democracy is said to be "less organic," or a "less-developed organism" than an aristocracy, or a bureaucratically-administered monarchy, in which there are different orders or classes having different special functions, and a definite official class, of which the different individual members have each their special function, whereas in a democratic country like America any man may be anything: canal-boatman, schoolmaster, soldier, president. The difference between such a society and that of a very primitive stage is not to be found in any analogy from the development of the animal organism, but in the difference between the conscious and the unconscious, the free and the unfree.

* Having previously used the first edition of the "Principles of Sociology," I have only, while correcting the proofs of this paper, discovered that the same apparent inconsistency, here pointed out between Mr. Spencer's philosophy and his politics, had been already observed by a French critic, M. Henri Marion. In a postscript added in the edition of 1877 (pp. 618 *a, b*) Mr. Spencer seeks to meet this objection. But what he says practically amounts to a surrender of the analogy between the social and animal organism, in the most important respects, and does not seem to obviate the objections here raised.

† When occasion offers, Mr. Spencer compliments German philosophy as, at least not shallow." See "The Man versus the State," p. 87.

Again, we are delighted to learn that the Houses of Parliament (not excluding the House of Peers) resemble the cerebral masses in a vertebrate animal. Now one would have thought that a vertebrate animal with cerebral masses was superior to those individuals that moved about in an indifferentiated jelly; but, considering all the uncomplimentary things Mr. Spencer says about our legislators, we are led to have dreadful suspicions as to the species of animal to whose cerebral masses they correspond; or else, "in some respects," apparently, they are not like cerebral masses at all, and we conclude that Mr. Spencer, like a recent popular apologist of theological dogmas, has mistaken an ingenious illustration for a scientific fact.

It might be said that this last objection is sufficiently met by the answer given in "Essays," Vol. iii., pp. 6, 7, to Professor Huxley, but we cannot see what justifies Mr. Spencer (except an intelligible desire to make his theories fit together) in arbitrarily comparing the negatively regulative functions of government with those of the cerebro-spinal nervous system, and leaving everything else for the visceral nervous system. Apparently the social organism in Mr. Spencer's ideal state, where government is no longer needed, ought to resemble an animal drunk, or asleep, with the brain doing as little as possible (p. 8).

Thus, from the doctrine of the social organism, as expounded by Mr. Spencer, we find it difficult to arrive at any coherent theory of politics. In fact, the conception of society as an organism seems to admit of more easy applications to the defence of just those very views about the State which Mr. Spencer most dislikes; and though the conception of organism has its value in helping political thinking out of the confusions of individualism, if taken as the final key to all mysteries, it leads to new confusions of its own, for which it would be absurd to blame Mr. Spencer. But not only do we find Mr. Spencer's politics defective because he takes the idea of organism as final, but because he does not really get as much out of the idea as he might.

In spite of the constant parade of biological illustration, it would appear that in his political thinking Mr. Spencer has not advanced beyond the arithmetical and mechanical conceptions of society which prevailed in the days when it was still a striking thing to say "Constitutions are not made, but grow." Society, to Mr. Spencer, is only an aggregate of individuals. The individuals are assumed, to start with. They are put together, and society is made, and Mr. Spencer criticises the mode of its making. He has not got beyond Hobbes.

Of course, this charge will be indignantly denied. But the proof of it is staring us in the face: "*The Man versus the State*." In the very title of these essays, and throughout, it is assumed, as much as by Mill, that every increase of the powers of government (Mr. Spencer uses "Government" and "State" as convertible

terms *) implies an equivalent decrease in the liberties of individuals. Now, this is a way of speaking which produces accurate-looking, quasi-scientific, abstractly-logical expressions; but it is profoundly "inorganic." An organism is not an equation. In a healthy body—we must beg Mr. Spencer's pardon for using smaller words than seem to be proper in dealing with completely unified knowledge—in a healthy body all the parts may develop together. Because a man has strong arms, he has not *therefore* weak legs. Unfortunately, brain and muscle do not always grow together, but this we regard as an imperfection. Now if society is an organism, a State in which the powers of government are abnormally large might be like a body with a brain overgrown at the expense of sinew and flesh (though, indeed, if Mr. Spencer be right in classing such States under the species militant, the muscular beast of prey might seem the better analogue); but a perfectly healthy, well-developed society ought to resemble a body in which well-developed brain and well-developed limb go together and help each other. If this is not so, then it ought to follow that society is not an organism, which, according to Mr. Spencer, is absurd; and yet it is Mr. Spencer himself who contradicts the possibility of government and individual gaining in strength together.

A sentence from the Essay on "The Sins of Legislators" will supply a further proof of the mechanical, or rather merely arithmetical, character of Mr. Spencer's political thinking. "Social activities," we are there told, "are the aggregate results of the desires of individuals who are severally seeking satisfaction" (p. 62). Nay, even in the very Essay on the social organism, Mr. Spencer speaks of the office of Parliament as that of "*averaging* the interests of the various classes in the community," as the brain "*averages* the interests of life." If this remark is to be taken seriously there ought to be a science of political arithmetic, parallel we suppose to the calculus of pleasure. But such a mode of speaking and thinking about society would imply that the acts of a combination of individuals are the same as a combination of the acts done by the same individuals, a supposition which is not true even of voluntary, temporary, and artificial associations. Thus any number of persons as individuals are free to walk along a crowded thoroughfare at the same time, but

* They are certainly often so used in ordinary language; but it is a pity not to take the terms in a more precise sense. Let us call *society organised* the *State*. The *Constitution* is the organisation as distinguishable in thought from the society. *Government* is either equivalent to *Constitution* (as when we talk of different forms of government), or is used specially for the administrative or executive element in the State—*i.e.*, for what appears specially as the head, or ruling part of the State. Thus, of course, when the State acts, the Government acts, and *vice versâ*, and so the words come to be interchanged. Where the Germans say *Staat*, we frequently use "nation," in a somewhat more definite sense than their *Volk*. Our word "people," again, is often the same as the German *Volk*, or Latin *populus*, and more precise than the German *Nation*.

a combination of the same individuals to do so might rightly be punished even according to Mr. Spencer's *minimum* theory of government. A society of one hundred individuals for the promotion of a particular end is something more than the aggregate of a hundred individuals working towards this same end. But even according to Mr. Spencer, the State does not arise from a voluntary combination as on Hobbes' theory; and it certainly is not a temporary combination. Therefore, *à fortiori*, this arithmetic cannot apply to the State. Least of all can it do so if society is an organism.

But apart from the question of logical consistency, let us consider the more important question of truth. Is it true, as a fact, that as government gains in strength, the individual loses in freedom, and *vice versa*? Now, Mr. Spencer would admit that the individual is more free under the modern than under the mediæval State; but is this because the modern State is less powerful? The opposite is decidedly true. As Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen says: "The difference between a rough and a civilised society is not that force is used in the one case and persuasion in the other, but force is (or ought to be) guided with greater care in the second case than in the first. President Lincoln attained his objects by the use of a degree of force, which would have crushed Charlemagne and his paladins and peers like so many eggshells."* To take a quite clear proof, contrast the savage or barbarian with the civilised man. "The modern English citizen who lives under the burden of the revised edition of the Statutes, not to speak of innumerable municipal, railroad, sanitary, and other bye-laws, is, after all, an infinitely freer as well as nobler creature than the savage, who is always under the despotism of physical want."† Thus Professor Jevons. So, too, Spinoza: "Homo, qui ratione ducitur, magis in civitate, ubi ex communi decreto vivit, quam in solitudine, ubi sibi soli obtemperat, liber est." Bagehot, whom Mr. Spencer would probably regard as a better authority than Spinoza, and who has admirably shown in his "Physics and Politics" how biological conceptions may be applied to the study of human society without distorting the historical judgment, has insisted in his "Economic Studies" that the individual freedom, which the old school of English economists assume, "presupposes the pervading intervention of an effectual Government—the last triumph of civilisation, and one to which early times had nothing comparable."‡

* "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," pp. 28-29. May an acknowledgment be made here, once for all, of the debt we owe to Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen's vigorous book! With many of his conclusions we cannot agree; but when one turns from the ordinary discussions on the subject of individual and State to a thinker like Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, the sensation is like that which follows the opening of the windows in an over-heated smoking-room on a cold evening.

† Professor Jevons, "The State in Relation to Labour," pp. 14, 15.

‡ "The Postulates of English Political Economy," p. 48.

These sayings are not quoted to prove the point by a consensus of authorities, but only as striking ways in which a lesson of history has been expressed. Of course it is a lesson of history which Mr. Spencer does not believe. It is not written in the folios of "Descriptive Sociology."

Mr. Spencer might, however, still answer: "I do allow government in an advanced stage of society a sphere of activity, that, namely, of being negatively regulative." That sphere, however, is much less than what the facts of historical progress show. Mr. Spencer makes progress imply a "restriction and limitation of State functions. He finds fault with Austin for "assimilating civil authority to military," * by which he appears to mean that State authority ought now to be less than it was in the militant stage of society, in which stage he would certainly place the Middle Ages.

During the Middle Ages the conception of the nation was indistinct, and the power of the central authority was feeble; but was the individual proportionately free? Far from it; feudal barons, and ecclesiastical and trading corporations were strong against him. Custom was omnipotent. Law had little force. The break up of feudalism is everywhere characterised by the rise of distinctly marked nations governed by absolute kings. In many respects there was loss, especially where the absolute power of the monarch lasted a long time, as in France; but it was the absolutism of the Tudors which finally made the commons of England strong against the privileged orders of clergy and nobility, and it was the absolutism of Louis XI. and of Louis XIV. which finally caused the ruin of the old *régime* in France. The fact that absolutism in government and individualism in sentiment coincide, alike in the Roman Empire and at the Reformation, would be quite inexplicable according to the theory of society which Mr. Spencer adopts when he is dealing with practical politics. To a really "organic" conception of society, the coincidence is a necessary one.

As we have said, Mr. Spencer makes the "inorganic" assumption of the individual to start with in explaining the origin and growth of society. The physical individual, of course, is there; but not the individual whose rights and liberties Mr. Spencer is so anxious to protect against the aggression of governments. In primitive societies the *person* does not exist, or exists only potentially, or, as we might say, *in spe*. The person is the product of the State. Mr. Spencer is presumably acquainted with the writings of Sir Henry Maine. He has adopted the formula "from status to contract." Two of Maine's works are named in the list of authorities at the end of "Political Institutions;" not, however, the "Ancient Law," in which † occur the

* "The Man *versus* the State," p. 81.

† Page 126.

words whose truth is confirmed by all we can learn about early society. "The unit of an ancient society was the family, of a modern society the individual." The doctrine is summed up in the index in the words: "Society in primitive times not a collection of individuals, but an aggregation of families." This remains true on the whole, even if we are to suppose with MacLennan and many other anthropologists that a looser and vaguer form of common life universally preceded the patriarchal family. Primitive property was everywhere communal (whatever the community might be), not personal. Now the astonishing thing is this: a recognition of the fact that definite heterogeneous individuals—*i.e.*, *persons* with definite rights—are only gradually developed out of the homogeneous indifferentiated mass of primitive society, would have fitted in admirably with Mr. Spencer's biological theory of progress and of the social organism. But, unfortunately, it does not fit in with his political superstition about the natural rights of the individual, which we shall presently have to consider. Moreover, such a formula of the development of the individual would require to be supplemented by a recognition of the part taken by Governments in his development; and for this we fear biological conceptions are inadequate. The person is not a mere natural product; in part he is created by the *conscious* work of Law and Religion. The Roman jurists and the Christian teaching of several centuries have a share in the differentiation of the individual from his social environment. It is the function of the modern State to carry on this work.

If further proof were required that Mr. Spencer's actual political thinking is of the same kind as that of Mill, who was unaffected by the conceptions of organism and evolution, it may be found in such passages as those where Mr. Spencer speaks of the *proper* function of government being the maintenance of social order ("The Man *versus* the State," p. 63); or again, of a private *sphere* into which the intrusion of the State has decreased (*Ibid.*, p. 94). Nay, we need not look for anything underlying. On the surface comes up (Oh, avenging spirits of the eighteenth century! Oh, Rousseau and Robespierre! Oh, Jefferson and Tom Paine!) a theory of natural rights in an essay on political superstitions by the author of the great system of evolutionary philosophy. We shall expect next an apologetic commentary on the first chapter of "Genesis." And for proof of this theory of natural rights? First of all, a shy reference to the German doctrine of *Natur-recht*. "One might have expected that utterances to this effect" (he has just quoted Professor Jevons and Mr. Matthew Arnold) "would have been rendered less dogmatic by the knowledge that a whole school of legists on the Continent maintains a belief diametrically opposed to that maintained by the English school. The idea of *Natur-recht* is the root-idea of

German jurisprudence. Now, whatever may be the opinion held respecting German philosophy at large, it ["it" must be understood as referring to "philosophy," not to "opinion"] cannot be characterised as shallow. A doctrine current among a people distinguished above all others as laborious inquirers, and certainly not to be classed with superficial thinkers, should not be dismissed as though it were nothing more than a popular delusion.* This is a delightful passage. Suppose we were to imitate it as follows: "One might have expected that utterances about the folly of trusting Governments would have been rendered less dogmatic by the knowledge that a whole school of political philosophers on the Continent maintains a belief diametrically opposed to that maintained by the English school. The idea of State action is the root-idea of German political philosophy;" and so on as before.

Secondly, there is a most edifying criticism of Bentham's statement that "Government creates rights."† This Mr. Spencer thinks might be intelligible, if it came from an absolutist like Hobbes or the King of Dahome, but he cannot understand how Bentham holds it along with the view that the largest possible portion of the people should have the sovereign power. "Mark now what happens when we put these two doctrines together. The sovereign people jointly appoint representatives, and so create a Government; the Government thus created creates rights; and then having created rights, it confers them on the separate members of the sovereign people by which it was itself created. Here is a marvellous piece of political legerdemain! Mr. Matthew Arnold, contending that 'property is the creator of the law,' tells us to beware of the 'metaphysical phantom of property in itself.' Surely, among metaphysical phantoms the most shadowy is this which supposes a thing to be obtained by creating an agent, which creates the thing, and then confers the thing on its own creator." In this passage let us note that "a right" is talked of as "a thing," to which, therefore, the saying *Ex nihilo nihil fit* will apply. Yet there is really no "legerdemain." Suppose a company of persons meet together for the purpose of founding a society—let us say for the study of Mr. Spencer's System of Synthetic Philosophy. They appoint a committee to draw up rules. These rules are accepted by a vote of all the units (or by a majority, to which the minority voluntarily give way). The individuals, as members of the society, have now rights (and of course duties) which they did not have before—e.g., they have to pay subscriptions, they may write after their names M.S.S.S.S.P., and they may have the crystal-grub-butterfly emblem stamped on their note paper. The trick is done. A right is created out of nothing. Now we are not prepared to

* "The Man versus the State," p. 87.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 88, 89.

defend the political philosophy of Jeremy Bentham out and out; but we are ready, were there any need, to take up the cudgels for him and Mr. Matthew Arnold (who, by the way, seems to have got into queer company) against this particular accusation of juggling.

After this quaint invocation of the wisdom of the Germans and this amusing assault on the metaphysics of Bentham come the positive proofs which Mr. Spencer advances for the existence of natural rights. There is first of all the statement that "before definite government arises, conduct is regulated by customs."* This not very startling remark is proved by an appeal to the Bechuanas, the Koranna Hottentots, the Araucanians, the Kirghizes, the Dyaks, the people of Madagascar, Java, Sumatra, Ashantee, the Chippewayans, Ahts, Comanchees, Esquimaux, the Brazilian Indians, the Todas, and the "peaceful Arafuras." It is a pity that Mr. Spencer did not also refer to a certain obscure people who called themselves Hellenes, who have not yet been cut up into tables of Descriptive Sociology, and to a certain unsystematic sociologist called Herodotus, who quotes a certain unscientific writer called Pindar, who said that "Custom is king of all men." Suppose we admit that even very rude races do recognise a right, say, of property, basing that right solely on custom, what does that prove? It proves certainly that all rights cannot arise in an explicit contract or through a statute made by a definite Legislature; but does it prove that rights are antecedent to and independent of the acts of society? If Mr. Spencer had thought the Greek writer above referred to worthy of his attention, he might have learnt that the same word in Greek signifies "custom" and "law," a linguistic confirmation of the view of Sir Henry Maine, that all primitive law is a declaration of custom and not a command (as Austin thought). The conception of command is very much later; and it is only when society has far advanced that laws consciously and deliberately made come in to check customs which have grown up. But these customs were not always there; they are the products, we may say the creations, of society. There was no need to go to the Todas and the peaceful Arafuras and the blameless Ethiopians to find rights growing up out of customs. It has been observed by competent scientific inquirers that even in recent times English school-boys have claimed a customary right to share in the plum-cake which another boy receives from his fond mother. Nay, the boy who dares to violate the most senseless or even mischievous school tradition has often a hard time of it. Surely Mr. Spencer would not call these things "natural rights;" or is it only among *old* barbarians that "natural rights" can be observed?

"Property," says Mr. Spencer, "was well recognised before law existed." Yes, we answer, but the customs of a primitive society

are its laws, and, as the product of society, vary in different societies. By right of property, which Mr. Spencer considers a natural right, he clearly means an absolute and individual right, which he thinks the State ought to protect, but ought not to interfere with.* But the rights of property, as they generally exist among primitive peoples, are not rights of individual property at all. Property belongs to the family, the village, the tribe. In Mr. Spencer's "Political Institutions," Chapter XV., it is very well shown how at first the ideas of property are very vague, and how the idea of property in anything except moveables, which includes captives in war, is unknown. Now under rights of property our Tory defenders of freedom of contract, whom Mr. Spencer seems to approve of, most certainly include property in land. But Mr. Spencer's appeal to natural rights would not defend from State interference property in land, and yet it would defend property in slaves! In deciding what form of land tenure is most advantageous for the welfare of the community and of individuals, we can get no help whatever from any revelation of "natural rights."

Next comes a familiar old argument which has seen service in many an "Intuitionist" refutation of Empiricism. There is an approach to uniformity in the rights which different Governments recognise. Therefore, it is argued, there must be "some determining cause over-ruling their decisions."† But the reason is not "natural rights" in any sense in which this doctrine would deny the statement that society creates rights. It is simply this: there are certain conditions necessary to the life of any society. In order to hold together every society formally, or informally, agrees to observe or, let us say, finds itself compelled to observe these conditions of common life, and thereby creates rights and duties for its members. Now Mr. Spencer himself really says the same thing, giving it as the ultimate "secret." He traces "natural rights" back to the general conditions of social life.‡ Here he has got on his own ground again, and most of what is said is unexceptionable. "Clearly the conception of 'natural rights' originates in the recognition of the truth, that if life is justifiable, there must be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation; and, therefore, a justification for those liberties and claims which make such acts possible."§

* Here we may notice the remarkable difference between the applications of the theory of contract by Hobbes and Locke. In Hobbes' view there exists no society, and no rights (except natural rights, which are "might") until the contract is made. Locke, on the other hand, conceives the contract as entered on between society and a Government in order to protect rights (such as that of property) which he supposes already to exist. This difference explains the difference in the way in which Hobbes and Locke regard the breaking of the contract.

† *Ibid.*

‡ "The Man *versus* the State," p. 95.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

The third "historical evidence" is a full recognition of what we have been urging—namely, that "as social organisation advances, the central ruling power undertakes more and more to secure to individuals their personal safety, the safety of their possessions, and, to some extent, the enforcement of their claims established by contract. Originally concerned almost exclusively with defence of the society as a whole against other societies, or with conducting its attacks on other societies, Government has come more and more to discharge the function of defending individuals against each other." * Now this passage seems to us to contain a recognition of the truths: (1) that society does not begin with persons but produces them; (2) that the person is produced by Governments increasing their functions. We hardly see how it is consistent with Mr. Spencer's practical thesis, that the power of Governments ought to diminish; still less how it proves that thesis or any part of it. Can Mr. Spencer really mean that all the personal rights which the British Government secures to its citizens always existed as "natural rights"? Probably Mr. Spencer regards some sort of copyright as necessary to secure to him that justice which he has defined as "a rigorous maintenance of those normal relations among citizens under which each gets in return for his labour, skilled or unskilled, bodily or mental, as much as is proved to be its value by the demand for it; such return, therefore, as will enable him to thrive and rear offspring in proportion to the superiorities which make him valuable to himself and others." † But did the Todas or the peaceful Arafuras—to say nothing of the by no means peaceful Angles and Saxons—recognise copyright? On the other hand, most races have at some time or other recognised a "natural right" to hold captives in war, or inferior races as slaves. "Before permanent government exists," we are told, "and in many cases after it is considerably developed, the rights of each individual are asserted and maintained by himself, or by his family." In such a condition we should think the rights of the individual, except so far as checked by the customs of his family and tribe, are pretty nearly commensurate to his strength and his cunning.

The following paragraph contains a very significant recognition of the function of war in the development of political societies: "Those ancient societies which progressed enough to leave records, having all been conquering societies," etc.‡ But soon after this we have a statement about "the omnipresent control, which the Eastern nations in general exhibited"§—a curious view of Oriental history, where "Anarchy *plus* the tax-gatherer" has been the general rule. According to Maine|| the Roman Empire

* "The Man *versus* the State," p. 93.

† *Ibid.*, p. 92.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 93.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

|| "Early History of Institutions," Lecture XIII.

is the *first* instance of a *legislating* empire. In the Persian "Empire" everything was left to local customs, so long as taxes were paid to the great king; and this is the general type of Eastern rule. This control, we are next told by Mr. Spencer, "was exhibited also in large measure by the Greek, and was carried to its greatest pitch in the most militant city, Sparta." This remark is more accurate; but then the Greek cities belong to a very highly-developed stage of political existence: and even with regard to them it is an exaggeration. Sparta appeared to Plato and Aristotle an *exception* among Greek cities in regulating the lives of its citizens. "Similarly during mediæval days throughout Europe . . . there were scarcely any bounds to governmental interference." What has become of history? Did not emperors and kings yield to priests, and bargain with their own feudal vassals? Did not the kings of Aragon swear to maintain the rights of their subjects (a contract which Mr. Spencer might plausibly, but erroneously, have quoted as an argument for "natural rights")? "With the increase of industrial activities . . . there went . . . a decrease of meddling with people's doings." Well, on this head we have said something already. This course of history, this transition from status to contract, Mr. Spencer appears to interpret as a struggle in which the individual has gradually won his natural rights from the State. "Throughout a large range of conduct the right of the citizen to uncontrolled action has been made good against the pretensions of the State to control him."* Is not this an admission that natural rights appear not at the beginning but at the end of a long process? But if so, what was the relevancy of Mr. Spencer's illustration of natural rights from primitive races such as the Todas and the peaceful Arafuras and all the rest of them? It is becoming clear that when people speak of natural rights of liberty, property, etc., they really mean not rights which once existed, and have been lost, but rights which they believe *ought* to exist, and which would be produced by a condition of society and an ordering of the State such as they think desirable. There is an *idolon* which leads men to put their golden age in the past, and to claim reforms under the guise of restoring ancient rights.

Fifthly, "reforms of law" are appealed to as proving that rights are not created, but recognised, by good laws.† That, of course, is the theory of the Roman jurists, the theory of "the law of nature which is the ground of all laws." Mr. Spencer is now in the company of the Stoics. How this is to be reconciled

* "The Man *versus* the State," p. 94.

† It is startling to find the Married Women's Property Act cited as an instance of the recognition of a natural right, unless a "natural right" equals "what ought to be." It is striking in what a series of abstractions the arguments about the political status of women are often carried on. The one side talk of woman's "sphere," as if that were something determinable *à priori*; they only mean "what *has* been." The other side appeal to "rights"—i.e., to what *ought to be* in a well-regulated society.

with the creed of evolution is not clear, unless Mr. Spencer will take a hint from Aristotle and boldly admit that the true nature of a thing is to be found not in its origin but in its end : ἡ φύσις 'τέλος ἐστίν. But what then would become of his dictum that "we must interpret the more developed by the less developed" ? * The only course is to recognise that the converse is also true ; and that besides going to the Todas and "the peaceful Arafuras" to explain modern Governments, the reverse process must also be gone through. But this means a concession to a teleological view of the universe which we fear Mr. Spencer would regard as retrogressive. Mr. Spencer has a quite magnificent perception of half truths. What amazes the puzzled reader is how the halves do not oftener meet their other, and sometimes better, halves.

In opposing Government action Mr. Spencer does not always appeal to natural rights. In the essay on "The Sins of Legislators," he has recourse to ideas which appear more congenial to his usual way of thinking. Excessive legislation, he holds, arises from the prevalent ignorance of the organic structure of society, an ignorance which he ascribes to defects in the prevalent system of education. The error prevails "that society is a manufacture, whereas it is a growth," † the conclusion apparently being that Government ought to leave society alone, and let the struggle for existence go on, and the result will be the survival of the fittest. We may compare what is said in the Essay on "The Coming Slavery" about the law of nature "that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die." ‡ Government interferes with that process of evolution which Mr. Spencer would wish to contemplate with the calm curiosity of an Epicurean God, but with a full, though somewhat inexplicable faith in the beneficent issue of the long misery which the process causes to individual men, women, and children in the interest of the species. How this can be reconciled with his eager defence of individual rights we fail to see, but shall not inquire farther. At present we wish to ask how it is compatible with his assertion that the remark of Mackintosh, "*Constitutions are not made, but grow*," has become a truism ? § Nay, in this very paragraph which we have now before us, we find "governmental institutions" included in the "scientific conception of society" as an organic structure. || If Governments "grow" very big, and strong, and fierce, why blame them ? "For 'tis their nature to." They cannot help it. You need not blame the legislators nor the constitution-makers, because on your own thesis they cannot *make* constitutions, however much they try. All is a growth. You might as well say to a man, "You must really make your head

* "Data of Ethics," p. 7.

† "The Man *versus* the State," p. 74.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 19.

§ Essay on "The Social Organism," *init.*

|| "The Man *versus* the State," p. 74.

smaller; it is far too big for the rest of your body." We might reply to Mr. Spencer in the words which he himself quotes in "First Principles" (at the end of Part I.)—

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

Here, then, is the dilemma: (1) If the Government is a part of the organic structure of society, and if the social organism is altogether an organism, and strictly grows, and cannot be made, Governments, like everything else, must, by necessity, be left to fight it out. The fittest will survive. If the Government is fittest it will get the better of the individual (we have to assume Mr. Spencer's antithesis between them); if the individual is fittest he will get the better of Government. Societies with much developed governments must fight it out with societies with stunted Governments. The fittest will survive. Whatever is, is right, and the legislator can have no sins, because he is only a part of the great movement which Mr. Spencer contemplates from those serene heights of the synthetic system of philosophy which are illumined by the beneficent radiance of the Unknowable.* If any one thinks this accusation of fatalism unwarranted, let him turn to p. 64 of "The Man *versus* the State." "As I heard remarked by a distinguished professor, whose studies give ample means of judging: 'When once you begin to interfere with the order of Nature, there is no knowing where the results will end.' And if this is true of that sub-human order of Nature to which he referred, still more is it true of that order of Nature existing in the social arrangements produced by aggregated human beings." The obvious conclusion being *Laissez faire*—with a vengeance. But even in these words notice how interference is spoken of, as if government was outside the natural structure.

(2) If, then, government is outside the process of evolution, how can we avoid the suspicion that there is some flaw in Mr. Spencer's scientific conception of society, that it breaks down at government? So that, after all, there was some need for Mackintosh to say, "*Constitutions* are not made, but grow;" since, to Mr. Spencer, the proposition does not appear true.

A dilemma generally suffers from an incomplete disjunction in the premises. One suspects, therefore, that the choice does not lie solely between "making" and "growing," and that social organisms differ from other organisms in having the remarkable property of making themselves; and the more developed they are the more consciously do they make themselves. But if so, an appeal to the fact that society is an organism is no argument

* This is only one way, among others, in which we see that Evolution, as Mr. Spencer understands it, can never account for morality, because it cannot justify the word "ought." We can never get beyond "is." Bentham was consistent when he expelled the word "ought."

either for or against Government interference in any given case.

The truth is, that society (or the State) is not an organism, because we may compare it to a beast or a man; but because it cannot be understood by the help of any lower—i.e., less complex—conceptions than that of organism. In it, as in an organism, every part is conditioned by the whole. In a mere aggregate, or heap, the units are prior to the whole; in an organism the whole is prior to the parts. But because the conception of an organism is more adequate to society than the conception of an artificial compound, it does not follow that it is fully adequate. We have just seen that a one-sided application of the conception of organic growth leads to difficulties, as well as the conception of artificial making. These we can only escape by recognising a truth which includes them both. We must pass from "organism" to "consciousness," from Nature to the spirit of man.

The history of progress is the record of a gradual diminution of *waste*. The lower the stage the greater is the waste involved in the attainment of any end. Contrast wind-fertilised plants with the more highly-developed. The higher animals have the fewest young. When we come to human beings in society, the State is the chief instrument by which waste is prevented. The mere struggle for existence between individuals means waste unchecked. The State, by its action, can in many cases consciously and deliberately diminish this fearful loss; in many cases by freeing the individual from the necessity of a perpetual struggle for the mere conditions of life, it can set free individuality and so make culture possible. An ideal State would be one in which there was no waste at all of the lives, and intellects, and souls of individual men and women.

D. G. RITCHIE

INDIRECT SCHOOL INFLUENCES.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

FEW things in these last years have aroused more interest than education. The chief old seedbeds and sowers of learning, Cambridge and Oxford, have been filled with fresh and new forms of life, and overflowed in a growing tide of university extension and local examinations. Colleges of women arise in the ancient academical fields, and learned girls begin to throng the traditionally masculine senate house. Our great public schools are brimfull, and scheming for larger scope.

At the same time there has come an enormous outspreading of elementary education, and perhaps we hardly realise the demand which it professes, or is intended to supply, and the effect which it has upon those who are submitted to its influence.

In these days work is more pressing, competition is more sharp, and time is counted as more valuable than ever. There is an atmosphere of wakeful intelligence about all centres of industry which wears the body and the mind away with importunate speed. This is an electric, detonating, steam-whistling, express-paced age. There is more and more bustle everywhere, more straining for sudden results and quick returns. Men are more impatient, knowing less the charm and value of repose.

One consequence of all this is that each wants to be equipped for the struggle as soon as possible. He is spurred through his course of education into work, so that he may have at least his little knife wherewith to cut a notch in the bark of a tree, if he be not big enough to hold an axe and fell a trunk. A certain amount of instruction is therefore felt to be of first importance to those who want to push their way, however low down they may begin to climb the ladder. This is felt least in purely agricultural districts, where the pulse of ambition is weak, but even in the slightest connection with commercial life the need of education is being more and more recognised. An errand boy who cannot read or write is frequently productive of more trouble than assistance. A poor town lad, who is no "scholar," mostly wanders about from one miserable situation to another, hardly learning anything which he did not know the first week he began to work, getting an insight into no trade, seeing no handicraft, but incessantly carrying loads for small chandlers and customers. There is

arising, however, in towns and cities, a more ambitious generation of scholars. They are not all driven, they do not all crawl like snails, unwillingly to school. The tide of education grows by the desire of many who really wish to be so taught as to command a better market. There is a growing crop of ambitious boys. This has its questionable as well as its promising side. The questionable side involves a precocious perception of the material results of commercial education. Some boys begin to perceive that they may possibly fill not so much the mind as the basket and the store. Thus there are now, actually, children who have their eye on the material goal of education. And the eyes of some *parents* are steadily becoming more open to the mischief of ignorance in their children. It is true that school teaching is less valued among rustics than others, since a boy learns much in the field itself; but in almost every business the elements of an English education are becoming every day more imperatively necessary. Hence there is a strongly growing demand for schools where children can learn to read, write, and sum, if not with much facility, yet after a fashion, which practise is capable of improving.

The first present idea of education, therefore, is that of a great "scholar" wheel which shall grind blunt little boys into sharp ones, and bring so much more bread and butter into the family cupboard. Education is valued by some almost wholly by its worth in money.

The result is, that, to a certain extent, children are taught some wage-making powers, but the mischief mixed with this result is, that they learn too much of that pushing, catch-penny spirit which gives a market value to even a little knowledge.

All wise and righteous teachers, therefore, check this. They unfeignedly admit the material value of education. They recognise and realise its genuine worth in the market. But of course there will be two or three out of a large body who cram the children before an inspection, simply and solely with an eye to a share of the grant. Thus they help, rather than retard, the presence of a mean and selfish tone in a school. There will be some who take the lower lines of their profession, just as some clergy, lawyers, and doctors think more of their personal gains than of the duty to be done. But the wise and righteous teacher, knowing that indirect influences are often among the most important and effective in life, take many opportunities to check the purely commercial estimate of elementary teaching. They desire, of course, that their children shall be well taught, and acquit themselves creditably before the inspector, but they know that a *scrupulous soundness* in their mode of instruction is doubly wholesome. It conveys some power of reading and writing, but it conveys a perception of honest work at the same time. The wise and righteous teacher does not force lessons on the scholar (beyond his proper power of reception), seeking to stick

them up just long enough for the examiner to notice them. He does not try to put some little facts into the shallow pond of the scholar's memory, just where the examiner is likely to drop his net. He does not ground-bait the water for Her Majesty's Inspector. But the righteous teacher strives so to teach, that what the scholar does he does well. Thus, indeed, after all, we most truly help a boy in a humble position. If he remains in it he fills it all the better for the little learning which he has, and which, not being frothy, does not evaporate, but leaves him with something permanent, however small. And if he is laudably ambitious, if he feels capable of greater things, the solidity of his little learning stands him in good stead. It puts the key into his hands. He has something firm to stand upon. It makes progress possible, if the scholar can progress at all. The boy who is taught a smattering of many subjects may make a better display at examinations, but his learning will not wear. The first object of the wise and righteous elementary school teacher is to teach, it may be ever so little, thoroughly. Thus, by indirect influence, he sheds upon the scholar, however humble, an apprehension of the truth that whatever he does should be done well. Thus he contributes to the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and enables a boy, if capable and ambitious, to rise.

Another chief point in education, which must begin as soon as possible to bring out, or educe, in the scholar what he afterwards needs as a man, is the habit of forbearance. Here we have a fine scope and frequent need for wholesome "indirect influence." No place, for example, teaches the habit of forbearance better than a school where all *tale-telling* is discouraged. The scholars teach forbearance better than the master can. The teacher must be careful not to pry too closely into the unwritten rules and discipline of his kingdom. A lad there is often saved a multitude of after discoveries and disappointments which he has to make, and which are better learned in the play of youth than the work of after life. It is well to have the skin socially hardened while we are young. It saves a vast amount of later trouble. We learn thus to take the rough along with the smooth betimes. And a man who has learnt that, knows one secret of life—ay, of a happy and useful life. A boy who is mewed up at home, who, perhaps, grows into a man before he ceases to be a child, is sure to suffer unfairly when pushed out into the world. He is handicapped with retarding inexperience. Self-control and individuality, herefore, had best be nurtured in school and among a number of insistent fellows. Boys must settle most of their own affairs amongst themselves. But nothing hinders these wholesome solutions more than a disposition to appeal—perhaps peevishly—to the master. The teacher, if wise and righteous, is very careful to check a spirit of appeal and complaint. There is a tendency to speak evil one of another in some national schools where the

children do not see any high sense of honour exhibited in their own homes. The very short period of their education, the hours of their school teaching, are invaluable opportunities of counter-acting this mean spirit which produces a crop of little sneaks and prigs, and sheds a nasty social savour over the whole school. The righteous master will be very slow indeed ever to say openly, "Who did that?" In some national schools a dozen dirty hands will be held out, or eager voices reply at once, whereas in many a school of a higher class such an inquiry would be followed by a dead silence. And the master there would not relish subsequent confidential comments upon himself among the boys. Beside solidity in teaching the spirit of endurance and forbearance should be carefully cherished.

I might mention the perception of order and mutual dependence as sure to be encouraged in a well-conducted school, and as one of its most wholesome "indirect influences." I have no doubt that the modern word "independence" conveys to some minds the same meaning as liberty or freedom. But, strictly, to be "independent" is not to depend upon another. This is impossible, and, therefore, the desire for it is sure to bring unreality, bitterness, and disappointment. From infancy to old age we are dependent. From the cradle in which we are laid when we are brought into the house, to the coffin in which we are laid when we are taken out of it, we are surrounded by the ministrations of others. However closely a man may shut himself up, he must be under obligation to those around him. The nearest approach to perfect independence is the life of Robinson Crusoe, so attractive in its record, and yet so miserable in experience. But even he was not independent of all help, this consisting of the stores from the wreck which supplied him. Independence is really degradation, which might lead to brutality.

In a civilised State it is impossible. Conceive a multitude of men in which each strove to be independent. Such a multitude could no more call itself a people than a heap of bricks could call itself a house. There is need of mortar, there is need of a builder—ay, of a master builder; there is need of dependence, coherence, subordination of the parts to the whole and to each other. And yet we are sometimes buoyantly and conceitedly told that one of the first duties of life is to render oneself independent.

It is true that we are called to be free—free, that is, from the ceremonial, that we may apprehend the moral. This makes civilised Christianity the step from the law to the Gospel. We should rise from regulations to the perception of principles, and discharge the rule all the more perfectly by being above it. We should be thus independent. We are called, too, to make such provision for the needs of life that we become not an unloved burden on society. But the independence which consists in

mistrust of others and disdain of their sympathy is intensely selfish.

Now see how this bears on schools. Their object is not only to give a certain amount of solid information upon necessary matters. The acquirements of reading, writing, and ciphering are no sure guarantee that a boy will turn out well. He learns much from that sheer "discipline" which he is subject to as a matter of course. The inevitable discipline of a fair school so far helps to make him forbearing and healthily dependent. There must be some sense of union and order set up in the mind of a child who attends a well-conducted school. This lesson of union and order does not indeed appear in the time-table. It pervades the whole structure and economy of the place. It comes in the "curriculum" of good teaching without being taught. It is one of the strongest and most wholesome of indirect school influences.

Any master who has to do with a child that has run wild in the streets knows this well. The great difficulty with such a child arises, not from want of sharpness, not from softness and a whining spirit of complaint,—for these poor urchins are often quick and hardy,—but from restlessness, from an impatience of authority and order. They have got to unlearn their independence. The child cannot at first acquire the sense of dependence. Treat with him, by himself, about those matters of which he knows something, and he will probably display no want of shrewdness or courage. Put him in a class, begin to teach him the rudiments of that which is required in a civilised people, and you see at once what he needs to learn—the spirit of respect, regard, trust. He is independent, and so far unfit for a place in the world of men.

Discipline, then, is of the highest importance in a school, not merely as it enables the lessons to be taught in order, but because it is, in itself, a chief and continuous lesson in "dependence."

Short as the period is which the working classes can afford to spare for the education of their children, yet in it much of their future happiness and social usefulness must be provided for. We may think that a child learns little, but if he receives a distinct impression of order, he is unconsciously taught one of the great lessons of civilised life. He gets more out of his school than Her Majesty's Inspector can ever discover or tabulate. He learns a lesson which stands him in good stead throughout his life, though he may not pass on to the higher standards of the code, and though his reading and writing may grow rusty through disuse. On the other hand, a school where the children may always be found in disorder, or getting through their work in a rough-and-tumble sort of way, is always radically defective. It sets no mark worth having upon its scholars. Indeed, it may possibly do them more harm than good; for they are likely to receive a notion that they have been in contact with the authorities, and may yet retain

their false independence. They learn, too, to associate rudeness with letters, and to treat such as are set over them with disrespect. They miss one of the most valuable indirect influences which a school can shed, and which it does shed under a master or mistress who is not fussy, but exercises unmistakable and deliberate discipline.

In glancing back at the ground over which we have passed, permit me to remind you of the three chief distinct ways in which wholesome indirect influence descends upon the children of a school. Whatever the teacher aims at, whatever be the status of the school, whether it be primary or secondary, these three main things—solidity of teaching, the repression of all tale-bearing, and discipline—will bestow lasting gifts upon the scholars, quite irrespective of the actual information projected in the time-table and imparted in the class. By these three things, honestly seen to, a child learns something of thorough work, of forbearance, and order. Though the list of subjects taught in the school may be small, its virtue will be great. It may—nay, it will—turn out better men and women than any more ambitious place, where the cramming for examinations, with an eye to the grant, seems to supply the motive and aim of its directors.

In these few words I have purposely said nothing about the religious element in education; but we might easily see that it is almost an open mockery to pretend to teach religion where the attainments sought for are flashy, the tone of the scholars is peevish, and the circulation of law is lax. And I need hardly say that enormous assistance is given to the entrance of Christian motives when the moral basis of the teaching is sound.

HARRY JONES.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF ENGLISH CRITICISM.

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THERE is something so uncertain and so various in the methods and results of criticism, that a review of its present position would be best begun by asking: What is criticism? Such a question, however, would probably be considered a profitless and scholastic exercise, and the critic of criticism has to content himself with admitting that at present it is not quite certain what criticism is. Yet we are not entirely without definitions of criticism. A distinguished English critic and a distinguished French critic have each given us a definition of criticism. According to Matthew Arnold's well-known formula, criticism is "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Taine says: "The critic is the naturalist of the soul. He accepts its various forms; he condemns none and describes all." Neither of these definitions, one notes, can be said to err on the side of undue modesty, and Mr. Arnold's labours under the disadvantage of not being founded on any definite conception. It is clearly formulated for the benefit of that English middle class among whom he desires to be an evangelist. Taine's definition is that of a critic who is a philosopher first, and a critic afterwards. A clear and distinct scientific conception underlies it. He is the naturalist of the soul as it appears in literature and art; it is there that he finds his *documents significatifs*. For the individual as an individual, as a distinct personality with its own character and idiosyncrasy, he cares little. He is not satisfied unless he can refer the qualities of the individual back into his environment. The vitality and fruitfulness of this method have been attested by its results. Taine has had an influence which has reached throughout Europe. The naturalistic school has adopted his æsthetics; Zola prefaced to an early novel a characteristic utterance of the master: "Le vice et la vertu sont des produits comme le vitriol et comme le sucre." In Italy his influence has been great; in Denmark he has, in great measure through the influence of his disciple, the well-known critic, Georg Brandes, profoundly awakened intellectual life. It is true, indeed, that, as one of the best of the young French critics has said of him, he represents that religion of science which is peculiar to the second

half of the nineteenth century. But notwithstanding that perfect honesty and devotion to principle which has enabled him to face unshrinkingly the disapprobation which the "Origines de la France Contemporaine" have aroused, he has himself exhibited, in the most startling manner, the imperfection of his own definition of criticism. The critic describes, he tells us; he does not condemn. But it would be difficult to find a more severe condemnation of the French Revolution than the "Origines." The naturalist of the soul cannot avoid a moral judgment; he is dealing with the very stuff of morals. The fact is, that a purely objective method of criticism, founded on general principles, cannot be reached even by a Taine. So long as we ignore the individuality of the critic, the personal equation of criticism will never come out right. Perhaps every critic ought to prefix a criticism of himself to his writings. We need to know his mental history, all the influences he has come under; we need details of his parents, of the peculiarities of his race as exhibited in his brothers and sisters; we must have clearly stated his prejudices, his partialities, his limitations. When that is done, we possess the terms of our personal equation; we can attain a true critical appreciation; and the critic's merit is great in proportion as the deductions we have to make are small. How completely, for instance, we might by this method justify the idiosyncrasies of Matthew Arnold's judgments! Even so imperfect and partial a self-criticism as Renan's delightful volume of "Souvenirs" forms an introduction to Renan's work of the very highest value. Till this is done we are not in a position to define criticism, or to measure the success of the critic's work which is, practically, to find out which is really essential and significant in the artistic product before him, and to subordinate, or classify, that product in accordance with the largest number of its most significant characteristics, with most sureness and with least caprice. When Ruskin spoke of "The Mill on the Floss" as "a study of cutaneous disease" he illustrated admirably the nature of a false subordination in criticism. The more one attempts to justify this judgment by evidence, the more untenable it becomes. When Mr. J. A. Symonds spoke once of Walt Whitman as "more truly Greek than any other man of modern times," the classification was to most people perhaps as little obvious as the other, but we have only to bring forward the evidence, to reveal the *caractères essentiels* of Whitman, and we find that it is justified.

While Taine, with an imperfect conception of criticism, has been influencing continental thought, Matthew Arnold, with an equally imperfect conception, has had a wide influence on English thought. If his definition of criticism is quite untenable from a scientific point of view, he is yet one of the earliest and most popular of the modern English critical school, and he is largely responsible for its merits and its defects. English criticism is fairly catholic,

fairly sympathetic, but a little too literary and too superficial; perhaps a little too *bourgeois*. If it is scarcely serious enough, it is inquisitive, appreciative, even subtle. Matthew Arnold's aim has been to fly from flower to flower, gathering sweets from each, never staying, so that he may bring to his middle-class countrymen the honey he has collected—"the best that is known and thought in the world." These flowers are, for the most part, exotics; in "Essays in Criticism," his best and most popular critical volume, not one essay is concerned with an English writer. And that brings us at once to one of the defects of Mr. Arnold's critical work. He is a moralist. Macaulay asserts grandiloquently that English literature is supreme. "I daresay this is so," observes Mr. Arnold wearily, "only, remembering Spinoza's maxim, that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit, and the laziness that comes from self-conceit, I think it may do us good" to say that it is not so. That is scarcely the true critical temper. Mr. Arnold is constantly oppressed by his own sententious and rather awkward formula that "conduct is three-fourths of life." His delight in moralising is, indeed, one of his most marked psychological features. And every one knows with what peculiar unction Mr. Arnold quotes the amiable platitudes of a certain Bishop Wilson. How characteristic is this passage for instance: "What an antidote to the perilous Methodist doctrine of instantaneous sanctification is this saying of Bishop Wilson: 'He who fancies that his mind may effectually be changed in a short time deceives himself'!"

The curious limitations of Matthew Arnold's power, as revealed in occasional calm and arbitrary failures of judgment,—the note of provincialism, as he would himself call it,—are so obvious, and, to many people, so irritating, that they have frequently aroused ample discussion, and need not be alluded to here. Nor is it necessary to speak of his habit of inventing a catchword, and then repeating it in varying tones and inflexions of voice, as if endeavouring to impress some new meaning on the word, a trick which has been caught by some of those whom Mr. Arnold has influenced. Professor Seeley, for example, not long ago undertook to tell us that Goethe is a serious writer—a *serious* writer. Sainte-Beuve, from whom many of Matthew Arnold's best qualities derive, was singularly free from such peculiarities of method. In the preceding critical generation he was, as his English disciple said, "the prince of critics." One wishes sometimes that Mr. Arnold possessed something of Sainte-Beuve's freedom from prejudice. There is, however, another and more fundamental weakness in his critical work, a weakness which is, I think, connected with that impression of superficiality which he often gives. The literary qualities of style are not so widely diffused in England that we can well afford to quarrel with them when, as in Matthew Arnold's prose, we find them so exquisitely,

so charmingly developed. It would be hard to overrate the marvellous qualities of this style,—its delicacy, its lucidity, its irony, its vital and organic music,—but it remains true that an intense preoccupation with style is almost invariably detrimental to the finest criticism. The critic's business is not to say beautiful things. It is his business to take hold of his subject with the largest and firmest grasp, to express from it its most characteristic essence. But it is part of Matthew Arnold's method, if method it may be called, "to approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, *nor to persist in pressing forward*, on any one side, with violence and self-will." One of his best-known essays, that on Heine, is an admirable instance of what can and cannot be obtained by this method. At the time it was written Carlyle was accepted as an authority on German literature, and Carlyle is said to have referred to Heine as "that pig." Here, as usually, Mr. Arnold was on the side of true criticism. He shows a delicate appreciation of the obvious aspects of things,—especially the more un-English aspects,—a sure sense of the artistic perfection of Heine's verse, though not of his prose, an adequate delight in his wit, a total failure to understand his humour, the usual irresistible tendency to moralise which prompts him to sum up by saying that Heine produced nothing but "a half result." But Heine is peculiarly difficult to criticise. How many books and essays have been written about him, and how little true criticism they contain! Perhaps, indeed, the time has not yet come for a really wide and deep appreciation of his marvellous individuality. At present the only fairly complete critical account of Heine that I know of in England is contained in a careful and rather dull paper which appeared in the *Contemporary* a few years ago, and which was written by a Mr. Charles Grant. Let us, then, look at Mr. Arnold's article on "Keats" in Ward's "English Poets." Who has not heard of Keats' "natural magic"? Here, in the shortest compass, Mr. Arnold displays all the charm of his most exquisite literary style. And yet his unhappy tendency to moralise, his resolve "not to persist in pressing forward," but to enjoy merely the superficial aspects of things, make it impossible to say that these pages, delightful as they are, bear on them the stamp of true critical insight.

After all, we must never forget all that we owe to Matthew Arnold. M. Bourget says of Renan that he is "l'homme supérieur." Matthew Arnold is the English "homme supérieur," though not in quite the same sense. It is the superiority *voulu* of a pedagogue. If, however, he appears to possess the hereditary instincts of a schoolmaster, and in a stern yet half-encouraging manner deals out reproofs to Ruskin, Stopford Brooke, and others who have not yet learnt what measure is, what style is, what urbanity is, still it is true that the reproofs were called for, and

Matthew Arnold himself seldom forgets what those things are. One would prefer, when charitably disposed, that one's contemporaries should fall into his hands rather than, let us say, be reached by Swinburne's reckless sledge-hammer. It is no mean distinction to have been one of the foremost poets of an age, one of its chief prose writers, and its most typical critic. This may console Mr. Arnold when he sometimes finds arrayed against him the weapons which he has himself forged. When a writer has become popular and influential it is profitable, Mr. Arnold would himself tell us, to meditate on his defects.

The influence which Matthew Arnold has exercised on recent English critical work may be seen both in its better qualities and in its lack of thoroughness, its tendency to degenerate into the mere literature of style. Not long ago Mr. F. W. H. Myers published two volumes of essays which were largely of a critical character. These well-written essays were received with all the applause which they deserved, an applause which was unanimous, and seems to indicate that they may fairly be accepted, both in their merits and defects, as an example of the popular conception of criticism. The influence of Matthew Arnold's method may, I think, be well traced in the essay on Renan. Mr. Myers is concerned not to get to the heart of his subject, but to give us charming and interesting passages, stimulating and profitable suggestions—"the best that is known and thought in the world." There are luminous points of criticism here and there, but they are not frequent. It is a pleasant essay, it is not criticism. It might be said that Mr. Myers is writing of a foreign author, not, like M. Bourget, of a native writer, with whom he could suppose his readers to be well acquainted, or, like Georg Brandes, who writes avowedly for all Europe. Let us turn, then, to his essay on "Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty." I have read this essay several times since it first appeared in the *Cornhill*; there is something so charming about it that it is by no means difficult to read; but I must confess that every time I reach the end of it no definite impression remains on my mind. It is witty sometimes; it is carefully written; I frequently feel that Mr. Myers is about to touch the heart of his subject; but he goes round and round, and never seems to get any nearer. He beats the bush with admirable dexterity, and the reader looks on expectantly, but nothing appears. There are certain flames in literature—Heine, Rossetti, Whitman—into which the critical moth in England loves to dash, and Mr. Myers, like the rest, appears to singe his wings with great satisfaction.

Another English critic, Mr. Theodore Watts, has dealt with Rossetti much more successfully. Notwithstanding his fine sense for artistic form, his keen faculty for mere literary analysis, Mr. Watts sees clearly the nature of the critic's ultimate task. He is fully aware that the critic is concerned with criticism, not with

the mere production of literature. In an article called, with some failure of good taste, "The Truth about Rossetti," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* about two years ago, he has produced a criticism of Rossetti which is likely to be final for some years to come. If we regard the present state of English criticism, it is difficult to praise such work too highly for its grasp of a very wonderful individuality, for its keen perception of the relations of that individuality to imaginative art generally. The accurate criticism of a great, and hitherto unappreciated personality (with which, also, the critic has come closely in contact), is a peculiarly difficult task. Swinburne's criticism of Rossetti was a lyrical rhapsody. Mr. William Sharp, with all his talent, with his devoted and laborious enthusiasm, has written a volume of some four hundred pages about Rossetti, which contains perhaps some dozen lines of genuine criticism. And when the enthusiasm and the laboriousness are both wanting, the result may be even more disastrous, as any one may have observed who happened to witness a pathetic attempt at the criticism of Rossetti by the late Principal Shairp. Such criticism as that of Mr. Watts' becomes, therefore, very precious, and it is a matter for regret that he has not more strenuously devoted himself to criticism of such serious and enduring quality.

I have alluded to another writer who has been singularly fortunate or unfortunate in attracting the attention of critics. It would be difficult even to name the critics who have attempted to gauge the depth or shallowness of Whitman's genius, for the most part, not even excepting an interesting attempt of Professor Dowden's, in a somewhat ineffectual manner. Strange to say, it is in the prophet's own country, and from a writer who is not pre-eminently a critic, that the most adequate appreciation of Whitman has so far proceeded. In an essay, entitled too fancifully "The Flight of the Eagle," John Burroughs shows very remarkable precision of judgment, and power of synthetic criticism. His range of criticism, though narrow, is true within its own limits. Narrowness of range marks some of our best critics. Mr. Pater, if he has nothing else in common with Burroughs, is a true critic within an almost equally narrow range, and with a similar synthetic method. Mr. Burroughs' range is that of large, virile, Catholic, sweet-blooded things; he is half on the side of Emerson, but altogether on the side of Rabelais, of Shakspeare, of Whitman. Mr. Pater is not, indeed, on the side of "Zoroaster and the saints;" but there is no room in his heart for the things that Mr. Burroughs loves. For him there is nothing so good in the world as the soft, spiritual aroma—telling, as nothing else tells, of the very quintessence of the Renaissance itself—that exhales from Della Robbia ware, or the long-lost impossible Platonism of Mirandola, or certain subtle and evanescent aspects of Botticelli's art. To find how the flavour of these things

may be most exquisitely tasted, there is nothing so well worth seeking as that. Even in "Marius" the "new Cyrenaicism" in reality rules to the end. Joachim du Bellay is too fragile to bear the touch of analytic criticism, but certainly it would be impossible to do more for him than Mr. Pater has done by his synthetic method. For Mr. Pater the objects with which æsthetic criticism deals are "the receptacles of so many powers or forces" which he wishes to seize in the most complete manner; they are, as it were, plants from each of which he wishes to extract its own peculiar alkaloid or volatile oil. For him "the picture, the landscapes, the engaging personality in life or in a book, 'La Giocanda,' the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special unique impression of pleasure." This was an ingenious and almost scientific theory of criticism, and had not Mr. Pater seemed to swoon by the way over the subtle perfumes he had evoked, he might, one thinks, have gone far.

If, however, the area which Mr. Pater occupies with his herbs, and gems, and wines is small, however choice, that is but saying that he is not a critic of the first order, and that critics of the first order are rare. With so definite, and apparently fruitful a method, one might have thought that all things were possible for Mr. Pater. But a fairly catholic critic like Sainte-Beuve—for with all his cynical caution Sainte-Beuve was catholic—rarely has a definite method, a method to which he adheres. However it may be in the future, the critic, in his largest development, hitherto has been a highly-evolved and complex personality, whose judgments have proceeded from the almost spontaneous reaction of his own nature with the things with which he has come in contact; and so long as that is the case, the main point is to ascertain the exact weight and quality of the factor which the critic himself brings. In that way, while we shall still be nothing less than infinitely removed from the realisation of so primitive a conception of the critic's function as Matthew Arnold's,—“to see the thing as in itself it really is,”—can we only at present truly attain a sound criticism. Mr. J. A. Symonds, among English critics, possesses, I think unquestionably, the most marked catholicity. He has not, like Mr. Pater, the advantage or disadvantage of a definite method. He lives and moves in "the free atmosphere of art, which is nature permeated by emotion." This allows him at once a large scope, both for analytic criticism and for mere description. Description, it is scarcely necessary to say, is not always criticism; and Mr. Symonds, especially in some volumes of magazine essays,—the litter of his workshop,—gathered together and published,—it is not, from a critical point of view, quite easy to say why,—is by no means sparing in this respect. His power of fluent

description, his wealth of exact analogy from all domains of art, are sometimes almost oppressive. He can tell you how a particular poem is like a particular picture, or a particular picture like a particular fugue of Bach's. But a capacity for profuse and minute analogy, however rich and poetic,—and Mr. Symonds' analogies often are rich and poetic; for instance, "the beautiful Greek life, as of leopards, and tiger-lilies, and eagles,"—is not necessarily a surer guide in paths of criticism than in paths of philosophy. In his more solid and mature work Mr. Symonds has freed himself from these defects of his manner. In the chief subject with which he has dwelt—the Italian Renaissance—his method of uniting description with analytic criticism is seen at its best. Notwithstanding the emotional extravagance to which he is sometimes (though not at his best) inclined, Mr. Symonds' deepest quality is his keen and restless intellectual energy. This profoundly inquisitive temper of mind may be seen in his sonnets, with their subtle and searching dialectical power. To this wide-ranging intellectual force is united a certain calm breadth and sanity which marks all Mr. Symonds' best work. Taine, whose eager, inquisitive, intellectual force is greater still, fails to give any impression of underlying sanity and calm. One can always see the restless passion that throbs beneath the iron mail of his logic. Mr. Symonds, also, is free from the limitations of the specialist critic. His account of Shelley in the "Men of Letters" series is, on the whole, the best that has yet appeared; in Ward's "English Poets" he has written a short criticism of Byron which sums up admirably whatever makes Byron great and significant. It is rare to find a critic who is equally receptive to these two so diverse artistic individualities. Taine, with all his ostentation of scientific apparatus, has his well-marked proclivities. When one thinks of Taine one thinks of the things that are most exuberant, elemental, bitter, that burst forth from the lowest depth of the human consciousness—of Rubens, of Shakspeare, of Swift. We see his insatiable passion for all that is fiercest and most concentrated in the elemental manifestations of human hatred and revenge in his "Révolution." Mr. Symonds, with a much less definite method, has less definite prejudices. But he also takes peculiar delight in a certain order of individuality. Like Taine, he is attracted by the manifestations of elemental passion; his intellectual energy is satisfied by the bold, strong, unemotional imagination of the Italian *novellieri*, or the same imagination with its profound moral and emotional reverberations in the Elizabethan dramatists. Perhaps, however, it is the natural rather than the fiendish aspects of passion to which he is attracted, the aspects that are lovely and yet masculine. That wonderful *Kermesse* of Rubens in the Louvre is the perfect embodiment of all that most fascinates Taine. Mr. Symonds prefers Tintoretto's *Bacchus and Ariadne*. It is the broad, masculine,

sympathetic personalities that he seems most to care about; Pontano, with his large, healthy sensuality, his tremulous tenderness for sorrow and childhood in the seventeenth century; Whitman, with his vast tolerance, his audacity in the presence of all things natural and human, in the nineteenth. What Mr. Symonds tells us more explicitly of his philosophy of life harmonises with this bias. The motto of the "Studies of the Greek Poets" is Goethe's famous saying:—

"Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen
Resolut zu leben."

And in the suggestive and characteristic essay at the end of the first series—"The Genius of Greek Art"—he declares that there is but one way to make the Hellenic tradition vital—to be natural. Science, he adds, will place the future man on a higher pinnacle than even the Greek; for it has given us the final discovery that there is no antagonism, but rather a most intimate connection between the elements of our being. It is largely because Mr. Symonds is so resolute to live in this conception of the whole, that his work is so sound and so stimulating, and that he represents to-day whatever is best in English criticism.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Symonds possesses the dangerous gift of a keen intuition. A piercing and apparently instantaneous insight into the heart of his subject, sometimes uncertain, as in Coleridge, sometimes certain, as in Heine, frequently marks the discursive and catholic critic. Carlyle had a faculty as uncertain as Coleridge's, as keen as Heine's, for cutting into the core of a thing. It is possible that one of his main claims to remembrance will be found to lie in the portraits he has given us of his contemporaries. From this point of view the "Reminiscences" are peculiarly valuable. Carlyle was Aristophanic, it may be, and his portraits have sometimes even a faint gleam of the Greek's lyric loveliness on them; but for criticism of the piercing, heliocentric sort there is often nothing to be compared to them, although, wherever prejudice or partiality comes in, it is always liable to go hopelessly astray. In criticism of this kind Swinburne is now, without any rival, the chief English representative. More purely literary than Carlyle, his intuitions are also, on the whole, accompanied and held in check by a more exact knowledge. At the best they are keen, vital, audacious, springing from a free and genuine insight. But Swinburne also is not reliable where his sympathies or antipathies are too strongly called forth. He is better worth listening to when he speaks of Ford and the Elizabethan dramatists generally, than when he speaks of Hugo or De Musset. For all that is keen and intense his perception is vivid; he criticises admirably what is great in the Bröntes; his failure to appreciate George Eliot is almost complete. Swinburne has also another difficulty to contend with. Sometimes his prose style is a very flame of power and splendour.

At other times it is singularly awkward, and clanks behind him in an altogether hopeless and helpless fashion. What way of describing things can be more stale, flat, and unprofitable than this discovered without much search—"the great company of witnesses, by right of articulate genius, and might of intelligent appeal, against all tenets and all theories of sophists, and of saints which tend directly or indirectly to pamper or to stimulate, to fortify or to excuse, the tyrannous instinct or appetite," etc. ? One scarcely recognises there the swift hand of the poet.

If a brief review of English criticism in its higher aspects reveals the fact that our critics are but a feeble folk,—with exceptions, indeed, that are brilliant, though, even then, for the most part, erratic,—it is still worth while to make that review. It is well to call them before us, and, for our own private guidance, try to define to ourselves what it is and what it is not that they have to give us; where we may follow them, and where we should forbear. Criticism is a complex development of psychological science, and if it is to reach any large and strong growth, it must be apprehended seriously in all its manifestations.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

“ETHICAL SOCIALISM.” *

A REPLY.

BY H. G. RAWSON.

WE chanced to be present a few months ago at a meeting of a well-known Socialist club, when the following thesis was under discussion: “Is Socialism in accordance with Evolution?” For some time we listened, in the hope of learning what form of Socialism had its character at stake, but in vain; the speakers all seemed to assume a general consensus as to the meaning of the term. Now if there is one thing more than another of which our experience of Socialists has convinced us, it is that no two of them can agree on a programme, much less on the means of realising it; and of the correctness of this generalisation “A. Fabian’s” article affords remarkable confirmation.

It is not without reluctance, being Socialist at heart in *our* sense of the word, that we join issue with “A. Fabian;” for his article bears indubitable evidence of conviction, and of genuine sympathy with the lower classes; but if, as we sincerely believe, the advocacy of such views as his does positive harm to our common cause, we are bound to point out in what respects his argument appears to be fallacious and unpractical.

As a typical instance of both failings, let us cite from “Ethical Socialism” a passage in which the writer sets forth the characteristics of the “Anarchists’” creed—a creed which he assures us “has been carefully thought out by some of the ablest men of the day.” “Anarchists,” he says, “are the radicals of Socialism. They dislike and distrust all government, for they deny that even a majority has a right to coerce a dissentient minority. They would place the means of production in the hands of the workers by abolishing altogether the right of private property. All things would be held in common;† all men would work or be idle as they pleased, subject only to the authority of public opinion. There could be but little crime, because most crimes

* “*Time*,” July 1885.

† Since writing the above, our attention has been directed to a most instructive pamphlet by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. for Liverpool, entitled “Fallacies of Socialism exposed” (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.). There we find Mr. George Gilbertson, the Christian Socialist, stating categorically in a letter to Mr. Smith, “Communism is *not* Socialism.” This is scarcely consistent with the passage just quoted from “A. Fabian,” and strikingly confirms our opening statement.

are against property, or are due to brutish ignorance, which would be quickly stamped out in a Socialist state. Some form of penal law would no doubt be necessary, especially at first: but in a highly-civilised community violence of any sort is very rare, and the force of public opinion is exceedingly strong. Every one would recognise the necessity for work, and since a moderate amount of work is natural and pleasant to man, the productive activities of the community would not be interfered with, but every one would be free to do what he pleased, and as much as he pleased." This may be "a perfect ideal," as "A. Fabian" claims, but we consider that we have just cause of complaint if the efforts of those who are labouring to raise the lower classes are thwarted and neutralised by the promulgation of a gospel so utterly visionary and fantastic—one that has not even the merit of self-consistency. Take, for instance, the contradiction involved in the first two sentences of the creed. The Anarchists deny the right of a majority to coerce the minority. How, then, do they propose to abolish the property rights of the minority? If they expect the latter to come to be killed, like the ducks of the nursery rhyme, they must wait for the millennium, or, at any rate, for a new dispensation, about the details of which it is waste of time to speculate at present. Another contradiction is due to the writer overlooking the fact that in a society where all things are held in common it is a theft to be idle; for a man thus diminishes the common stock without contributing anything to it; and this would promptly be recognised by the associated members, who would enforce a certain amount of labour by penalties or by expulsion. Again, it is an assumption to suppose that because things are owned in common, every man is at liberty to consume "as much as he pleases;" and this would, in effect, be one of the "crimes against property" in such a state.

But it is sufficient to accept "A. Fabian's" own opinion of this ideal. It does "seem rather far away," and those who are studying the urgent social problem before them will deem it more important to learn what he considers the probable line of society's development. He thinks that the present system will be replaced by Collectivism, and that again by Anarchy. This, to say the least, is a serious blow to the Collectivists, for it amounts to a tacit admission that the ideal Socialism is the absolute negation and condemnation of their essential and guiding principle. Can it, then, be argued that we ought to countenance the evil of State domination, in order that one part, and one part only, of the ideal scheme may be realised, that is to say, the abolition of private property; for this is evidently the only function of Collectivism that possesses any merit in the eyes of the Anarchists? No, with "A. Fabian" we certainly decline to accept anything short of the best possible, nor will we suffer evil that good may come.

And here is an instance of the dangers arising out of the multiplicity of Socialist doctrines. Though "A Fabian" recognises as clearly as we do the "objectionable features" of Collectivism, though he must realise to the full the horrors of a social revolution, yet he allows himself to tolerate the possibility of both, if indeed he is not conscious that the path to his ideal must lead through them, because as a Socialist he is convinced that the competitive system is radically unjust. It is in the proof of this fundamental premise of their position that Socialists, in our opinion, fail so utterly. They have, it is true, no difficulty in pointing to instances of the unjust operation of the present system; but we, who deprecate the too hasty destruction of the social edifice until at least the plans of a new structure are complete, may well ask for something more than a bare assertion that the existing evils are its necessary and inseparable results.

The Anarchists, we believe, are mostly in favour of violent means for hastening the attainment of their ideal; and perhaps this is not to be wondered at; for they may well despair of convincing the world by moral force. There is, however, a third alternative which "A. Fabian" seems inclined to advocate—legal force; and as this is, in our opinion, the only way, and not an improbable one, by which an attempt may be made within the next generation to introduce some form of Socialism, it appears worth while to devote some space to its consideration.

The favourite, and indeed the strongest, argument of the Socialists in favour of legislative interference with existing rights of property, is that the principle has already been accepted, and there remains now only a question of degree; and they quote as typical instances the taxation of the propertied classes, and the compulsory taking of land for the benefit of the community. But is this view correct? Look first at taxation. Is it, in truth, as some Socialists contend, a confiscation or resumption by the State of the property of some of its members for the good of the rest? If so, no doubt the State—i.e., the majority—is the only judge of what shall be the limit of confiscation; and abundant means are at hand, by graduated income-tax or otherwise, to divert into the Exchequer the whole profits of a man's property beyond a fixed amount. We venture, however, to think that a very different explanation can be given of the principle on which taxation is based. In our view, taxation is a voluntary contribution by the propertied classes, to carry out certain purposes of State which they admit to be necessary, though perhaps not actually beneficial to themselves. For instance, though a landowner may not feel himself so directly benefited by the maintenance of the workhouse as he is by that of the highway, yet he pays the poor-rate without a murmur, because he recognises that a refuge for the destitute poor is necessary and desirable. But—here comes the important point

—this contribution has hitherto been imposed on the rate-paying class by themselves; representation has been approximately coincident with liability to taxation; and, therefore, we say taxation has been, in a sense, voluntary; its limit being practically at the point where the taxpayer considered that it ceased to be morally binding on him to contribute further. How completely is the situation changed when the preponderating voice in the Legislature comes from those who contribute not at all, or only infinitesimally, to taxation!* We fear there will then be no check to the greed of the majority except the dread of driving capital out of the country; a result which is not the least prominent of those caused by the Irish land legislation, with which "A. Fabian" appears to be so well satisfied.

As regards the second illustration adduced by the Socialists, it should be remembered that full compensation for severance and inconvenience is always awarded in respect of land compulsorily taken; so that what is quoted as an instance in their favour, proves on examination to be against them; for it involves the tacit acknowledgment that the State has no right to "resume" the land of private individuals against their will without paying a fancy price for it over and above the market value. How, then, can the Socialists pretend that this is a justification for confiscation in any shape? Here, as before, there may well be considered to exist an element of voluntary surrender by the owner, as it is usually made worth his while to part with his property.

We do not forget, while speaking of "existing rights of property," that many distinguished writers outside the Socialist body hold that all such rights were originally conferred by the State, and that the State may therefore curtail or annul them as it thinks fit; but to this contention Mr. Herbert Spencer's argument in "*The Man versus the State*" seems to us to furnish a conclusive reply. If the State has any authority to confer rights independent of the individuals who compose it, whence did it derive that authority? *Ex hypothesi* the State did not exist anterior to the individual. Surely, then, it is inconceivable, as well as contrary to fact, that the original founders of the State consented to invest it with arbitrary power to cancel, at any future time, the property rights which it undeniably recognised at first; most certainly no such power has subsequently been conferred. We maintain, therefore, that both *à priori* reasoning and historical evidence lead to the conclusion that rights of property existed by custom prior to the State, and that the State only came into being on the understanding that it should support and protect those rights. In fact, this is the fundamental clause of Humanity's articles of association, of which no amendment is permissible.

* This point, of course, has not yet been reached; but every extension of the franchise, and every repeal of indirect taxes, brings us nearer to it.

Society must be dissolved if the majority are in favour of altering the basis of its constitution; but it need scarcely be said that on such dissolution there is no ethical justification for interfering with the property which its members have acquired under the original charter.

As we have already hinted, "A. Fabian's" argument depends so largely on establishing his charge of injustice against the present system, that we shall do well to examine his allegation rather more in detail. His opening definition of justice is "equal opportunities for happiness." Has he considered how men are to be given equal opportunities, and what is to be the penalty of neglecting them? There are, in our opinion, few truer sayings than this—that to every man the opportunity comes once; and who will venture to assert that, in their experience, the men who have succeeded are those who have had the most opportunities? Again, to use "A. Fabian's" own words, "Fate has ordained that the children shall suffer for the sins or misfortunes of their fathers; sickness and death are beyond human control." But common sense, as well as fate, ordains that the spendthrift father can leave his children far less opportunities for happiness than the prudent one; yet "A. Fabian" seems to consider this a matter within human control, and therefore to be remedied by State interference; forgetting, apparently, that this can only be effected by taxing the children of the prudent in order to provide equal opportunities for happiness to the children of the imprudent. Any systematic application of this principle would inevitably destroy one of the most effectual incentives to thrift and self-sacrifice, and proportionately injure the national character.

It is rather surprising to find a writer whom we should scarcely accuse of materialistic tendencies using the word "happiness" as equivalent to "comfort." We should be the first to admit that it is desirable to raise the standard of comfort among the labouring class: if the result should be that they refuse to work at their present wages, as some hold, or that they refuse to inhabit the dens where they now congregate, as we hope, so much the better; in either case the capitalist will never again be allowed to absorb so large and undue a share of the profits as he has done in times past, the working class having now learned how, by legitimate means, to protect their own interests.*

But to raise the standard of comfort of the poor is one thing, to make them discontented is another. This is a matter on

* It is, however, a great mistake, if not a wilful misrepresentation, to accuse the employer at the present time of making excessive profits. Mr. Smith, in the pamphlet above mentioned, states, as his deliberate opinion, speaking with great knowledge of the subject, that wages take seven-eighths of the total profits in the mining and manufacturing industries; and further, that if the cost of production were increased by even one-tenth, we should no longer be able to compete abroad with foreign manufacturers.

which we fundamentally differ from the Socialists; for to us they appear to be doing their utmost, though possibly with a praiseworthy motive, to deprive the working class of the real happiness which springs from an honest and well-ordered life, by tantalising them with visions of a material prosperity which is utterly beyond their reach, and, perhaps, beyond their powers of appreciation. Let us mention, by way of illustration, an article of Mr. Bowen Jones in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in reply to one by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, Mr. Jones' object being to show that a certain farmer and his family, whom Lady Catherine had described as a typical instance of a comfortable and happy home, ought to be utterly dissatisfied with their lot, and with the meagre rewards of their labour. The first result of Mr. Jones' teaching, if it bears fruit at all, will be to make that farmer and those like him relax their efforts in expectation of help from without; and, when discontent and idleness have brought the once happy home to ruin, we shall find Socialists to lament over the injustice which deprived that man of his opportunities of happiness. It is idle to say that this is a fanciful picture; we can point to hundreds of acres that have gone out of cultivation, and to whole districts* whose trade has disappeared, through the disastrous effects of the gospel of discontent. The happiness to which "every man has a right" is independent of outward circumstances, and of it no human being can "arbitrarily deprive him."

No doubt the sweeping assertion is frequently made that whole classes of our population never had any opportunities; but this we believe to be entirely without foundation. It is comparatively exceptional to find an instance in which one cannot see both the opportunity and how it was missed. Listen to Mr. Smith's evidence on this point: "I have laboured for many years among the poor, . . . and have inquired into the cause of the poverty of great numbers of distressed people, and my experience is that the greater part of all the misery in this country is the result of intemperance, and the want of thrift and forethought. I have in very many cases tried to assist persons in distress, by giving them situations, or making them loans of money, and in most cases it was unavailing, because they proved to be dissipated and untrustworthy; and after much earnest thought I have come to the conclusion that the misery in our great towns . . . is largely the result of moral causes, and can only be cured by moral means, aided by wise legislation. . . . Eighty millions sterling is estimated to be spent by the working classes annually in intoxicating drink."† That is to say, more than the entire house rental of the United Kingdom. Do not these figures point to a gigantic waste of opportunities, sufficient

* For instance, the Forest of Dean since the last great strike among the colliers.

† "Fallacies of Socialism exposed."

to account for all the misery around us, without searching further for explanation?

Socialist writers feel the weight of this argument, but attempt to shift the blame from the labouring class on to the existing social order. For instance, Mr. Gronlund, in "The Co-operative Commonwealth," says (p. 235), "Drunkenness, *i.e.*, the habit of excessive drinking, which our social 'reformers' pronounce the cause of almost all evil, is to the philosophic mind nothing but an effect, especially an effect of care. When care is banished we may be sure that drunkenness will be banished also." There is just sufficient plausibility in this assertion to mislead those who wish to be misled, but it will not bear a moment's investigation. To begin with, we scarcely imagine that any one will contend that the habits of drunkenness, which were common amongst the upper classes sixty or seventy years ago, were the effect of care. Probably the chief predisposing causes were idleness and inability, through want of education, to appreciate the higher and more intellectual pleasures. To these self-same causes we venture to attribute the greater part of the drunkenness of the present day. "But," some one will retort, "how can you expect a man, with the developed powers of appreciation which you describe, to spend his evenings in a single cheerless room, misnamed home, where at the best he is likely to prove extremely in the way, amid squalling children and the steam of his wife's washing?" To this we have one answer, and only one. As long as our working classes fail to realise that they commit social suicide when they marry and beget children, whom they have no reasonable prospect of being able to rear in decency; as long as a man, whose wages just suffice to keep him comfortable, without laying by a single penny for a rainy day, takes a wife equally unprovided and thriftless, trusting to the chapter of accidents, so long will misery and want prevail, and "equal opportunities for happiness" prove an impossibility and a delusion. Is it not self-evident that by example, by precept, by association with their social superiors, the working class must be taught to look on it as a thing utterly non-human to herd together like swine in a sty, and to consider any self-denial preferable to such brutal degradation. This is the lesson which some social reformers strive to teach, and it has one great superiority over the nostrums of social quack doctors, that it is founded on an experience which every one can verify for himself.

If, therefore, "A. Fabian" wishes to show that the present system is unjust because it does not afford equal opportunities of material happiness to all, he must first *prove* it to be unjust that children should suffer for the sins of their parents. It will then have to be considered whether the injustice could possibly be remedied without working still greater injustice to others, and whether any conceivable order of things could do more than

mitigate it. We venture to think that Socialists might labour to more profit towards enabling every one to utilise and develop to the utmost the opportunities they do possess.

We have dilated, perhaps at unnecessary length, on this subject, as it seems to underlie much of the fallacious reasoning of the Socialists; but we cannot entirely pass by one or two arguments in "A. Fabian's" article which rest on a misuse of terms bordering on misrepresentation. Such, for instance, is the use of "work" and "worker," as equivalent to "handicraft" and "labourer." Thus he says (at p. 54), "Perhaps nine-tenths of the necessary work is done by one-half of the people, whilst the other half live at their ease on the fruits of it." Unless in this computation brain work be entirely eliminated, the statement is palpably absurd.* What, then, does the writer suppose would be the producing power of the workman, and what his wage-earning capacity at the present day, had it not been for the constant invention of new machinery through the brain work of others? This may, however, be considered "necessary work;" but as regards the "army of brokers, merchants, and agents," is it not palpable that the producer is the greatest gainer by the existence of middlemen, who find out and put him in communication with the effective demand, leaving him at liberty to give his undivided energy to production? And, so far from their number being to his detriment, it tends to his positive gain, because, owing to competition, the agent does his work more thoroughly, and is satisfied with a smaller commission.

It is, therefore, as unjust as it is absurd to pretend that manual labour is more worthy, more honourable, or more necessary, than brain work. The reverse is actually the case; for the daily development of invention causes machinery to be increasingly substituted for manual labour, only the most skilled and artistic workmen being retained. In very truth this constitutes the chief difficulty of the social problem; from various causes the supply of unskilled labour, especially in the towns, is vastly on the increase, while the demand for it daily diminishes; and instead of the standard of wages going down, so as to enable the manufacturer to employ a larger number of hands, it is constantly rising, notwithstanding the decreased cost of the necessaries of life, and forcing him to economise labour to the uttermost. No wonder the Socialists are tempted to cut the Gordian knot by throwing all the blame on the competitive system, and to aim at reconstructing society on an entirely new basis; especially as, while refusing to enter into detail, they do not hesitate to fly in the face of all experience and common sense, and to neglect

* The proportion of rich people in the United Kingdom possessing an average income of £1,500 a year is only 3·36 per cent., as against 27·33 of the middle class, with an average income of £260, and 69·31 of the working class, with an average of £100 a year. See an article by Mr. Mulhall in the *Contemporary Review* for February 1882.

the most salient characteristics of human nature as at present constituted. Occasionally, however, they do commit themselves to a definite suggestion which involves them in a cloud of difficulties. For instance, let us ask “A. Fabian” what he proposes to do with the hosts of “agents, shopkeepers, and servants” when their present occupation is gone? Does he think that there will be greater ease in providing work for the labouring classes when the vast army of brain workers has been forced to enter into competition with them? Has he considered the additional swarms of workmen which would flock to our shores, if the average wage were six shillings a day, from countries like China, where sixpence is the usual maximum? Or, if he proposes to prohibit this influx by legislation, has he calculated the probable increase of our native population which would follow on a general rise of wages? We are scarcely surprised to find diversities of doctrine among the Socialists, according as they feel more or less the impossibility of evading these crucial questions by a dogmatic assertion like the following, which we quote from “Ethical Socialism,” “The present system is unjust. If our society is based on iniquity” (*quod est demonstrandum*) “it is useless to patch or repair it; the whole structure must come down. It is beside the question to demand a detailed scheme to replace it.” We have, surely, a right to some assurance that the house, when empty, swept, and garnished, will not be open to the incursion of seven other devils, with the arch-fiend Injustice at their head!

“The one thing needful,” says A. Fabian, “for the well-being of society, is that all workers should possess their own tools and materials. If this were so, the great social trouble of the time, want of work, would of necessity absolutely cease.” With this latter conclusion we cannot for a moment agree. Merely to provide workmen with their tools and materials, or, in other words, with capital, is not sufficient, as was shown by the disastrous failure of the attempt made by the Government of the French Republic in 1848, when £120,000 were spent in subsidising associations of working men. We attribute the want of work mainly to the fact that so large a proportion of the unemployed are unskilled or “common” labourers, and can perform only that kind of work which a machine could execute as well and more economically. It would greatly reduce the risk of non-employment if they learnt a handicraft; but even this is not enough; to ensure constant occupation, a man should be able to offer more than one kind of service. Much ill-considered nonsense has been talked by Socialists with regard to over-production, and much undeserved abuse levelled against “the reckless greed of manufacturers.” For instance, it is said that over-production is impossible so long as any one requires the product and is willing to give labour in exchange. But this is to overlook the distinction between effective and non-effective demand. What is the use of labour to a

manufacturer who is already fully supplied? He requires money to recoup the wages he has advanced, and to buy raw material. Would this difficulty be removed if the State were the universal employer? The State cannot, beyond a limited extent, create employment; it certainly cannot create capital, and must, therefore, insist on a money payment in return for much of the produce which it would have to dispense. No doubt the State would possess superior sources of information, which would enable it partly to foresee the probable effective demand; but even thus it could not provide against all contingencies. We may quote a salient example from Mr. Edward Atkinson's work on "The Distribution of Products."* In the year 1882, 11,500 miles of railway were constructed in the United States; in 1884, less than 5,000. Thus, over 400,000 common labourers were thrown out of work, and their demand, to a considerable extent, rendered non-effective. How could any system prevent competition resulting from such a sudden influx of labour into the market? The dilemma is unanswerable; if two men want employment of a stated description when there is only work and pay for one, they must either accept a wage that is admittedly unfair, or one must starve for want of work. The Socialist will not accept the first alternative; he dare not face the second; so he avoids the question as a mere matter of detail. In truth, no distribution of the means of wealth can do more than postpone for a while the problem arising out of surplus labour; and the more successful the Socialist's policy in temporarily relieving the workman, the more certainly suicidal would it prove by producing a rapid increase of population.

We could listen more patiently to the demands of Socialists for State subsidies, even though similar experiments have hitherto failed, were it impossible for the workmen to acquire capital by their own efforts; but this is not the case. Co-operation, as "A. Fabian" himself admits, has proved a success; and, though he expresses a doubt whether it can cope with the gigantic power of capital in private hands, the fact that the co-operative societies in Great Britain at the present moment have accumulated a surplus of over three millions sterling is a brilliant augury of what they are likely to accomplish, especially if the established and wealthy societies show a little more liberality and *esprit de corps* in using their superfluous funds to assist others to start.

We must here draw attention to "A. Fabian's" remarkable misnomer of co-operation as "a socialistic scheme." Unless "Socialism" is to be interpreted as equivalent to "association," co-operation is diametrically opposed to it in its origin, its operation, and its results. Its origin, because it is founded on individual rights of property; its operation, because it rests on the competitive system; its results, because those who have

* G. E. Putnam's Sons, New York & London.

acquired property by laborious and sustained effort and self-denial are sure to be the staunchest opponents of all schemes of communism or confiscation. No doubt it is a temptation, especially to one like “A. Fabian” who honestly wishes well to the working class, to speak in favour of co-operation; but all Socialists must admit that it exemplifies what they consider the worst vices of the existing social order, and they are consequently bound on principle to include it in the general condemnation.

If, on the other hand, Socialists approve of co-operation as a legitimate means of raising the labouring class, how can they assert that all remedies for the present diseased state of society have been tried in vain? It is almost impossible to put a limit to the future of co-operation. When we remember the humble beginning of the Rochdale Pioneers, just forty years ago, on a capital of £28, amassed by weekly subscriptions of 2d., we can scarcely credit the wealth and importance of co-operative societies at the present day. Their capital is now over ten millions sterling, their annual turnover about thirty millions,* and their profit over two and a half millions. The difficulties of societies now starting are so smoothed away by the Wholesale society, and by the instructions they receive from headquarters, that the chief fear is lest the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, which are still necessary in some degree, should not be evoked at all. Shall we, then, be considered over sanguine if we express our conviction that it is within the power of the working classes, in the course of the coming generation, to raise themselves, by their own efforts, out of the state of dependence in which they now lie.

Co-operation shows what can be done by the workmen without external aid, and, in a sense, in competition with the capitalist employers; but there is another feature of modern commercial life, dating from even more recent times than co-operation, which bears the brightest promise for the future. Profit-sharing, or the participation of the employed in the profits of the undertaking, though comparatively unknown in England, has achieved the most encouraging results on the Continent, in Paris alone over forty establishments of the first rank having adopted it. The advantages of this system, which are admirably expounded by Mr. Sedley Taylor in his book on the subject,† are threefold: it gives him a direct interest in the success of the concern, inasmuch as the amount coming to him, over and above his regular wages, varies with the net profits realised; secondly, it creates a retiring or pension fund for the workman incapacitated by age or sickness,

* These figures are founded on the returns for 1883, and are considerably under the true amount, as only those societies are included which have sent in returns to the Registrar.

† “Profit-Sharing.” Kegan, Paul, Trench, & Co., 1884.

and also in some establishments accumulates a small capital for him by investing part of his allotted share in the profits, instead of paying it over at once; and thirdly, and above all, it removes the jealousy and ill-feeling which too often exist among the operatives toward their employer, and which must continue to exist so long as they consider that his chief object is to squeeze the greatest amount of work out of them for the smallest possible wage. We regret to have to say that the efforts of most Socialists seem directed towards fomenting this ill-feeling, ignoring both the readiness of the mass of the employers to consult the welfare of their workpeople, and the means which are available for giving effect to that readiness. As providing a stimulus to economy by starting each workman with a nest-egg of his own, we look upon profit-sharing as a most valuable coadjutor to co-operation, and likely to lead to a large increase in the number of "stores" throughout the country. The Legislature may well consider the advisability of facilitating the adoption of profit-sharing by recognising a form of partnership analogous to that *en commandite*, with the object of enabling employers to admit their workmen into partnership with a limited liability, this being at present impossible, unless the business is converted into a limited company.

Again, from the present state of our agricultural industries, there is a lesson to be learnt of the utmost importance to the working classes; and in order to justify the view which we take of the causes of the existing depression,—laying aside foreign competition, the stress of which can scarcely be long maintained,—we may be pardoned a short digression.

One of the most striking peculiarities in the social history of this generation is the number of colossal fortunes which have been amassed in an incredibly short time; the coal and iron trades in England and the silver mines of America have made literal millionaires of men who started without a sixpence, while the seven fat years from 1868 to 1874 put hundreds of men in a pecuniary position superior to that of all but the richest nobles. At the same time these mushroom millionaires are not, as a rule, large landowners, neither have they to support the vast establishments which swallow up so considerable a share of the income of the wealthy aristocracy. The result, as might be expected, has been that in most cases their expenditure is more strictly selfish, and their luxurious tendencies are more strongly developed, than those of the rich men of the preceding generation, while the benefit of their outlay has been scarcely felt by the lower ranks of the population, being chiefly absorbed by shopkeepers of the better class. And so we find the two divisions of the *bourgeoisie*, those who call themselves "gentlemen" and those who do not, growing steadily in affluence and power, while the aristocracy and the proletariat have lost ground simul-

taneously. But, strangely enough, the leaders of the working classes, instead of directing their attack against those who contribute least to the support of the labouring poor, insist on imposing heavier burdens on the land, already groaning under the weight of over-taxation. The surplus income of many landlords has already long disappeared, and with it the means of employment for what may be called their ornamental retainers, who, of necessity, have flocked to the towns; no longer can the landlord afford to till the farms which are thrown on his hands in the bad times, and the land must go out of cultivation, or, at the best, be converted into pasture; in either case the result is a further drain of the agricultural population into the towns, already unable to provide work for their teeming millions. The difficulty is still further aggravated by the fact that these farm labourers are utterly unfitted by their antecedents for city life and occupations. What, then, can be done with this superabundant material, on which the stream of emigration seems to have no perceptible effect? Must not the remedy lie in returning to the land the labour of which it has been deprived; not in the form of a peasant proprietary, to create which it would be necessary to impose fresh taxation on the manufacturing classes, already sorely in need of assistance, but in its original form of an agricultural population, aroused at length from its hereditary apathy by contact with the mental activity of the cities? To bring about this result the State should, by every means in its power, encourage the middle class to invest its surplus wealth in land; and as the residential advantages and influence which the ownership of landed property used to confer on its possessor tend to disappear, the discrepancy between the two per cent. which it produces and the four per cent. of other investments ought to be reduced by a readjustment of local and imperial taxation; landlords should also be stimulated to provide decent accommodation for their labourers, instead of being at once heavily taxed on their outlay; above all, purchasers of land must be secured in the possession of their property. Then alone are we likely to see capital flow towards the country districts, and with the revival of agriculture will break the dawn of a brighter day.

It is not, however, within the scope of this article to do more than state our conviction that one of the remedies for the congested state of our urban populations, to which the existing misery is so largely due, lies in the complete reversal of the programme of the Radicals, and of at least one important school of Socialists, with regard to land. They have hitherto entirely failed to prove the suitability of a peasant proprietary to English conditions, or the justice of relieving one distressed class at the expense of another. We, on the other hand, contend that every kind of property should contribute equally to the purposes of State, and that the natural and only way of re-creating an

agricultural population must be to enable land to be cultivated to a profit.

These, then, are the chief means of ameliorating the lot of the poor, all of them immediately feasible, and in the lines of present development; co-operation and profit-sharing to provide the labouring classes with capital; resuscitated agriculture to provide them with work; education and enlightened tastes to enable them to profit by both opportunities. But to "A. Fabian" our reply, in a word, must be, that Socialism, ethical or otherwise, needs for its basis a higher morality, which no mere redistribution of the means of wealth * will advance by one single hour; on the contrary, the advocacy of what the world at large regards as wholesale spoliation, founded on allegations of injustice which revolt the common sense and honesty of mankind, must inevitably tend to aggravate the hostility of classes, and, so far, to retard the progress of society toward the higher morality. Worse still, while alienating the sympathies of many who earnestly desire to bridge the gulf between rich and poor, it distracts attention from the true remedies, which it stigmatises as unavailing, because their action is tardy. When we remember that co-operation and profit-sharing are only forty years old; that legalised trades unionism is of much more recent date; that education, in its wider and truer sense, is comparatively a thing of yesterday; can we admit that the present constitution of society has had its trial, and stands self-condemned? Must the structure which has been reared by the efforts of centuries be hurled to the ground because one of the party walls is insecure? No! There are open spaces enough on the earth's surface where our would-be reformers may construct a social system after their own liking; and when they have abolished injustice, misery, and crime in their ideal commonwealth, there will be no need of a revolution to convert the world; they will draw all men unto them.

HENRY G. RAWSON.

* It is worthy of note that if the entire soil of Great Britain, including mountains, fen, and moorland, were divided among the population, there would be less than two acres for each person; and the whole wealth of the country would, according to Mr. Samuel Smith's estimate, raise the wages of the working class only five per cent. over the present average rate.

TRAVELLING AND TRAVELLERS IN NORWAY, 1885.

BY LOUISA F. FIELD.

THE wisest of men said long ago that of making many books there is no end. Veracious—painfully veracious—records of human wanderings are now indeed only too plentiful.

Like all things on earth these have their use ; indeed, at present their position may be said to be unique. Too much fiction does not look well on the drawing-room table, essays are apt to be heterodox, the girls will not read voluminous “Lives,” but “Six Spinsters in Syria,” or “Tartary on a Tricycle”—these meet the case exactly, must be innocent, may be amusing.

Proposing to visit Norway this summer, we sought information from the works of those who had been before us, and the shelves of the circulating library rewarded our search with a perfect ocean of print, from which we secured, by repeated dives, sundry pearls of information and counsel. The counsel was a little perplexing, for while all agreed in insisting that luggage must be as small as possible, for convenience in Kariol-travelling, such items as Liebig essence, candles, fur cloaks, tea, hammer, nails, and rope, a macintosh, and a dictionary, were declared indispensable by one authority or another.

Of this proverbial disagreement of doctors we had further experience in the opinions of returning compatriots.

“Oh yes, we come every year, wife, children, and all” (the family was of patriarchal dimensions); “once we brought a baby of eighteen months, and I had to nurse it most of the voyage—but *that* didn’t discourage me !”

On the other hand—

“Oh, I do pity you! You don’t know what you are in for. Those horrid Kariols will break your back ; you will be half-starved, quite frozen !”

But this latter opinion we found to be that of a very small minority. Making all deductions for the *contretemps* inseparable from all travelling, experience convinced us that no country can offer a better holiday for our toilers, weary as they are with hurry and bustle, with brain-work and mental anxiety, and all the stress and strain of modern life. Instead of smoky, half-exhausted air, the traveller finds an atmosphere so clear that at first he feels, with regard to the distance of hills, as a puppy, newly gifted

with sight, towards furniture, and so fresh that he seems to breathe in new life. Instead of the perpetually recurring postman he finds a sleepy *poste restante*, open only at times when the postmaster is not dining, sleeping, or out walking. Here he may take his choice from a bundle of letters, some yellow with age, others more recent, resting there on their leisurely journey in search of a claimant. Instead of evening editions, a *Daily Telegraph* of the week before last; instead of the last thing in fiction or amateur theology, the "Etiquette of Good Society," and "Hymns Ancient and Modern" are a handsome provision for his intellectual needs.

He *must* take life quietly; he cannot help it. Does he desire to catch a steamer? He must leave a margin of some hours, as her captain "reserves to himself the right" of defying printed timetables. On one occasion a steamer kindly permitted herself to be caught by us. We had no hope of ever seeing her, but she was thirteen hours late. Or does the traveller prefer road-journeys by Kariol? He may not overtake and pass any other Kariol, nor will any persuasion induce his punchy cream-coloured pony to do more than walk up a hill, however long. He will do well, therefore, to lie back in the carriage and gaze at the scenery, at cliffs with pines growing in apparently impossible places, at countless waterfalls, at sapphire trout-streams, at farms established wherever niggard nature will allow the diligent peasant to wrest from her nourishment enough for his tiny patches of hay, so small that the crop is dried on *tattie*-like bits of fencing, and for similar atoms of rye or wheat, the sheaves of which are tied to dry on poles dotted about like so many ninepins, at the mountain cattle with their tinkling bells, their fierce horns, and shy eyes, at moraines, here and there at a glacier filling a mountain basin like cream poured into a shape, at valleys where the inevitable stream must fume and fret its way over boulders thrown about as if giants had been pelting each other.

Every seven miles or so the traveller will come to a posting "station." Here he may dine; he *must* change horses. If he will, he can stay here awhile and let the stream of travel flow gently past him. He will have ample opportunity to study human nature.

Indeed, a new Thackeray might spend a little time at such a place with advantage, and find material for a Natural History of Tourists. These are English, for the most part; a few Germans only may pass, a few Swedes or Danes, still fewer Americans. They will fall naturally into species. There is the conscientious tourist, slave to the behests of Baedeker, who has lost all pleasure in an excellent dinner because he has left a waterfall unvisited. His only comfort is in the length of Norwegian daylight; he can yet go back, and do penance at the neglected shrine.

In contrast to him comes the apathetic. His costume is

picturesquely perfect, his health appears good. But he is weary of it all. He has liked one stopping-place better than most others. "There was no beastly waterfall to go and see there," he told us.

There is the tourist suffering from *Cacoethes scribendi* too. The station *dagbog* (daybook) is intended merely, as a printed notice explains, for entries of horses and Kariols hired, but wherever this species of tourist passes he leaves a trail of remarks, grumpy or facetious, referring to meals, weather, and his views on things in general.

There is a tourist, too—she (alas for the pronoun!) can hardly be said to constitute a species; we may call her the predatory. She has been known to obtain free quarters over a long line of country by the simple promise to mention the house favourably in a guide-book shortly to be produced.

As for the Norwegian peasant himself, he has forgotten the roving habits of his Viking ancestors, and watches the peaceful inroads of the Briton with a placid wonder. He has as little ambition to travel as an Oriental to dance, but paid performers amuse the one and passing travellers the other. Slow, patient, stolid, but independent to the last degree, is the Norseman of to-day. Between civility and servility he sees a great gulf fixed. He has abolished his aristocracy by law; he has no word in his language for Sir or Madam; the only expression of respect we heard used was by a sailor who had learnt a few words of English, and answered, "Yes, Sir," to the questions of an English lady. But no people can be more courteous in word and act; the only respect in which one would fain improve their manners is the odious habit of incessant expectoration.

A Democrat the Norseman is to his heart's core. At the time of the simultaneous visit of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone to Molde we were staying at a station in the Romsdal. The host was a peasant, in outward appearance not superior to an English carter. As a rule, we seldom saw him; his attention was given to the posting part of the business. But he sought us with a Bergen paper, and pointed to a paragraph in it on this momentous occasion.

"Did we see? Did we know Mr. Gladstone had come? Surely now he could not fail to visit the famous Romsdal. And it would be worth his while to come up as far as this; did we not think so? Yes, to-morrow he would be sure to come," decided our host as he went away, paying not the slightest heed to the mentions of H.R.H.'s movements. Similarly a hotel-keeper of our acquaintance walked straight up to the Prince on his landing and politely raised his hat, "Ah! I know you," said he; "I have seen you before. I have seen you at the Palace in London"—not Buckingham Palace, but—"vat you call the Crystal Palace."

The Prince, with characteristic grace, accepted the situation,

and the "Boots" of the establishment, conscious of being also a man and a brother, presently joined the conversation. "Why wouldn't he?" as an Irishman might have said.

The incident concerning Mr. Gladstone was the only occasion on which we saw a Norwegian roused to enthusiasm. Once only also we saw an outburst of real mirth. Then the author of the mischief, who had never intended to make a joke at all, stood amazed, and rather dismayed at the effect he had produced, while his witticism was being passed from mouth to mouth, provoking fresh convulsions at each repetition. It was only this—

"I want a Kariol at two o'clock, and don't send me a *skydegut* (*schössgut*, postboy) of six feet high!" The treatment his language receives at the hands of the *Engelske* must be at times bewildering to the Norwegian. The Briton, as a rule, does not take any trouble to learn Norsk. There is no literature, you know, and elsewhere "a little French" (save the mark!) answers all purposes. In Norway he is compelled to invent a language of signs, sometimes very ingenious, which he supplements with *straz* (immediately), *ikke* (none or not), and perhaps *vaersogut*, which represents "please." The free-born Briton is rather disgusted at having to do this. The people really ought to know English; it is ridiculous that they should be so ignorant. However, so long as the Englishman's request for a stool-car, a stoke-jar, or a stool-jeer, produces a *stolkjaer*, or cart with seats (pronounced stol-kiär), all is well. One lady mentioned that she had found two Norsk words which she had managed to pick up most useful—the people were always pleased, as their smiles showed. Whether in *mangy tack* they ever recognised their words for "many thanks"—*mange tak*—is at least open to suspicion.

The influence of the English tourist is beginning to show itself along the routes he has most frequented. Here large hotels are springing up for his benefit, and an impression begins to prevail that small change is a burden to him. In places which hitherto have not been overcrowded by his invasions the sum of 3s. 3d., possibly even less, will cover excellent board and lodging, and half a *krone*, or 6½d., will be received as a tip with effusive gratitude. We once hired a boat for three hours for this sum; the owner was only too glad to be saved the trouble of rowing us.

The threatened semi-starvation is not likely to be realised, except in out-of-the-way places perhaps. It *may* happen to the traveller, as to him who in the East has the ill-luck to follow a cloud of locusts, that a party consisting of seven school girls, a chaperon, and a courier, has preceded him at a station, and he may find himself set down before a few small fishes to reflect sorrowfully on the extreme improbability of a miracle, and the wonderful development of the appetite induced by Norwegian air. On the other hand, he is more likely to be met by a *menu* like

the following, which welcomed us at a very modest station where we were not expected:—Soup, salmon-trout, curry, roast reindeer, a savoury stew, cloudberry and cream, pancakes with jam—six courses all well served. The cost, 10½*d.* or 1*s.* 1*d.*, according as the diner is *en pension* or not. For the beds—they are short certainly, and may involve to a very tall person a slanting disposition of his inordinate stature. But much may be done by getting rid of the national wedge-shaped bolster.

These, however, are matters of detail. The artist, the fisher, the sportsman, the mountain climber, or the mere holiday-maker, can all find much pleasure in Norway. Laziest of all existences is that in a fjord steamer, where one may sit comfortably on deck in the sun without moving till the dinner-bell rings, and watch the panorama of cliff, bay, snow-peak, waterfall, and now and then a fishing village of painted clinker-built wooden houses, buff, blue, brown, fawn, grey, with perhaps an octagonal church of brilliant white, topped with red roof and belfry. *Perhaps*, we say advisedly, for the Norseman does not seem very fond of going to church. When he does, his behaviour, except in the matter of expectoration, is admirable. His principles are said to be Calvinistic rather than Lutheran, but his ritual is a curious combination of the Scotch Presbyterian and the High Anglican, the precentor, slow psalmody, sitting attitude, and Geneva gown of the one, with the crosses, lights, reredos, and sacramental vestments of the other.

We were inclined to imagine that the simple grandeur of the scenery in which his life is passed must influence the mind of the Norseman, raising it above much pettiness and narrow-mindedness of feeling. That he can make wise laws for himself, and abide by them, he gives abundant proof. In Bergen, for instance, he has so regulated the sale of liquor that drunkenness must be difficult, while the proceeds go to benevolent undertakings. Leprosy, again, he is steadily working to stamp out by the compulsory confinement in asylums of its victims. His beautiful country, however, has failed to inspire much literature or art. Good taste is everywhere evident in dress, decoration, and the like; but the imaginative faculties of the nation seem dormant. Music, on the contrary, is of surprising beauty, except in the churches. The national airs are very remarkable, while the name of Grieg is of itself enough to show what modern composers can do.

However, if the native has not found inspiration for poetry and painting, the visitor surely may. Words are but poor colour brushes to render such a scene, for instance, as the view from the Moldehei, no mighty climb either, but a “ladies’ mountain” of very moderate height.

Southward, a fjord full of sapphire water so strangely transparent that brilliant jelly-fish can be seen floating fathoms deep,

and one can readily imagine Neckan and his fellows in their pearl-paved palaces below. Branches of this fjord run far into the land; little steamers ply from village to village on their shores. From this height we see their trails of smoke, and the white sails of an occasional yacht. Pine-covered islands stud the waters; beyond rise the blue hills of the Romsdal, with their rocky peaks covered with snow, changing into all manner of wonderful colours in the sunset, like mountains in a dream. Westward, the great Atlantic, its rolling waves broken by the belt of islands that edge the coast like the black dots that used to outline patterns on the chintzes of our youth. Below us the little town, with its coloured houses and exquisitely clean streets and wharves, and tiny gardens full of roses, honeysuckle, lilies, and the like. Northward and east, more hills, streams, fjord-branches, sometimes a lake. "If Norway were only rolled out flat, it would be the biggest country on this airth," said a citizen of the New World once.

There is no lack of beauty, no lack of comfort, no doubt of a welcome. To any one who wants change without discomfort, quiet without dulness, travel without hurry, fresh air and sunshine without the adjuncts of a "health resort," we cannot offer better advice than "Go to Norway."

LOUISA F. FIELD.

ALEXANDER CSOMA DE KÖRÖS.

"It was Sunday afternoon that Csoma came to me saying, 'Well, with God's help, I am leaving to-morrow.' The distant time has not effaced from my memory that expression of joyful serenity which shone from his eyes; it seemed like a beam of light which pervaded his soul, seeing he was wending his steps towards a long-desired goal. We spent some time in friendly conversation, and drank our parting glass in some old tokaji. Next day, that is Monday, he again stepped into my room, lightly clad, as if he intended merely taking a walk. He did not even sit down, but said, 'I merely wished to see you once more.' He then started along the Szentkirályi road, which leads towards Nagy Szeben. Here, in the country, among the fields, we parted for ever. I looked a long time after him, as he was approaching the banks of the Maros, and feelings roused by the words, '*Mentem mortalia tangunt*,' filled my anxious heart." Such is the account Professor Hegedüs has given of his parting with the Hungarian traveller whose adventurous journey in the first quarter of this century through Western and Central Asia, Tibet, and India, entitles him to a place in the first rank of travellers and explorers, and whose researches in the language and literature of Tibet laid the foundation of all subsequent knowledge in the Tibetan field. The biography of this remarkable man has been but lately written.*

Alexander Csoma was born on the 14th of April, 1784, in the village of Körös, in Transylvania. His family, though poor, belonged to the military nobles called Szeklers, a Hungarian tribe which settled in ancient Dacia in the fourth century A.D., and which had for centuries guarded the frontiers of Transylvania against the invasions of the Turks. Csoma received his early education at the school of his native village, and proceeded to the Protestant College of Nagy Enyed in 1790. There he occupied a position similar to that of a sizar in England, that is, he performed certain duties connected with the college, and in return he obtained food, lodging, and other assistance. By 1807 he had completed his student's course at the gymnasium. He then passed on to the higher academical studies. It so happened at

* "Life of Alexander Csoma de Körös," by Theodore Duka, M.D. (Trübner & Co.).

that time that history was a favourite branch of study, owing to the popularity of its professor, and the early history of the Hungarian people formed a subject of deep interest for the inquiries and discussions of the students. And a story is told of those days how Csoma and two of his fellow-students made a vow to undertake a scientific journey with the object of discovering some trace of the origin of their nation. Thus early he had his eyes on the East. After completing his studies he was appointed lecturer on poetry. Meanwhile he spent his holidays as a private tutor, and applied himself closely to the study of the classics, and also of French and German. In 1815 he went to Göttingen to continue his studies and equip himself for the path in life he had chosen. There he studied English, in which language he subsequently published all the results of his researches. But Professor Eichhorn, the Orientalist, was the centre of attraction, and under his guidance Csoma devoted himself to the study of Arabic, and during his stay of over two years at Göttingen he carefully thought out his plans. On his return to Nagy Enyed in the end of 1818 he found two appointments awaiting him—one, a private tutorship in a nobleman's family, and the other, a professorial chair at the school of Sziget. He had, however, other aims on which he had set his heart, and so declined both. In the following February he made known his purpose to his friend Professor Hegedüs. The latter tried to dissuade him from this undertaking by holding before him the promising career that awaited him at home, and, when that failed, by placing before him the dangers and privations of so long a journey in unfrequented lands. But all remonstrances were vain, and Csoma in his thirty-sixth year, after ten years of special preparation, set out on his travels.

When requested to give an account of himself and his plans to the Government of India in 1824, Csoma thus refers to this period of his life:—"Among the liberal disciplines my favourite studies were philology, geography, and history. Although my ecclesiastical studies had prepared me for an honourable employment in my native country, yet my inclination for the studies mentioned above induced me to seek for a wider field for their cultivation. As my parents were dead, and my only brother did not want my assistance, I resolved to leave my native country and come to the East, and by some means or other procuring subsistence, to devote my whole life to researches which may afterwards be useful to the learned world of Europe in general, and, in particular, may illustrate some obscure facts in our own history." The Hungarians, or Magyars, so far as language indicates race, belong to the family called by some Turanian, or more definitely by others, Ural-Altaic. The languages of this family belong to the type of speech termed by philologists Terminational, or Agglutinative, or Amalgamating. The pre-

vailing characteristic which they seek to describe by this term is seen in the word "God-like." Here the two elements are brought together, but the one is not subordinate to the other as in "Godly," which illustrates the Inflexional type, or quite independent, as in "like God," which illustrates the Isolating type of speech. But while they have this general agreement in form, they also have been proved to be genealogically related. They form dialects, and groups of dialects, of one large family, whose individual members are often, though distantly, connected. One group, called the Uralic, comprises under a sub-group, the Finnish, Esthonian, and Lapp languages, and under another sub-group, the Magyār. Among the other groups are placed the dialects of the Samoyeds; of the Turkish Tatar tribes comprising the Uigurs, Turkomans, Usbeks, Kirghiz, Azerbaijan Turks, and the Osmanlis; of the Mongols and Kalmuks; and of the Manchus. The original home of this family is placed in the highlands of Central Asia; hence it is called by some the High Asian family. The knowledge, however, of the unity of this extensive family has been gained by the science of Comparative Philology. In Csoma's day a dense cloud overhung the whole field, and to dispel it in some degree was the aim of his life. The goal, therefore, he had set before himself was Central Asia.

He did not, however, feel himself fully equipped as yet for the journey of research. In the Arabic historians he hoped to find information about these tribes of Central Asia, and looked to Constantinople as the place where he could most easily become acquainted with them. At first he thought of going to Odessa, thence to Moscow, where he might find a caravan bound for Irkutsk. From the latter place he hoped to make his way into the northern borders of China. With a view to this route he studied in Croatia, from February to November 1819, the Slavonic dialects. He entered Wallachia in the last days of November 1819, and arrived under the pretence of business at Bucharest. There he studied the Turkish language. He left Bucharest in the beginning of January in the company of some Bulgarians, crossed the Danube at Rustchuk, and by way of Sophia arrived at Philippopolis. He was prevented, however, from proceeding by Adrianople to Constantinople, as the plague was raging, and was forced to make for the coast. At Enos, on the Archipelago, he fell in with a Greek ship, on board of which he voyaged by Chios and Rhodes to Alexandria. There, or at Cairo, he intended to work at Arabic; but, the plague breaking out, he left on board a Syrian vessel, and by way of Larnaca in Cyprus, and Sidon, came to Beyrut, whence he took ship to Tripolis and Latakia. He then proceeded on foot to Aleppo, where he arrived on the 13th of April. Leaving Aleppo in the middle of May, he journeyed, clad in an Asiatic dress, along with different caravans, until,

by way of Mardin, he arrived at Mosul. Thence he went on a raft down the Tigris to Baghdad, which he reached on the 22nd of July. At that time the English resident at Baghdad was the learned Orientalist Mr. Rich. As it chanced that he was absent about eight days' journey, Csoma wrote to him, giving him intelligence of his arrival and of his purpose, and seeking to be placed under British protection. Through his secretary, Mr. Rich provided Csoma with dress and money, and the latter quitted Baghdad on September 4th, travelling in European costume on horseback with a caravan, passing by Kermanshah and Hamadan, and arriving at Teheran, the capital of Persia, on October 14th, 1820. He at once proceeded to the English residence, but finding that Mr., afterwards Sir Henry, Willock was absent at Tabriz, he wrote a letter to him in English reporting himself. On the return of Mr. Willock to Teheran, he fully explained his plans, and was most kindly received. During a stay of four months in the Persian capital he studied Persian and English. As the part of the journey now before him was one of extreme danger, he left behind him at Teheran most of his books, papers, certificates, and wrote a letter in Hungarian, which, in the event of his perishing on the way to Bokhara, was to be sent to N. Enyed. He was liberally assisted by Messrs. H. and G. Willock in preparing for the journey to Bokhara, and on the 1st of March, 1821, he bade adieu to his English friends at Teheran, arriving on the 18th of April at Meshed, but, owing to warlike disturbances he could not leave Meshed till October 20th, and arrived safely at Bokhara on the 18th of November. Those who are familiar with the adventurous journey of a countryman of Csoma's, Professor Arminius Vambéry, will be able to call up in their minds for themselves the dangers and difficulties that must have beset Csoma. The route taken is almost the same as that of Vambéry. He had intended passing the winter at Bokhara, but was prevented staying there any length of time. He became "affrighted by frequent exaggerated reports of the approach of a numerous Russian army," and after five days set out in company with a caravan, and passing through Balk, Kulm, and Bamian, arrived on the 6th of January 1822, at Kabul. By way of Bokhara he hoped to penetrate to the northern frontiers of the Chinese Empire, but he now directed his journey by way of Kashmir, so that he might enter Tibet. He left Kabul with a caravan in the company of Armenians, and dressed like them. He had heard from them that between Kabul and Peshawar he might hope to meet with two French officers, who were in the service of Ranjit Singh. Seven days later he overtook these latter, and journeyed with them to Lahore. Through them he obtained permission to enter Kashmir, whence he purposed setting out for Yarkand. When he got as far as Leh, the capital of Ladakh, he ascertained

that the road to Yarkand was very difficult, expensive, and dangerous for a Christian, and so, after a journey of twenty-five days, he resolved to return to Lahore.

It was on this return journey, and near the Kashmir frontier, that he met in with Mr. Moorcroft, with whom he returned to Leh. There they arrived on the 26th of August. He laid his plans before Moorcroft, and made known his circumstances. In September Moorcroft put into his hands the "*Alphabetum Tibetanum*," a ponderous work, published at Rome in 1762, compiled by Father Giorgi, out of the materials sent from Tibet by the Capuchin Friars. The ardent student at once became absorbed in the Tibetan language. Moorcroft was leaving Leh at the end of September, but Csoma begged leave to stay for some time longer, and having obtained the assistance of a person who knew Persian as well as Tibetan, he soon acquired a considerable knowledge of Tibetan. On his return to Kashmir he had become so deeply engrossed in his new field that he determined to settle down to study it thoroughly, and thereby become acquainted at first-hand with the contents of the immense works found in every monastery, and constituting an encyclopædia of Tibetan learning and religion. In this resolution to devote the next few years of his life to a field of which so little was known, he was generously seconded by Mr. Moorcroft. The latter arranged that Csoma should be provided with a learned Lama at Yangla, in Zanskar, the most south-westerly province of Ladakh; communicated with the Orientalists of Calcutta, giving an account of Csoma, and requesting certain works to be sent; provided him with means for his journey and residence; and wrote to the commandant of Sabathu that in the event of his own death or a delay in his return from his expedition, he would hold it a personal obligation if he would furnish Csoma with two hundred rupees, should he, on his return from Yangla, wish to proceed to Calcutta. Csoma, on his part, would only agree to accept the liberality on condition of entering into a written agreement in which he pledged himself to be diligent in his researches.

At Yangla he resided from the 20th of June, 1823, to the 22nd of October, 1824. He returned in June 1825, and, with one interval, continued his researches in the monasteries of Tibet till 1831. The Government paid him fifty rupees a month. Out of this he gave twenty-five rupees a month to the Lama who assisted him, and with the remainder paid for rent, servant, food, and materials. Csoma persistently declined proffered aid from any one but the Government or some public body. He felt confident of being able to make a substantial return, and having pledged himself to prepare at least a grammar, dictionary, and an account of Tibetan literature, he was wholly devoted to his task. During his sojourn in the Tibetan highlands he underwent the severest privations. The cold was so

intense that while sitting with the Lama, both being wrapped closely up in furs and winter clothing, the one would nudge the elbow of the other to turn the leaf on getting to the bottom of the page, each being afraid to expose the hand for fear of its becoming frost-bitten. His room was some nine feet square, and during four months of the year, when the temperature was below zero, no one dared stir out. From morning till night he sat closely clad in his sheep-skin cloak, with arms folded, and read till dusk, when he laid himself down to sleep on the ground. His food consisted almost entirely of tea, mixed after Tatar fashion with butter and salt. Two rustic benches, on which he had arranged the Tibetan works, and two ruder chairs formed all his furniture. This vast literature absorbed his interest ever more as the deeper he penetrated. The lonely student, however, was not without his times of melancholy. He would say on such occasions that on delivering up the grammar and dictionary, etc., he would be the happiest man on earth, and could die with pleasure on redeeming his pledge. Nor could he forget for long a subject of research nearer his heart. Had he only the means, he would add, he would then bring from a farther inland town a person acquainted with Mongolian, so that he might solve the problem of his journey eastward. He held honour high, and persevered in his Tibetan researches. At length the time came when he could quit his self-imposed exile, and return, confident of bringing to light an unknown field. In 1831 he arrived at Calcutta. In 1834 his Dictionary of 345 quarto pages, and his Grammar of 204 pages, and 40 pages of lithography were issued from the press. These he wrote in English, remarking: "My selection of the English language as the medium of the introduction of my labours will sufficiently evince to the learned of Europe at large the obligations I consider myself under to the English nation." He became librarian of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and was elected an Honorary Member. He greatly prized this latter distinction. In 1836 he visited different parts of India, acquiring the vernaculars and having almost exclusive intercourse with the people. He returned to Calcutta in 1837, and resided in the house of the Asiatic Society. He assisted Dr. Yates in translating the Psalms, Liturgy, and Prayer-book into Tibetan, and as librarian was engaged in arranging the Tibetan MSS. He published several articles on Tibetan subjects in the *Asiatic Society's Journal*, and in the *Asiatic Researches* gave a detailed analysis of the Kanjur, and an abstract of the contents of the Tanjur, the two divisions of the Tibetan Encyclopædia.

This literature of Tibet consists entirely of translations of Indian works on Buddhism. The date of the introduction of Buddhism into Tibet is enveloped in mythical legend. From about the beginning of the Christian era Buddhism began to

decline in India before the aggressive spirit of Brahminism. Buddhist missionaries, however, had been actively engaged in propagating their religion. Nepal had adopted Buddhism in the sixth century. A Mongol historian places its introduction into Tibet in the year 371 A.D., but the Tibetan historians record that this did not happen till the second half of the seventh century. This is also the date of a great persecution in India when numbers of Buddhist missionaries were forced to quit the country, and sought a home in neighbouring lands. Tibet was at that time ruled by a king named Srongatan Gampo. He had two wives, one of whom was a Nepalese princess, the other a Chinese, and these are said to have been devoted adherents of Buddhism. It is related that this king sent a mission to India in the year 632 A.D. The outcome of it gave to Tibet an alphabet based on the Sanskrit, and forthwith began the translation into Tibetan of the sacred books of the Buddhists. This work continued, amid interruptions, till the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when a great revival of Buddhism took place in Tibet, and several learned men from India settled in the country.

The Tibetan sacred literature consists of two collections, the Kanjur and the Tanjur. The Kanjur forms about 100 printed volumes, and comprising 1,083 different works. The Tanjur consists of 225 folio volumes, each weighing from four to five pounds in the edition of Peking. The edition of the Kanjur published at Peking sold for £600. They were first printed in Tibet at the beginning of the eighteenth century with wooden blocks after the Chinese method. But the majority of the large monasteries have printing-presses of their own. The hundred volumes of the Kanjur contain 1,083 distinct works, and are held to enshrine the words of Buddha preserved by tradition, while the Tanjur, forming about 4,000 distinct works, consists of commentaries on the religious works of the Kanjur, and comprises also treatises on philosophy, rhetoric, grammar, astrology, medicine, etc. Of this immense cyclopædia there are two copies at St. Petersburg, one at Calcutta, and one in the National Library at Paris, and one in the India Office Library, London.

Csoma was not content, however, to rest on his laurels gained in what was to him a field by the way. He was as far as ever from the goal he had set before himself at the outset. When asked to return to Europe, he wished, he said, to remain for yet other ten years to make further researches. Although fifty-eight years of age, he set out from Calcutta and purposed making for Lhasa in the first instance, where he hoped to find immense stores of unknown literature, and to learn much from the lamas of the East, who were more learned than those of the West, where he had as yet alone studied. In the early part of 1842 he set out on this journey for Lhasa. His method of travel

was extremely slow, performing much of the way on foot. He had in this manner to cross the Terai. In crossing these malarious reaches of jungle and swamp it is necessary, on pain of contracting fever, to cross them quickly and in the daytime. To stay over night is certain death. Csoma was unable to cross in good time, and was forced to spend a night in the Terai. He reached Darjeeling on the 24th of March, but on the 6th of April he fell ill with fever, and after a lingering illness of six days he expired. An account has been given of these last days of the Hungarian traveller and Tibetan scholar by the Government agent of Darjeeling. Csoma would enter upon the object of his travels and the problems he wished to solve. He came again and again over the discoveries he confidently believed were yet to be made by him. And as his end drew near, he became the more communicative regarding the original home of his own people. Although he did not live to carry out this aim, his work in the Tibetan field gives him a foremost place in the honour roll of travellers and original investigators. His self-sacrifice, modesty, and perseverance accomplished an amount of work which nothing but a life heroically devoted could have done. The Bengal Asiatic Society voted one thousand rupees for the purpose of erecting over his grave a suitable monument. This has been placed by the Government on the list of public monuments, under the immediate care of the Public Works Department, in order that it may be carefully kept in good repair. The epitaph is a graceful tribute to his memory by his friends of the Society: "Alexander Csoma de Körös, a native of Hungary, who, to follow out philological researches, resorted to the East, and after years passed under privations such as have been seldom endured, and patient in labour in the cause of science, compiled a Dictionary and Grammar of the Tibetan language, his best and real monument."

THE COLLEGE CLOCK.

A TALE OF TWO LORD RECTORS.

BY J. L. JOYNES.

THERE had been a rivalry between the two houses for centuries. But that the mere spirit of competition should be emphasised by blood-guiltiness and accentuated by murder—for this is what it practically amounted to—this was a luxury in sensations which the hum-drum inhabitants of the sleepy town of Homer had no right whatever to expect, and one which, to do them full justice, they certainly never thought of expecting.

The interest of the town of Homer centred, as you might suppose it would, in its college. For this there was surely ample reason. It was not so much that the tradesmen in the town, and the washerwomen in its outskirts, had any very high opinion of the classical lore with which the bald head of each individual college dignitary was reputed to be full almost to bursting, although they were ready to admit that there was probably something special (by way of compensation to its owner) in the interior of a skull whose outside had so very little to boast of, but there were many more substantial reasons for the reverence with which the town beheld the college. To mention one of these will suffice. The college had great possessions, and the town of Homer itself constituted no inconsiderable part of them. Ancestral endowments had placed the college in the advantageous position of landlord and capitalist rolled into one; consequently the townsmen could not call their souls their own without the express permission—and that might be withdrawn at any one of the four yearly audit dinners—of the august collegiate body.

Thus the position was this. The townsmen, by continuous industry, managed to produce a large amount both of the luxuries and the necessaries of life. These they handed over, as in duty bound, to the college authorities; and the college authorities, in graceful recognition of a duty duly accomplished, returned to them such quantity of the necessaries which they had themselves produced as was found—after some rather painful experiments—to be quite sufficient to keep most of them in an average state of health and decency. For this concession the Lord had made

the townsmen truly thankful, and thus all parties were satisfied, and nobody had the smallest right to complain.

It is true that the college almswomen had a standing grievance, being all agreed upon one point, though they quarrelled upon every other, and their point was this—that a shilling a week was not enough to keep body and soul together. A reference to the records proved conclusively that this had not been uniformly the view adopted even by the almswomen themselves upon so nice a question, since—in an antiquity certainly somewhat remote—a shilling was a sufficiently large sum to buy an entire ox, and to roast him whole into the bargain. Now an almswoman with an ox roasted whole on her hands might sit down to supper without the smallest fear as to the provision of the morrow's breakfast, unless the weather happened to be inordinately hot; but times had changed, and of late years the owners of fat oxen had peremptorily declined to roast them whole, and hand them over to the almswomen in return for the receipt of that discredited coin.

But this is by the way. Our tale has to do with the Lord Rectors of the college of Homer, and by no means with its almswomen.

The Lord Rector had very little work to do, and was, consequently, looked up to as the most important person in the place, and by outsiders was regarded absolutely with reverence as the worthy representative of a college of such honourable antiquity, that you could not, either literally or metaphorically, have found a single bit of wood in all its edifices which was not decidedly wormeaten. The edifices themselves were of great interest to antiquarians, and history was inscribed upon the panelling of its ancient halls in the shape of numberless illustrious names of the noble persons who had been educated in its precincts. The halo which hung about the holy shade of its mouldering arches was concentrated round the central figure of its dignified Lord Rector.

In the times of which I write, before the ancient statutes had been swept away by the zeal of the impetuous reformer, the college was governed and preserved in the purity of its original traditions by a select body of venerable "Fellows." Long years of scholastic service in the college had qualified these fellows for their eminent position; and whenever they took their walks abroad, they seemed to step with the proud consciousness of having detected more "false quantities" in their lives than any other members of their profession. To this rule, however, of long scholastic service, the wisdom of our ancestors had, as was right and reasonable, provided the proverbial exception. There were two families whose connection with the college stood on an entirely different footing, being, in fact, hereditary, and not accidental. There was a jingling resemblance between their

respective surnames, the name of the one family being Hudson, and the name of the other Judson. It was exclusively from these two families that the long roll of Lord Rectors had been appointed.

The original framers of the statutes had seen the disadvantage that must always attend the frequent change of occupancy of so important a post as the Lord Rectorship, and they had wisely provided against its frequency by a special statute of a somewhat curious kind. For by this they enacted not only that the office should be held for life, but that upon the Lord Rector's decease, his successor should be that member of the families of Hudson and Judson who should have most recently taken his Master's degree at one of the universities. The result of this unusual arrangement was that an interval of from fifty to sixty years generally elapsed between each appointment to the Rectorship. For persons in such comfortable circumstances live long, and it was most unusual for a Lord Rector to vacate the office without having "come to four-score years" and yet having seen very little either of labour or sorrow in the course of his long career. Upon his lamented demise an extremely young man, of course, became his successor; sometimes his grandson,—upon one memorable occasion his great-grandson,—but always either a Hudson or a Judson of about five-and-twenty years of age.

Now it so happened that, whether by skilful calculation in their matrimonial arrangements, or by pure luck as regards the date of the Lord Rector's decease, or by a combination of both, the Hudsons had supplied four successive Rectors from their own family. Thus the Rectorship had already been exclusively in their hands for more than two centuries, whereat, considering the emoluments connected with the office, the Hudsons had substantial reason to rejoice, while the Judsons had corresponding reason to be jealous.

The time was, however, approaching when it seemed likely that this long period of uninterrupted ill-fortune for the Judsons would take a turn for the better. The then Lord Rector, a Hudson as usual, had already reached the mature age of eighty, and was beginning to show some symptoms of breaking up. The youngest Judson had just taken his degree, and although before this ceremony was performed the Judson family had felt extreme solicitude about the Lord Rector's failing health, when once it was completed, their interest waned, and they looked forward with truly Christian resignation to the inevitable approach of the day when Rector Hudson should finally lay aside his gouty slippers, and the youngest of their own family should step into his shoes. For this course of events seemed a practical certainty, and not even the most "honest doubter" in the world could have urged, with any kind of plausibility, that the next Lord Rector might possibly not be a Judson after all.

To the Hudsons, on the other hand, this contingency, though obviously improbable, did not seem by any means utterly hopeless. There was growing up in their family a most promising boy of the name of Henry, who would take his degree in due course, and thus become the successor to the Rectorship, if only the present Rector could be persuaded by his doctors to remain alive until this ceremony could be performed. Now Henry Hudson was, in spite of his promising appearance and evident ability, only just thirteen years old, and the question was whether the doctors, with all their skill, could keep the Rector going for another ten years, and see him safely into his nineties. For the rules as to age were strict, and by no possible precipitation in degree taking could Henry Hudson become a Master of Arts before he was twenty-three years old.

The subject had, of course, been seriously discussed with the Lord Rector by the whole assembled family of the Hudsons, and he had promised to obey his doctor implicitly, and to take the greatest possible care of himself for the sake of his family, if not for his own, at any rate until he should have reached his ninety-first year, at which time it was agreed that he might go in for enjoying himself, and be as dissipated as he pleased.

Now the Judson family were, of course, not unaware of the unexampled efforts which the Hudsons were making to keep the Lord Rector alive for another ten years, but so extremely improbable did it appear that these efforts would be crowned with success that they did not scruple to cast open ridicule upon the enterprise. Indeed, James Judson, on the day of taking his degree, went so far as to offer Henry Hudson a bet of a thousand pounds on the issue,—a bet which was manifestly unfair, as he offered no odds,—and which Henry, being a discreet youth, declined to take, knowing perfectly well that James, in the event of his losing it, would very certainly be unable to pay. For, in fact, James Judson was not a very reputable character, and was just now considerably out at elbows, having run through a large amount of money, and plunged pretty heavily into debt, on the strength of his moral certainty of obtaining the Rectorship and the enormous salary thereto appertaining. Henry was, therefore, wise to decline the bet, but being somewhat piqued at the impertinent offer, he made a private resolution—and kept it—to grow up as fast as he conveniently could, and, if possible, disappoint his disreputable rival for the Rectorship.

The present Lord Rector had already held the lucrative post for upwards of fifty years, and there were not many persons living who had any distinct recollection either of the death of his predecessor or the appointment of himself, while there was absolutely no one who knew anything, except by tradition, of any previous vacancy in the Rectorship. This, of course, was one of the results of the eccentric conditions by which the succession

was arranged, there being always a "great gap of time" between each successive appointment.

Another result was this—where recollection and experience had so little to say, tradition was, in consequence, more than usually rife, and imagination had such ample scope, that perhaps between tradition and truth there was in this case more than the ordinary interval. However this may be, there were certainly some very strange stories floating about the town and college of Homer, with respect to various very special providences and sundry extraordinary coincidences, which were supposed to have been observed by the contemporary witnesses of long-ago deaths of some-time Lord Rectors, and ancient appointments to the coveted rectorial rule. I will merely mention one of them taken at random, which will suffice as an illustration of the kind of sensation which rippled across the placid surface of Homeric society at the time of the approach of death upon the Lord Rector, cringing the excitable nerves of its female gossips with a delightful sense of mysterious horror, and causing its learned fellows to feel a strange shudder at the notion that, after all, there were "more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in their philosophy," and a "blank misgiving" that, in spite of all their erudition and grammatical lore, they might yet be creatures "moving about in worlds not realised." And this, though delightful to the ladies, was not agreeable to the men, since it ruffled the dignity of a don to cast a doubt on the all-sufficiency of his knowledge.

It so happened that the central feature of the grand old buildings of the college of Homer was its clock tower. Built of bricks and mortar, in striking contrast to the stone walls of the Gothic chapel which was close to it, it towered majestically over the cloisters in which the Fellows had their abode, and looked down with dignified solemnity upon the great quadrangle which had been the scene of so many quaint old ceremonies, and whose historical associations stretched back into the dimmest distance of the past. The south side of this quadrangle was occupied by the chapel, the north and west by ancient school buildings, and the east by the cloisters and the clock tower itself. In the centre stood a statue of the founder, of a somewhat dark and dingy aspect at all ordinary periods, but there was a legend which recorded the startling fact that upon the death of the Lord Rector the statue would turn pale about the mysterious midnight hour, and gleam like a sheeted ghost throughout the small hours of darkness until it resumed its normal dinginess with the rising of the morrow's sun. For the absolute veracity of this uncomfortable legend it were perhaps unwise to vouch, but there can be no doubt that, as with all other legends, it had some foundation in fact. It may even be that the students of the college originated the idea, and subsequently anointed the venerable

figure of the founder with a copious coating of whitewash, in order to give colour to their tale. In such case the foolish prank must necessarily have been played by night to avoid the intervention of the authorities, and when morning dawned there can be no doubt that the indignant authorities would rush to the rescue, remove the whitewash as speedily as might be, and rehabilitate the outraged form of their founder in all the dignity of its pristine grime.

But upon a tale of doubtful authenticity like this I do not wish to lay the slightest stress. The stories which have clustered round the college clock stand on a very different footing, being steadied and guaranteed by such a weight of sober authority, that only the most captious of all sceptics could venture to call in question the very least of their details.

The college clock at Homer was a clock which any college might be proud to own. There was no doubt about that. The clock at Strasburg might be quainter, the clock at Antwerp might have more tinkle in its numerous bells, but for the grand qualities of size, solidity, strength of tone, punctuality in striking, and general all-round excellence, the college clock of Homer could challenge comparison with any other clock in the world. The Fellows were especially proud of it. Its steady tick could be heard in every corner of the Fellows' buildings. The cloisters really reverberated like a hollow shield when it struck the hours. It was a positive pleasure to each individual fellow to lie awake every night, although they retired early to rest, until the college clock had struck twelve. A sense of luxury in sound stole into their ears as they listened. They counted the reiterated reverberations with delight; rolled round in their feather beds; and composed themselves with untroubled conscience to dreamless sleep.

Once a year only was the college clock wound up. On the morning of New's Year's Day the most experienced watchmaker in the place solemnly ascended the clock tower alone, and performed the mystical ceremony of winding up the college clock. This having been satisfactorily done, the watchmaker was entertained at dinner in the college hall, and the clock was not again interfered with until the ensuing year. It was the boast of the inhabitants that the clock never wanted mending, and certainly there was no record of its works having ever been touched. This, however, may have been due to the public spirit of the Fellows, who were quite equal to the heroism of defraying the cost of its mending out of their own private pockets, and saying nothing about the business in the records of the college, in a spirit of honourable jealousy for the credit of the clock.

It is true that about one hundred years ago there was no doubt that the clock had stopped striking, but that undoubted fact only enhanced the almost reverential awe with which its

works were regarded, for the mystery of that single recorded stoppage is explained by the story which I wish to relate.

The college clock, so ran the legend, would never hesitate in the punctuality of its proclamation of the hours from the top of its tower except in the event of one special catastrophe, and that was—as you will easily surmise—the death of the Lord Rector. It was about a hundred years ago that the last Lord Rector but one had suddenly died, and the clock had duly notified the event to the town by ceasing quite as suddenly to strike the hours. The then watchmaker-in-chief had ascended the tower with a bottle of oil in his hand, offered a copious libation to the spirit of the clock, and persuaded it to resume its duties; but it was rumoured that on his deathbed he had divulged the secret that the works of the clock were wearing out, and could not be expected to go on more than another hundred years or so without undergoing complete repair. This, however, was a mere rumour, and it never could be verified.

In any case there was no doubt that the clock had already survived by several years the century which, if this rumour was true, the watchmaker in question had predicted would be its last. It had not even stopped striking at the decease of the late Lord Rector, but that was easily to be accounted for, as he had, in direct contravention of the statutes, taken to living abroad towards the end of his life, and had died at Nice instead of giving up the ghost decently, and according to statute, at Homer. This was quite enough to account for the fact that the clock took no notice of his death, and went on striking as usual just as if nothing noteworthy had taken place. Indeed, its ignoring so irregular and improper a decease came to be looked upon rather as corroborating than invalidating the theory which accounted for its previous stoppage by sympathy with the dead Lord Rector; and there can be little doubt that this was the correct view to take of the occurrence, which otherwise might have puzzled and annoyed those who put unhesitating faith in well-authenticated tradition.

However, this annoyance was spared them; and “reasons were as plentiful as blackberries” for believing that in every other instance the decease of a Lord Rector had been simultaneous with a stoppage of striking on the part of the college clock. Tradition, however, went farther than this. It was averred, and no disproof of the doctrine was forthcoming, that not only did the clock desist from striking on a Lord Rector’s demise, but that it was able to discriminate between a death in the ordinary course of nature, and one which was the result of foul play. The general belief was that in the former case the clock ceased to *strike*, but that in a case of murder, either by violence, or by poison, or by any other means, it would cease even to *tick*; the measured sound which all the college knew so well would stop altogether,

and it would refuse to measure the flight of time at all, until the murder had been brought to light, and the murderer had expiated his crime upon the gallows. True, this had never yet actually happened, as every Lord Rector on record had died quietly in his bed without a shadow of suspicion of foul play, but then there was the more reason to expect it to occur in the lamentable event of an actual murder. The doctrine of sympathy throughout all nature will account for stranger things than this, and there could be no manner of doubt in the mind of any member of the college that a mysterious sympathy existed between the life of the Lord Rector and the works of the college clock.

Meanwhile, years were passing away with their usual rapidity. Henry Hudson was growing up, and gradually creeping on towards the age for taking his degree; while the life of the Lord Rector, though certainly in a flickering condition, showed no signs of going finally out for some time to come. The doctors were greatly elated at the success of their skilful treatment of the feeble old man. The hopes of the whole Hudson family began steadily to rise, while those of the Judsons—although they refused to confess it even to themselves—were correspondingly sinking.

James Judson, in particular, was excessively exasperated, although he managed to conceal his exasperation. He had made so certain of securing the Rectorship, that he had contracted on the strength of his expectations the largest debt by far that any Judson of his age had ever managed to incur, although the family failing in this line was proverbial among their friends. He now began to have serious misgivings, not as to his prospects of paying his creditors,—that never troubled him,—but as to his chance of being able to raise more money on the strength of his expectations.

Towards the feeble and doting octogenarian who was clinging to his useless life with such revolting tenacity, long after he might reasonably have been expected to be dead, James Judson felt almost murderously inclined. Being already in this unpleasant frame of mind, he was goaded into further exasperation by his wife. For he had married a frivolous little creature with some money of her own,—which he had promptly spent to the last farthing,—and he had induced her to accept him by representing to her that she would shortly enjoy all the social distinction that belonged of right to the lady of the Lord Rector. Naturally she became irritated and angry to see this opportunity slipping away by degrees, and she expressed herself in no measured terms as to the impropriety and positive indecency of the present Lord Rector's obstinate longevity. It was certainly a case in which the natural fitness of things pointed clearly to Mrs. James Judson as the lady who would make the very most of the social position of the Lord Rector's wife. Comparatively speaking, I must

say that it would have been wasted on any one else. Precedence at parties, and what may generally be called "greetings in the market-place," are advantages which are not always very keenly appreciated by those whose lot in life enables them to command such things at pleasure. But here was an instance in which they would be enjoyed to the full. Every petty privilege which the position could give would undoubtedly be flaunted by Mrs. James Judson in the faces of those worthier and more dignified persons over whom in all things social she would at once obtain a preposterous priority. It would be a sad instance of wasted opportunities if this position were to go to such a person as Henry Hudson was likely to select as his partner for life. That she would be an excellent woman was a foregone conclusion, but that the frivolities of life would be wasted upon so staid and serious a character was equally obvious to any one with the least eye for the fitness of things.

Yet, as is so often the case in nature, it seemed increasingly probable that this wasteful dispensation of Providence would before long become an accomplished fact. The aged Lord Rector was coddled with increasing care by his doctors, who now confined him to a single room, and regulated his diet with the most scrupulous nicety. It was less than a year to the time, so eagerly anticipated by all the Hudsons, when Henry would take his degree, and oust by his inferiority of age—according to the peculiar conditions of the succession to the Rectorship—his indignant rival for the office. James Judson and his wife succeeded in concealing their chagrin from the public eye, but in the privacy of their own room there sometimes took place arguments and altercations between them of such a character that I do not care to recount them. I will merely say that in that bedchamber, under cover of the night, there was frequently to be heard such an amount of weeping and gnashing of teeth as would have been almost incredible to those of their friends who were not in their secrets.

The day for Henry Hudson to take his degree was the first day of the year at an early hour. Indeed, the ceremony would exactly coincide with that other important function at Homer, the winding up of the college clock. But there was nothing remarkable in that. The works of the college clock were linked, as I have said, with the life of the Lord Rector, by a mysterious sympathy already, and this extra coincidence could do nothing to enhance the strangeness of the connection.

Throughout the spring and summer the health of the Lord Rector had sensibly improved under the careful treatment of his doctors. He already began to look forward to the next New Year's Day, on which he intended to entertain all the Hudson family at dinner in honour of Henry's taking his degree, and when he privately purposed to eat and drink whatever he pleased

in defiance of all the rules of his medical advisers, since the necessity for their irritating restrictions would on that day come to an end.

But, whether it was that the doctors had overdone it in their excessive anxiety to keep the breath in his body, and that much coddling had made him ill, or whether it was that about the age of ninety there is in any man's body very little breath left to keep, certain it is that, as autumn advanced and began to give place more and more to the cold, and damp, and mist, and fog of winter, a change for the worse took place in the health of the Lord Rector, and his strength began to decline with perfectly alarming rapidity.

The Hudsons began to be deeply depressed in spirits, and the corresponding elation of those of the Judsons knew no bounds. The latter asserted that the old man could not hold out through October, but the middle of November found him still alive, and apparently in no imminent danger of immediate dissolution. Still it was evident to all that the end was approaching. The doctors racked their brains for devices to keep up his declining strength, and hit upon means so ingenious that twice they came within an ace of extinguishing it altogether; and after the second mistake they all agreed that their best chance lay in leaving Nature to herself, when she would very likely take at least a couple of months in killing one whom she had already allowed to live so long.

This change of tactics on their part produced the happiest results upon their patient. He lingered painlessly on until the latter days of December, and now Christmas Day arrived, and there was but a single week to elapse before the happiness of the Hudsons would be complete. But on Christmas Day the old man was in such inordinate spirits that, though he was closely watched by his anxious relatives, it afterwards transpired that he had persuaded one of his little grandchildren to smuggle a small piece of Christmas pudding into his room in spite of the strict injunctions of the doctors against any such dangerous indulgence in dainties. Now the old man had always been a sweet tooth, and many and various had been the delicacies which he had devoured in the course of his long life, but he had hardly swallowed this one half an hour before it became painfully apparent that it would certainly be his last. The most distressing symptoms rapidly developed themselves, and the anxiety of the Hudsons was rather increased than allayed by the demeanour of the doctors. In fact, it was evident to everybody that the beginning of the end was here.

And yet the poor old Lord Rector rallied in a feeble kind of way, and lingered on still from day to day in an alternate condition of rally and relapse peculiarly agitating to the nerves of his family, who had so large a stake upon his lasting out the

week. At no time could the doctors promise that he would certainly hold out for another couple of hours, and yet the evening of the last day of the year found him still alive, and if he could pull through the night and the New Year's morning, the Hudson family would retain the Lord Rectorship for another term of office.

Meanwhile, the mental and moral condition of the Judsons in general, and of James and his wife in particular, was the very reverse of enviable. They were, of course, kept amply informed of the variations in the Lord Rector's state, and the consequent variations in their own anxiety were at least equally distressing. But we must return to the Lord Rector himself, who demands our constant attention.

At ten o'clock at night it became perfectly plain that, unless some new remedy were devised by the doctors, the Lord Rector could rally no more. For the first time in all the course of this long and anxious case they were all able to agree upon a definite piece of prophecy; and it was that—failing some entirely original idea of a drug that would not kill him at once—he could only last another two hours at the outside.

The doctors met in the dining-room to consider the dilemma. The four most eminent men in the profession were present, but they all seemed equally at a loss for an original idea. The youngest local practitioner was there, and being greatly elated at his present proximity to such notable persons, cast about wildly in his rather weak head with the desperate idea of distinguishing himself and making a great name in his profession, at once. So he proceeded hesitatingly to break the dismal silence by the suggestion that they should try what letting a little of the Lord Rector's blood would do; but this brilliant idea—on the face of it rather unreasonable, seeing that the Lord Rector had scarcely any blood to let—met with scant favour among the other doctors. In fact, the oldest and most ill-tempered of the four eminent ones promptly showed that unfortunate young medical practitioner to the door.

Undeterred by this painful example, another young man, going as far as he possibly could in the opposite direction of ideas, suggested that a transfusion of blood might be beneficial; but nobody listened to him, since another of the four announced that he had excogitated a mixture which would probably preserve life for twelve hours in anybody, however far gone he might be at the time of taking it.

The local doctors prepared to express the profoundest admiration of the ingenuity displayed in the details of this wonderful mixture, while the three other magnates assumed an expression of the utmost scepticism at the idea. But as soon as its ingredients had been expounded they were all obliged to admit that there might be something in it after all, and that, at any rate,

they had nothing better to propose themselves. Consequently the young man who had suggested the transfusion of blood was sent off at once to the nearest chemist's with directions to concoct the dose as quickly as possible, and to bring it back directly with his own hands.

Off he went like an arrow, but on arriving at the chemist's he found a message waiting for him, to the effect that his most valuable patient was taken extremely ill, and insisted upon seeing him instantly. The message could not be disobeyed, nor could the dose be neglected. So he compromised matters by mixing the drugs first, and sending them off by a boy who was just hoping to go to bed; and then he started himself to visit his own patient. By this time it was eleven o'clock, and the rest of the doctors were sitting round the bedside of the Lord Rector anxiously expecting the arrival of the drug.

James Judson, meanwhile, was having rather a lively time of it with his wife. That lady had found herself unequal to the strain of the prolonged excitement about the Rectorship without fortifying her mind and strengthening her unstrung nerves with a small modicum of spirits, which, as a mere matter of precaution, she had accordingly taken. This may possibly have improved her nerves, but it certainly had failed to improve her temper, and instead of going quietly to bed at half-past ten, she had begun to abuse her husband for a fool and a knave. He was a knave for marrying her if he did not mean to make her Lady Rector. That was evident. And he was a fool if he did not see that it was his duty to offer one of the doctors a fee—merely for the poor old man's sake—if he would just give him a sniff of chloroform to put him out of his pain.

On both these counts James Judson secretly inclined to the opinion that she had made out her case, and taken quite the correct view; but it would never do to admit this; and a conjugal discourse consequently ensued of a somewhat acrimonious kind.

Discussions of this kind commonly end in tears. But just as they were reaching this agreeable climax, the college clock solemnly struck eleven. With a feeling of awe which they could not shake off, they paused to listen to the tremendous clang and reverberation of its sonorous strokes; but hardly had the eleventh crash died away when another sound was faintly borne upon their listening ears. They held their breath in an agony of expectation.

It was *the bell of the parish church*. But it was not striking the hour. It was the parish bell TOLLING.

They both realized this fact at the same moment, and with one accord they rushed into one another's arms,—for with all their faults they were generally an affectionate pair,—and simultaneously began prancing and dancing round the room in a kind of

devil's hornpipe, to an extremely slow measure, keeping fantastic time with the ominous tolling of the distant bell.

Suddenly James Judson stopped, looking alarmed and agitated to such an unusual degree that his wife concluded that he must have seen a ghost, and uttered an appalling scream.

"Be quiet, you little fool!" he exclaimed. "What do you suppose that cursed bell is tolling for?"

"For the Lord Rector, of course. He must be just dead."

"No such luck. What idiots we are! It would have been the college bell tolling, not the parish."

"But what else can it be for?"

"Why, for the old year, to be sure. And the Rector is no more dead than you are."

At this information Mrs. James Judson uttered a cry of vexation which sounded alarmingly like a curse; declared that the Rector was a horrid, mean old thing, and it was just like his spite; and then burst into tears.

Her husband, however, paid no attention to her, but sent out a trusty servant to inquire after the health of the Lord Rector.

This messenger presently returned with the news that he could not possibly live more than another hour, unless a new sort of medicine, which had not yet arrived from the chemist's, proved more successful than anything that had been tried before. But, he added, that he had heard that there was no doubt this medicine would keep him going for at least another week.

At this news Mrs. Judson went off to bed cross and crying.

But her husband remained sitting in his study, staring moodily at the fire, and listening to the faint sound of the distant bell, as it mournfully tolled for the death of the departing year.

And through all other sounds there kept continually on the steady, monotonous tick of the college clock.

How slowly it went! Surely the old man would have time to die before that heavy *tick-tick* should have ushered in the following morning. There seemed to be a perfect age between each single swing of the enormous pendulum. What a nightmare of a clock it was! Could it do nothing but tick and tick for ever? How could he endure the dreary oppression of the seemingly illimitable hours of the melancholy night? How he longed for the crash of an enormous alarum to proclaim aloud from the topmost turret to the sleeping town that the old Lord Rector was dead—that the new Lord Rector was living! In imagination he could already hear the thunderous clangour of a trumpet-throated chorus of triumphant voices, declaring with a heart-shaking shout that echoed in the ear, like the tumultuous tramp and the multitudinous battle-cry of victorious hosts in the hottest moment of headlong pursuit, that the new Lord Rector was none other than James Judson.

And sharp and sudden across the ear of his sense, through all

the sounds that were reverberating upon the ear of his imagination, there thrilled in the silence of the night the startling tinkle of his hall-door bell.

It was decidedly an anti-climax, but so intense was his interest in the arrival of any news, that it did not seem so to him at that moment. The servants had gone to bed; so he went to the door himself, turned the key, drew the bolts, and threw it open, to find standing on the threshold a small boy in an advanced stage of sleepiness with a small parcel in his hand.

The boy held out his parcel, but spoke no word.

"Where do you come from?" demanded Mr. Judson.

"From the chemist's."

"And what have you got here?"

"Mr. Judson's medicine."

"Whose medicine?"

"Mr. Judson's."

"Mr. Judson doesn't want any medicine."

"Yes he does; and the doctor says he'll be dead in an hour for certain, if he doesn't take it at once."

"Are you quite sure he said Mr. *Judson*?"

"Quite."

"Then you can go. Good-night."

"Good-night."

And the boy was gone.

Mr. Judson stood with the small parcel in his hands. He quite understood what medicine it was, and whom it was meant for, but he let the boy depart without another word, and stood quietly contemplating the outside of the parcel—quietly, as far as one could judge by his attitude, but the working of his mind was anything but quiet.

Meanwhile the college clock ticked steadily on.

Mr. Judson undid the parcel, and looked at the bottle that was inside. There was no name to be discovered anywhere. Doubtless the doctor had been too much in a hurry to write a direction.

He shut the door, and went noiselessly back to his study. He thought he remembered having heard the boy say something about being dead in an hour. An hour was a very long time. Could any man wish to live longer than an hour? Most certainly not, if he were tormented with such fears and fancies as were thronging about Mr. Judson's mind at that moment. Would that steady *tick-tick* never vary its monotony?

The college clock struck half-past eleven.

Mr. Judson looked at the clock on the mantel-piece. It was exactly right. He took out his watch, and examined it with a great appearance of interest. It was correct to a second. He mechanically took out his watch-key, and wound it up.

The action naturally led him to think of going to bed. Cer-

tainly it was high time to go to bed. He would go at once. But what was to be done with the medicine? Why, he would send it round in the morning, and ask if it had perhaps been intended for the Lord Rector?—the Lord Rector?—who would be the Lord Rector to-morrow morning? Perhaps, after all, there might be no occasion to send it out of his own house to reach the Lord Rector. The humour of the notion struck him so forcibly that he laughed aloud—laughed, and then shuddered and shrank from the horrible sound of his own laughter.

Still the college clock kept up its eternal *tick-tick*.

He felt a nervous horror creeping over him. He must change the current of his thoughts at any cost. He went to his bookshelves, and took down the first book that he saw. He opened it, and read a whole page without understanding the sense of a single word. He came to the bottom of the page, when the necessity of turning over the leaf arrested his attention. Instantly the sense of what he had been mechanically reading was presented to his mind's eye as a complete whole. He realized at the same moment every single word upon the page.

It was an elaborate account of a midnight murder.

With a convulsive movement of horror he hurled the book from him into the farthest corner of the room. It fell with a crash, and in the silence which followed it the college clock struck a quarter to twelve.

He began to pace violently up and down the room, but the distant sound of the bell that was tolling the knell of the dying year, again forced itself upon his attention, and the monotonous *tick-tick* of the college clock seemed to grow louder every moment, till it felt like a ponderous hammer beating with horrible regularity upon his brain.

He put his fingers into his ears to defeat the persistence of the obstinate echo. But he could not keep them there; for the knowledge that if a step approached him from behind he should not hear it, was more terrible than any actual sound. Indeed, he fancied, during the brief moments in which he had closed his ears, that there was a ghostly figure close behind his head, and that it distinctly enunciated the words, "*Thou art the man.*" He turned, and there was no one to be seen.

He could bear this no longer. He made up his mind to take the medicine round to the Lord Rector's at once. But how was he to explain the half-hour's delay which had already taken place in its delivery? He threw himself into an armchair to ponder upon this question, feeling a load taken off his mind now that he had definitely resolved upon this line of action. For a little time he was able to forget the tolling of the parish bell, and the monotonous *tick-tick* of the college clock.

It took him some time to collect his thoughts and concentrate them upon devising a reasonable excuse, although this was not a

task of any considerable difficulty. But his mind had been rather thrown off its balance by the terrors of his imagination.

Suddenly he became conscious that the tolling of the distant bell had ceased, and been succeeded by a joyful peal ushering in the New Year. He sat listening for a minute in delight, for the far-away sounds of gladness harmonised with his own better frame of mind.

He glanced at his clock. It pointed to one minute past twelve. With a vague sense of uneasiness he took out his watch. It gave the same evidence. A horrible certainty surged in upon him like a sea. The college clock had *stopped striking*.

In an agony of agitation he strained every nerve to the effort of listening intently. He heard the joyful chimes of the happy bells of the parish church ushering in the New Year's morn. He heard also the tumultuous beating of his own agitated heart. But could it be true that there was *no* other sound? Absolutely none. Then what of the wearisome *tick-tick*, which had resounded through the cloisters without cessation for many a hundred years? No, there could be no mistake about it. The college clock had *not only stopped striking*, it had STOPPED ALTOGETHER.

His brain reeled as the certainty forced itself upon his conviction, for he knew its import at once. It was a notification to all the college that the Lord Rector was not only dead, but *murdered*. Murdered—and by whom? His senses failed, and he fell fainting on the study floor.

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It was a considerable time before he recovered his consciousness. At first he lay in a perfectly dreamless swoon. But ere long, as the current of blood in his veins began to pulse again through its wonted channels, his fevered brain mixed fantastic visions with his sleep.

He seemed to have passed across the shadowy borderland that divides the dead from the living, and to be standing on some strange shore midway between two vast assemblages of hostile ghosts, who were unconscious of his presence in their midst. It was evident that this great company of shades had been summoned to attend at some event of incalculable importance to himself, but who they were, or what was their connection with him, he could by no means discover. In the one host there was confusion and indignation, and the tempestuous surging of impotent but righteous wrath, while in the other there were signs of unrighteous exultation, and triumphant malice, and shameful delight. And it was to the latter that he felt himself drawn by an inexplicable sympathy, even while he loathed the passionate gestures with which they expressed their joy.

Suddenly there appeared at his side another shade, and he saw

that it was the ghost of a very aged man, whose features he knew full well. It was the spirit of the Lord Rector himself.

At his appearance a sudden thrill of terrible excitement shuddered instantaneously through all the companies of ghosts, and in a moment a veil was lifted from James Judson's eyes, and he recognized a family likeness in the shadowy lineaments of each individual in that multitudinous array. On his right hand the pallid features that confronted him with gestures of wrath were those of angry Hudsons, while countless jeering Judsons gesticulated triumphantly on his left.

It was evident that they had assembled to do fitting honour, to give a worthy welcome, to the last of their number who had crossed from the ranks of the living to the ranks of the dead.

James Judson shrank back in deadly affright, but the shade of the Lord Rector turned its face towards him with a menacing frown, and motioned him to stay. He would fain have fled, but horror rooted him to the spot. And the ghost proceeded to denounce him to the assembled hosts as the midnight murderer of a feeble and defenceless old man. And the jeers of the Judsons died away in shame at his words, and the wrath of the Hudsons grew tenfold more terrible. The ghost raised a shadowy arm to heaven, and invoked a curse upon his murderer, and summoned him to meet him again in the land of shades on the last night of the year which had just begun; and then, pointing straight at James Judson's shrinking form, proclaimed aloud, "The murderer is here."

James Judson turned to flee as the whole host of the Hudsons rushed upon him at once. He could hear the rustling of their shadowy robes and the ghostly tread of their pursuing feet. And he awoke from his swoon, to find an unusual commotion going on in the cloisters, and to hear the quiet corridors echoing with the unaccustomed sound of hurrying footsteps.

It was a little time before he could collect his thoughts and realize his present position. He looked at his watch, and found it was nearly one o'clock. He must have been unconscious for some time. He sat down in his armchair to consider the situation. "Thick-coming fancies" crowded into his mind. Suddenly a ring at the hall door aroused him. He remembered the last ring, and the chemist's boy, and, glancing round, saw the medicine lying on his table. Hastily he thrust it into a drawer and turned the key. Then he went to a mirror and examined his face in the glass. Then he went downstairs and opened the hall door.

He was confronted by several of the Judson family in the most jovial mood. They had come to congratulate him on his succession to the Lord Rectorship.

They had noticed the failure of the college clock to strike twelve, and had rushed to inquire if the Lord Rector were really

dead. They found the doctors departing, since their patient had slipped through their fingers, and their occupation was gone. As far as they could make out from what the doctors were saying, there had been some unfortunate delay in the delivery of an important medicine, and the blame of the Lord Rector's death lay, if their account was to be believed, at the door of the dilatory chemist, whose drugs had been unaccountably delayed. They had come on at once to congratulate the new Lord Rector and to drink his health.

He led them into the dining-room, and produced glasses and wine. One facetious Judson, in drinking his health, coupled the name of the chemist with his own, but James Judson, being evidently sleepy, failed to appreciate the point of the joke.

The conversation was not very lively, but before long it naturally turned upon the conduct of the college clock. The old legend had been both verified and falsified at once. It had stopped striking just at the moment of the Lord Rector's death, but then it had also stopped altogether, and this was supposed to point towards a murder. Now since six doctors had been actually in the room when the old man died, the clock had clearly made a fool of itself this time, unless perhaps it had been indulging in a grim joke, and meant facetiously to indicate its private opinion that the words "doctor" and "murderer" were only two names for the same thing.

James Judson knew better than that, but he held his peace. Some one suggested that the clock ought now to refuse to go at all until the murderer had been executed, but they agreed that the clock was too sensible to push the joke so far, and they did not anticipate that the watchmaker would have any difficulty in setting it off again next morning.

James Judson had his doubts, but he kept them to himself. It was getting on for two o'clock, and his friends went off to bed yawning, and wishing him at least fifty years of enjoyment of the Lord Rectorship. He remembered the words of the ghost in his dream, and shuddered with the cold, for there was a great draught from the chilly cloister corridors when the hall door stood open. His friends hurried out, and he shut it behind them.

The first thing to be done was to get rid of the bottle of medicine. At first he thought he had better smash it to pieces or bury it, but inquiries might be made, and the chemist's boy might remember to whom he had given it, although that was unlikely, as he was half asleep at the time. After some deliberation he decided to take it to its proper destination at once. Accordingly he did it up again into a neat parcel, and took it round to the rectory himself, telling the servant who opened the door that it had just been left at his house by a boy from the chemist's without any direction, and he supposed it must have

been intended for the Lord Rector. The servant supposed so, too, and took it in.

The next thing was to tell his wife that he was Lord Rector himself, and he went up to his bedroom. But she was fast asleep, and he decided not to disturb her. He lay down quietly, and tried to follow her example. Without success, however, for he was utterly unable to keep his eyes shut for two minutes together; and when day dawned he was a good deal more exhausted than when he first lay down.

However, the day had to be faced, so he got up and dressed before his wife was awake, that he might not have to listen to an endless chatter about the Rectorship. Then he woke her, and told her that the Lord Rector had died in the night, and that he was now Lord Rector, and immediately went downstairs without waiting to listen to her voluble exclamations of delight.

It was early, and he went out into the quadrangle to get a little fresh air at a time when he would not be likely to meet any one about. However, he immediately met the watchmaker, who had come to set the college clock right very early, and was now returning.

The man stopped and congratulated him; so for something to say, he asked him whether he had found any difficulty in doctoring the clock.

He replied that it was an easy job enough so far, but the works were pretty nigh wore out, and he was blessed if he believed the crazy old thing would keep going more than another year in spite of anything he could do.

James Judson shuddered at a sudden recollection, and remarked that the morning air was remarkably cold. The man allowed that it *did* seem a trifle fresh, and walked away.

Well, the clock was going again; that was something, at any rate. It was all rubbish, then, about its refusing to go on at all until the murderer was discovered. But the watchmaker believed it would run down in a year. That was a very curious coincidence. With what did it coincide? one might ask. But that was not a question which James Judson was likely to answer.

He went moodily back to breakfast, and found the room very cold. His wife was not down yet, so he took up the paper, and his attention was immediately attracted by a long account of a remarkable case of poisoning. The murderess, it seemed, was a nurse, who took an extraordinary delight in prophesying that her patients would inevitably die, and then securing the verification of her prophecies by the event. No motive could be assigned beyond the mere pleasure of contradicting the doctors, and proving that she knew better than all the medical profession put together.

But what chiefly arrested his attention was the means by

which she generally effected her object ; for it was more often by withholding beneficial and soothing medicines than by administering deleterious drugs that she managed to make away with her patient.

He folded up the paper hurriedly, and was in the act of throwing it to the farthest corner of the room, when his eye fell upon the lists of births, marriages, and deaths, the last being the longest list of the three. A kind of fascination compelled him to study this column attentively. What struck him as unusual in the death details of the day was the preponderance of young married men who figured on the mournful roll of names. The whole world seemed to have been widowed.

In his mind's eye he pictured the young widows, each in their own home, coming down to a lonely breakfast, and reading the record of their husband's death. This train of thought brought him round to his wife. How would she look in widow's weeds ? He had never seen her in mourning, and somehow he did not think it would suit her. But why on earth did not she come down to breakfast ? No doubt she was decking herself out in her smartest finery to suit her new position as Lady Rector. He knew exactly how she would look when she appeared, all bedizened and bespangled in the most *outré* manner possible. He heard her step now upon the stairs, but she paused to speak to a servant before entering the room.

During the slight delay which ensued he again glanced at the death-roll. Now it so happened that there had just died a distant cousin of his, who had rejoiced in precisely the same name as his own, and was only one year older. He had heard of the death a day or two ago, but had not seen it in the paper, and had dismissed it from his memory with the cynical reflection that now there would be no more confusion in his correspondence, since the existence of another James Judson had caused several of his letters to go astray. This death was recorded in the paper which he held in his hand, but he had not yet noticed it, as it happened to be the last on the list. The long column of names confused him. He felt faint for want of his breakfast, and dizzy from loss of sleep and excess of excitement. His head was positively swimming.

To add to his sense of dizziness and confusion, the paper abounded in misprints. The fact was, that there had been a strike among the compositors in the office, and the manager had been compelled to take on several incompetent hands, who had not been used to working at high pressure late at night, and consequently made a considerable hash of their work. The proof-reader had done his best to counteract the evil effects of this arrangement, but he also had more work than he could fairly cope with, and the result upon the paper was lamentable in the extreme.

Two instances will suffice to illustrate the disorganization of the printing department. A sleepy, or stupid, or officious compositor, realizing that the paper was to appear on New Year's Day, and seeing that the date of the year which stood at the top of it had been altered in consequence, took upon himself to alter also any dates which he found in the death-column which he was setting up. The date of the year was not usually inserted in the notices of death; but in the last of them it was conspicuous, and the blockhead promptly post-dated it by a year. Another mistake in the same notice—which also escaped the vigilance of the proof-reader—was the omission of the letter *r* in a word where its presence was most important, and the effect of its loss grotesque and painful.

The result of this double mistake was that James Judson—reading the list with a dizzy feeling in his head which incapacitated him for detecting the mistake—found his own death, as he thought, recorded as occurring at the end of the year which was just beginning, and perceived that the notice concluded with the appalling words, "Fiends will kindly accept this intimation."

With a thrill of horror and a despairing sense of inextricable confusion in his brain, he could only conclude that a year had already passed—that he himself was now dead—that his widow had advertised the fiends to be ready to receive him in their clutches—but that he had somehow evaded their grasp, and was permitted for a few brief moments to revisit, as a disembodied spirit, the scenes of his life, and to read the record of his own death in the daily paper.

At that moment his wife entered the room, and without noticing his presence—for he was not sitting in his usual place—approached the breakfast table. He had been expecting to see her in a blaze of finery, but to his amazement and horror, though her face was wreathed with smiles, she was robed in the deepest mourning. His worst fears were confirmed. For whom could she have put on those weeds? Doubtless *for himself*.

She was evidently unconscious of his presence in the room, and he concluded that, as a ghost, he was invisible. She was saying something to herself. He listened intently, and heard the words "Well! it is over at last, and now I can go in for enjoying myself without restraint." He groaned, and fell forward fainting on the floor.

* * * * *

This was the second fainting fit he had had in twelve hours, and his exhaustion was so extreme that it was some time before they could bring him round. When he opened his eyes, he found his alarmed wife standing at the side of the sofa on which he had been laid, with the smelling-salts in her hand. There could be no doubt that she was in deep mourning. He could not understand it, but he felt as if he must be still alive, and she seemed

glad to think that this was the case. So he feebly inquired why she was dressed in black.

"What, have you forgotten already?" she returned. "It is for the Lord Rector, of course. He died last night, and *you* are Lord Rector now, and I am Lady Rector, too."

"Ah, I had forgotten," he replied; and after that he lay still for a long time, mentally reviewing the situation, and pondering on the strange idea which had taken possession of his head.

The late Lord Rector was duly carried to his grave with all the foolish pomps and ceremonies that cluster round the funerals of the eminently respectable dead. The whole family clan of Hudsons walked behind the coffin, and the Judsons were also in attendance with James at their head. Curiously enough he could think of nothing else during the whole ceremony but his own extraordinary dream. Perhaps the little black-robed companies of living Hudsons and Judsons recalled to his mind the immense shadowy multitudes of predeceased Judsons and Hudsons whose bodiless ghosts he had confronted in his sleep.

However this may be, the living Hudsons had no hostility to him. Indeed, they were touched by the good feeling which he evinced, and the evident honesty of his mournful manner and lugubrious looks. The strange thing was that he kept up this miserable mien at the more joyful ceremony which succeeded the funeral; for when, a few weeks later, he was installed as the new Lord Rector, a sadder countenance than his had never cast a gloom over a company of guests. Two or three of them tried to make the best of it, and went up to congratulate him; but in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of Mrs. Judson, who did all, and more than all, that could have been expected of her by the most exacting, they were so coldly received, and retired so completely discomfited, that the rest of the guests were prevented from making the attempt. A chill fell upon the feast. They all conversed in whispers, and at last some one suggested that the ghost of Banquo was all that was wanted to complete the resemblance of this scene to the banquet in Macbeth. The suggestion was so appropriate that it went the round in whispers. People turned to stare at the Lord Rector, who doubtless did actually seem to be looking for the appearance of a ghost.

"Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well," whispered one.

"My lord is often thus," retorted another. "Feed, and regard him not."

"That's sound advice, at any rate," replied the first, and held his peace.

"But look at Mrs. Judson," whispered somebody else. "I can almost hear her say

"Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.'"

"It certainly does that. How she will give it him when we are all gone! Can't you fancy?—'You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.' Only her words will be less majestic, the little tiger-cat."

It was certainly an unfortunate vein for the conversation to run in. James Judson, unhappily, overheard a word or two of it, and knew what his guests were thinking of. He, therefore, made such ghastly attempts at merriment, that it was generally felt that the best thing to be done was to "stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once." This they did, and the feast broke up long before the usual time.

And this was only a sample of what happened on several similar occasions. The subsequent small talk was duly retailed to Mrs. Judson, for that lady was an inveterate gossip at all times, but more especially with her own servants, and they took care to tell her everything that had the remotest reference to the altered manner of her husband. At first she felt convinced that a few curtain lectures administered with sufficient emphasis would set him to rights; but on finding that these had no effect whatever, she began to think that he was going out of his mind. Accordingly she sent for a doctor, but the doctor was so puzzled by the symptoms that he was utterly at a loss what to recommend, and was rather relieved than annoyed when James Judson said in effect, "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it."

Physic or no physic, it was evident to every one that he was becoming rapidly worse, although nothing definite seemed to be the matter with him. Mrs. Judson's relatives sounded him cautiously as to the advisability and prudence of insuring his life. He was a young man, and the payment would be small, while his income was large. The doctors would certify that there was no sign of disease about him, while it was always best to be on the safe side, and what a comfort it would be to him to know that in any event his wife was securely provided for. Such were the weighty and excellent reasons which they adduced for his taking the ordinary and sensible step of insuring his life. But the subject was one to which James Judson had unaccountably conceived an invincible repugnance, and he gave his well-meaning advisers so cold, so very cold a reception, that they did not venture to broach the question again, although his life remained uninsured.

Meanwhile the college clock was going steadily as usual. The ghostly *tick-tick* pulsed through the cloisters as before, like the slow and solemn beating of the great heart of the college itself. And at every hour the strokes of its hammers rang out so loud and clear that it seemed perfectly capable of going on for another hundred years without so much as being wound up.

This was the view of its condition which the college butler took very strongly, and he expressed it on one occasion to the watch-

maker himself, for he felt a personal pride and interest in the welfare of the clock, and was hurt by the disparaging remarks which the watchmaker had passed upon its powers.

But that individual, whose turn of mind was slightly sardonic, merely thanked him for expressing his opinion on a subject which he felt sure the college butler must know much more about than a townsman like himself, and it was plain that, in spite of his pretended gratitude, his own opinion remained unaltered.

Unaffected by this difference of opinion, the college clock continued to tick and to strike in its most reassuring tones, and with the utmost regularity. In fact, it neither gained nor lost a single second in six months, and there are few clocks of which so much as that may be said. The confidence of the whole college in their clock was justly unabated.

On the other hand, their confidence in their Lord Rector was fast becoming a minus quantity. His conduct was altogether unaccountable, except on the supposition that he was gradually losing his wits. He evinced no interest in any sublunary subject with one single exception, and that exception was the college clock. He always listened with pleasure to the praises of that venerable timepiece, however frequently they were sung by the dignitaries who lived under its shadow, took their meals at its bidding, and timed all their waking hours by its tick.

This subject possessed a perennial freshness in the eyes of all the members of the college, but still it was generally felt that, after all, a man ought to be able to take interest in a few other things as well. Indeed, the prevailing opinion came to be that the Lord Rector was suffering from softening of the brain, although that view was not endorsed by the doctors. But then the doctors refused, as a matter of principle, to endorse a non-professional idea, and, at any rate, they had no better explanation to offer. At last, however, it became so evident that he was getting worse and worse as time went on, and wasting away quite as fast as the year itself, that they agreed together to describe his disease as atrophy, which was correct enough as far as the physical results of his mental malady were concerned.

Of the mental malady itself no one but James Judson had any conception. His wife saw that he had something on his mind, but had no notion what it could be. She knew that he was a superstitious man, and she gathered from various hints which he let drop that he believed in some mysterious influence which the college clock had upon the Lord Rector; but of the acute anguish which he suffered in dreams because of it, or of the awful dread with which he looked forward to the close of the year, she knew nothing. For James Judson kept his dreams to himself, and said nothing about the summons which he had received from the late Lord Rector's ghost to appear in shadow-

land within a year's time. But this dream continued to haunt him, and recurred with such regularity whenever he went to sleep, that he became positively afraid to close his eyes, however exhausted and miserable he might be when awake.

As the end of the year approached, he became so manifestly worse that he was obliged to take to his bed and stay there, although he could do nothing but toss to and fro day and night. The doctors were called in; but beyond their explanation of atrophy they had none to offer, and their drugs did him no good. He lay continually listening to the solemn *tick-tick* of the college clock, and apparently counting its strokes to himself. At last one doctor suggested that the sound had got on his nerves, and that the clock had better be stopped; but at this suggestion the Lord Rector flew into such a paroxysm of passion with the unfortunate man, insisting that he should never again be admitted within the college gates, that nobody had the audacity to carry out the idea and stop the clock.

The clock ticked steadily on, as if with the set purpose of swinging its heavy pendulum to and fro for another century at the very least, and James Judson felt somewhat reassured by the solemn determination of the sound. Christmas passed, and Mrs. Judson had some friends to the house, and made a faint pretence at merriment; but with her husband lying helpless upstairs it seemed nothing better than a ghastly mockery. For it was plain that he was getting worse. The best advice was called in, but the best advisers that money could secure only confessed their inability to deal with the case. They were all unanimous in recommending that he should be kept free from all worry and anxiety of mind, for in his present state he was quite unable to bear anything of the kind.

That was precisely James Judson's own opinion of his case, but how was he to free himself from the intolerable oppression of dread with which he looked forward to the end of the year? It was easy to talk of keeping away all anxiety. But the most terrible anxiety of all sat continually on his pillow, or waved its gloomy wings about his bed in time with the everlasting *tick-tick* of the college clock. He clung to the steady sound as a drowning man catches at a straw, and all the time he had a dreadful undercurrent of conviction deep down in his mind that it *was* only a straw, and that at the most critical moment it would prove to be so to his own destruction.

On the last day of the year the medical advisers declared that a critical moment had come. He could not possibly be weaker than he was, and though that was not very comforting, yet it was the best hope they could hold out that he might be going to turn the corner and get better again. They appointed one of their number to sit up with him through the night, but the man's presence in the room worried him so much that it was

settled instead that he should remain close at hand in case he was wanted.

It was the anniversary of the death of the late Lord Rector. James Judson lay alone in his room, too weak to stir, with the caution which the doctor had just given him not to let his mind dwell on any painful or worrying thought troubling him intensely. For he could not keep his mind from passing in review every single circumstance of that night just twelve months ago, on which he had received the medicine from the hand of the sleepy chemist's boy, and become Lord Rector in consequence. The old dream haunted him with irresistible pertinacity even while he lay broad awake. He could hear again the distant bell of the parish church tolling for the death of the old year. It kept on tolling for an extraordinarily long time. And it would not toll in time with the *tick-tick* of the college clock, which worried him painfully. When would the doleful sound change to a joyful peal, announcing the new year's birth? Was it going on for ever? In great irritation he tried not to listen to it, and took to his old occupation of counting the ticks of the clock.

But the tolling forced itself upon his attention. He began to fancy that it must be tolling for him. He remembered the time a year ago when he had been possessed of the absurd idea that he was already dead. Somehow that fancy did not seem so strange to him now. But he felt that he might be losing his wits through sheer fright and nervousness. The doctors had said that he was to be kept free from worry, and it was plain that they thought that neither his mind nor his body were able to resist the shock of fright. Naturally he felt more and more frightened as he pondered upon this.

And now the dying year was almost gone. The clock had struck a quarter to twelve some time ago, and he listened intently for the hour. Suddenly a joyful peal took the place of the mournful tolling. Now the college clock must strike. He heard a low sound of whirring wheels, as if it was bracing itself for the effort, when there was suddenly a sharp click—and the steady ticking ceased. He knew what had happened. *The college clock had stopped.* The late Lord Rector was avenged. His summons must be obeyed. James Judson gave a feeble groan. His heart ceased to beat. There was a slight rattle in his throat like the whirring wheels of the clock, and he expired.

J. L. JOYNES.

TIMES' FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

IN the flood of words which for the past month has nearly overwhelmed a long-suffering public, there has been little of permanent value, or of general interest outside of party politics and manoeuvres. All the great questions now before the country have already been thoroughly thrashed out, and nothing remains to be said; but the exigencies of electioneering demand speeches and addresses, and the free and independent elector loves to hear the voice of his chosen candidate (or even that of the candidate whom he has not chosen)—still more to hear his own voice, interrogative or critical, and so the deluge of oratory continues. The Reform of Procedure, the Land Question, Local Government, Egypt, the Caucus, Fair Trade, Free Trade, and other well-worn themes are the texts of the bulk of the electioneering speeches now filling the columns of the daily papers, on which no mortal can say anything that has not been said already, and about which, therefore, the line usually taken is the familiar one of abusing the opposite party. But from out of the sounding of brass and tinkling of cymbals, one note has risen louder than all the rest: the cry of "The Church in danger" has made itself audible throughout the length and breadth of the land. Opinions differ as to who first struck this note. The Tories say that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain were the culprits, the Liberals stigmatise it as an electioneering dodge of the Tories, who have got up a bogus agitation in order to gain the votes of churchmen. For our own part, we prefer not to offer an opinion on this moot point. The scare appears to have been a result of the discussion on free education, which was brought about by Mr. Chamberlain's "ultimatum" and the School Board Elections. But, let the origin of the cry be what it may, the fact that it has arisen has proved, and we think will prove, of no small benefit to the Tory party. When once the idea arose that an attack on the Establishment was contemplated, the Tory leaders were not slow to make the most of it, and the excitement soon spread on all sides. The Bishops, as was only natural, took up the cudgels at once, and in speeches and addresses of more or less vigour, denounced the project with truly theological bitterness. To the general tone of the Episcopacy, the visitation address of the Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered on 21st October, was a marked exception. Regarding the question in its moral aspect, and not as a matter of loaves and

fishes alone, he "trusted that of whomsoever it might be true, it would not be true of churchmen that they tried by any oppression or mis-statements to command votes which they had no right to command." It is, of course, only natural that the Church should be frightened and indignant at any suggested attack, but in point of fact she need have no fear, at least for the immediate future; and if churchmen as a class would adopt the tone of their Primate, even threats against the Establishment would cease. But, meanwhile, Liberal churchmen are torn two ways. Are they to pocket their political principles and vote Tory, or are they to sacrifice the Establishment for the sake of their party? The dilemma—granted the existence of an organised attack on the Church, which, personally, we neither grant nor deny—is an awkward one, and great are the searchings of heart of Liberal churchmen, and many the letters written to the daily press in the hope of advice or consolation, by bewildered electors in trouble about their souls. For ourselves, as we have said, we have no immediate fears for the Establishment. The Church is widening her borders, the leading men within her fold are actuated by a liberal spirit, and most, if not all, of the chief grievances of the Nonconformists have now been redressed. But stronger than aught else is the strength of custom and of old association. The Church of England is an historic Church, whose roots are planted deep in the soil of our national life, and of late years she has shown an increasing adaptability to modern needs, and a zeal and energy which have given her a fresh lease of life; so that it will take more than a sudden and spasmodic attack, made in the heat of a general election, to shake her hold on the affections of the people.

We have used the old party names, more from the force of habit than for any real meaning which they can be said to bear. The disintegration of parties proceeds apace, despite the almost pathetic efforts of the leading politicians and newspapers to collect under their respective "umbrellas" men of the most divergent views. The hope of the Liberals lies in Mr. Gladstone's commanding influence and unrivalled oratorical powers, and, to judge by his recent success in reconciling the Scotch Disestablishment section to the rest of the party, there is some prospect of his being able to summon all the wandering Liberal sheep back to their fold, as Mr. Tenniel's clever cartoon in *Punch* depicted him endeavouring to do. To this end, Mr. Gladstone has proclaimed himself the Opportunist pure and simple. The gist of his speech at Edinburgh on the 11th November was, not whether the question of the Establishment should or should not be considered, but that it should not be pressed at present. "Nearly all I have to say to-day," he stated, "will not be addressed to the merits of Establishment or Disestablishment, but to the business of making it a test question." "It is a very serious responsibility to take political questions out of their proper time and their proper order."

Here we have Opportunism pure and simple. Let us on no account look beyond our noses. Only let great questions, on which men feel deeply, be shelved for the present, and we shall proceed beautifully. We have no wish to see the distant scene: one step is enough, that step being the winning of the election. Much might be said as to the ethics of Opportunism, but, leaving that on one side, and regarding it simply from the point of view of the party politician, we have grave doubts as to its efficacy. Spinning ropes of sand is a proverbially futile occupation; even if they can be spun, they will not hold. An Opportunist party must in the nature of things be composed of disintegrating elements. Were there any coherence in it, any bond of principle, it would not need the aid of an adventitious Opportunism, which is at best nothing more than a desperate shift to keep together what must sooner or later fly asunder. Any one who compares the unanimity of the Liberal party in 1880 with its divisions in 1886, will see the difference between a party with a principle and a party with none; and even though the tactics now adopted should result in a majority at the polls, it does not at all follow that this majority will prove docile and manageable when within the walls of the House.

But this verges on political prophecy, for which we have not the fondness shown by some of our daily and weekly contemporaries, and which is an even greater absurdity now than it usually is, since it is impossible to speculate on the way the newly-born electoral cat will jump.

It is to be regretted that the Municipal Elections should, of necessity, have been held at a time when the preparations for the General Election were absorbing people's minds. It is to be regretted, we say, because anything which distracts public attention from local affairs, and so prevents men from taking that interest in Local Government which they should take, but are as yet far from feeling, is so much clear loss. Until the importance of the local elections, be they of town councillors, members of school boards, vestrymen, or what not, is widely and generally felt, we may have a theoretical reform of local administration indeed, but there will be little or no real amendment. The total result of the Municipal Elections was a Conservative gain of twenty-six seats; but this of course goes for little or nothing as an augury for the Parliamentary Election, as it is impossible to make due allowance for the influence of local interests, and for the female vote. We in London had not the privilege of choosing those who are to manage our local affairs; or, to speak more correctly, we were only allowed to elect those who are to direct our primary education. The School Board Elections attracted some notice, mainly because of the outcry against the extravagance of the outgoing Board, and in every division candidates went to the poll pledged to economy as the first duty of School Board Man. The result

was on the whole disappointing, both as regards the constitution of the new Board, and the smallness of the total vote polled. The "economy" members number twenty-five out of a total of fifty-five, and as only a small minority of these wish any reduction in teachers' salaries, the one economy which would be absolutely disastrous, it is to be hoped that the interests of elementary education may not suffer, but rather that judicious saving may be effected in quite legitimate ways. Many old members of the Board have failed to secure their return, and have been replaced by untried men, among whom the preponderance of clergymen of various denominations is the most noticeable fact. This is not altogether to be regretted, as no attempt could be made, with a chance of success, to establish denominational teaching, and the clergy as a body are sound on the education question, and will go straight enough as members of the Board. A new feature in the elections, and one which, it is to be hoped, will not reappear, was that in several London churches, on the Sunday before the election, what might almost be called electioneering speeches were delivered from the pulpit, and the congregations were requested to vote for so-and-so. This, we submit, is a grave error in judgment—is even absolutely wrong. That the clergy should set before their congregations the *principles* which should govern their choice of a candidate—that is to say, should advise them to inquire fully into the opinions of the man they thought of voting for, and then decide without any thought of personal or party considerations,—to this no objection could be raised; but to use their pulpits and their official influence to favour the cause of an individual is totally to misconceive their duty.

The Government prosecution of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and his assistants for various offences committed in the course of their investigations of the vice of the Metropolis, has at length ended in the conviction of the accused, and their sentence to various terms of imprisonment. The good faith and right motives of Mr. Stead were frankly admitted by the judge and the prosecution, and the verdict of guilty was returned on what was merely a technical point. But public feeling has been greatly aroused by the trial and its result, and, while the London journals unanimously reprobated Mr. Stead and all his works, the religious and provincial press wrote strongly in his favour, and large public meetings in London and in the country passed resolutions thanking him for his labours in the interest of social purity, and condemning the Government for its action. The bad feature in the whole trial and its after results is, that it has withdrawn public attention from what is the vitally important point. The conviction and incarceration of Mr. Stead—and here we are sure that Mr. Stead himself would entirely agree with us—his incarceration, we repeat, whether just or unjust, is a matter of small moment; the enforcing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act with all due

rigour is not; and if those well-meaning persons who are getting up petitions and sending deputations to the Home Secretary to demand Mr. Stead's release, would direct their energies to promoting the cause of social purity, and especially to making it a test question with the candidates who are shortly to be returned to Parliament, they would do far more good, and would, moreover, we believe, be carrying out what Mr. Stead himself would desire were he in a position to act or to express his own wishes. We English, as a nation, blow hot and cold with extraordinary rapidity. A question which to-day works the public up to fever heat is forgotten to-morrow; and, unless continuous effort is made, there is every probability that the world at large will come to accept for a fact the statements made by the majority of the London newspapers, that the Armstrong trial has proved the absolute falsity of the allegations made last July. It should never be forgotten that whatever may be the degree of credence to be attached to isolated stories, the substantial accuracy of the "revelations" was testified to by the Mansion House Committee, is well known to all those who have practical experience in the matter, and was confirmed in anticipation by the report of the Royal Commission.

The space that we are able to devote to foreign affairs this month is so limited, that we can do little more than mention the outbreak of war in the East, and the invasion of Burmah by our Indian forces. On the 14th November Servia declared war, and proceeded to invade Bulgarian territory; on the 17th a battle was fought, in which the troops of King Milan were victorious all along the line, and everything looked like a speedy termination of hostilities, at any rate for the moment, by the capture of Sofia. But two days afterwards a different aspect was put on affairs by a Bulgarian victory before Slivitzna, and, as we write these lines, it is difficult to say what exactly is the position of the contending forces. Events move so rapidly that by the time our review of the month is before the public, it will have already become ancient history; and the war, if not ended, will probably be practically decided one way or another. And the same may be said of the Burmese affair. On the 18th General Prendergast carried the Burmese position at Minhla with the slightest possible loss, and thereby cleared the road to Mandalay. In a few days we may expect to hear of the deposition of Theebau, and then will arise the question—one not easy of solution—What are we to do with Burmah? This, however, is a point which we have neither space nor inclination to discuss at present.

In conclusion, we can only record the loss sustained by the Church, and by the world of science, in the deaths of the Bishop of Manchester and of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who have each left a blank in their respective spheres which will not easily be filled.

A. M.

Critical Notices.

"POPULAR GOVERNMENT."*

IN a variety of quarters the publication of this volume has been received with an amount of applause, which would seem to prove that the Select and Thoughtful Few have quite as short memories as, according to Coleridge, have Mobs. By some critics, the four essays of which it is composed, and which, when they first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, were ascribed confidently, though variously, to Lord Salisbury, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, have been described collectively as "a bombshell thrown into the Radical camp," by others as "the best manual of natural conservatism that has ever been published." Yet praise of the same sort was bestowed on Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen's "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," which was published not so very many years ago. Sir Henry Maine's work cannot compare with that remarkable book in closeness of reasoning, or in almost religious intensity of conviction. In point of paradoxical ingenuity it is not equal even to Mr. Mallock's "Social Equality;" and, alike in philosophic grasp and in wealth of illustrative detail, it is inferior to Mr. Spencer's "The Man *versus* the State," which ought to be regarded, and will yet be regarded, as the "anti-Radical" textbook. Sir Henry Maine, indeed, in his "Popular Government," reminds one of the lady in "Endymion" who, on the death of her husband, "went into very pretty mourning." He has gone into very pretty mourning—though perhaps somewhat prematurely—for the triumph of Democracy: His book is clever, readable, brilliant with the brilliancy of the political writing of a quarter of a century ago; the lace that gives grace to his vestments of woe is old, and it is "real." But, as an arsenal of arguments, to be used in supporting partisan positions, it is inferior to the works of Mr. Spencer and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Nor as a maker of political phrases is Sir Henry Maine equal to Mr. Bagehot. There is nothing in "Popular Government" equal to the description of England in "The English Constitution" as "a deferential country."

Of the four essays on "The Prospects of Popular Government," "The Nature of Democracy," "The Age of Progress," and "The Constitution of the United States," which compose "Popular Government," the last is the best. It is a very clear and fair piece

* "Popular Government," by SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE. London: John Murray, 1885.

of exposition. Neither the information it contains, nor the conclusions finally arrived at in it, can, however, be regarded as new. Sir Henry Maine does not, as a matter of fact, get beyond the view of Mr. Spencer, that Democracy in America was manufactured, not evolved. As he puts it, "The Constitution of the United States is a modified version of the British Constitution; but the British Constitution, which served as its original, was that which was in existence between 1760 and 1787." The Constitution of the United States was the creation of one set of English gentlemen, who happened to be at war with another set of English gentlemen, both sets being thoroughly persuaded of the infallibility, if not of the divinity, of British constitutional ideas. The Senate in particular was created simply because there was a British House of Lords. It should be borne in mind that at the close of the War of Independence the more advanced Republican theorists in America were opposed to the election of a President, and wished to vest the whole of the Executive Power in Ministries subject to a single Chamber. They took precisely the ground occupied by M. Clemenceau in the later of the programmes which he issued before the recent elections in France. These views, moreover, are being revived on the other side of the Atlantic, and are being advocated by some jurists of distinction.

In his three other essays Sir Henry Maine deals with Democratic "superstitions," such as that popular government is always in favour of legislative reform, that it is the "natural" form of government, that it will endure for ever, and the like. But throughout, he appears to fight with shadows, and he repeatedly conjures with phrases. For example, he speaks of a Democracy as "a form of government," as if he had disposed of some old political delusion, if not made some political discovery, in so doing. But "Democracy" in popular English speech,—and in dealing with popular government as we find it we must also accept popular speech as we find it,—signifies merely government of the authoritatively declared opinion of the majority of the Five Millions. Again, does not Sir Henry Maine show some confusion of thought when he speaks of "the theory of population," which, as "the survival of the fittest," has become "the central truth of all biological science," having long been intensely unpopular in France? Surely, the reverse is the case; or, if such a belief is a "superstition," what of the statistics regularly adduced in support of it? Again, what does Sir Henry Maine mean by saying that the Democrat or Radical claims "the right to censure superiors"? According to democratic ideas the ordinary elector has no political "superior." His member of Parliament is in very truth his representative; the heads of Executive Departments are in very truth his ministers. Neither the Member nor the Minister is his "superior" any more than is the family solicitor the "superior" of the country gentle-

man who entrusts him with the management of his affairs. When,—if ever,—the United Kingdom is thoroughly democratised, it will have become a large co-operative society. Will the shareholder then speak or think of the managing director as his “superior”? Finally, Sir Henry Maine is not only confused, but self-contradictory in his reference to the ultra-democratic Referendum in Switzerland. He points out that its effect, since the commencement of the experiment in 1874, has been to veto a great number of laws passed by the Federal Legislature, and adds, surely with a little malice, “it is remarkable that under a cantonal Referendum a law establishing a progressive Income Tax was negatived.” But, if the Swiss experiment proves anything, it is that a pure Democracy is apt to move not too fast, but too slowly. What, then, of Sir Henry Maine’s charge against popular government that it leads to restlessness and love of change?

In “Popular Government” too much is made of peace in a community as evidence of the excellence of the system of government that prevails in it. The Law of Compensation holds in regard even of social instability; there is more of national progress under democratic restlessness than under autocratic or aristocratic tyranny. Sir Henry Maine not unnaturally dwells on the fact that democratic government has been nine times overthrown in France; that, of eighty-one years, France has enjoyed forty-four of liberty, as against thirty-seven spent under dictatorships. It is always well when thinking of France to bear in mind, with Professor Huxley, that it took England more than a hundred years to recover from her great Revolution. But, even as things are, there is greater and better-distributed happiness in France even of the material sort at the present moment than there was in the best days of the Monarchy. Above all, Sir Henry Maine takes almost no account of various international movements, such as modern Socialism, which are spreading rapidly in the United States, and can no longer be ignored here. They may yet transform popular government, or they may destroy it. But their very existence renders of little effect all predictions as to the future of popular government that are based entirely on the history of Democracy in the past.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

“ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS.”*

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE first chapter of this new instalment of Mr. Spencer’s “Principles of Sociology” consists of a *résumé*, with some new illustra-

* “Ecclesiastical Institutions,” being Part vi. of the “Principles of Sociology,” pp. 671-858, by Herbert Spencer. Williams & Norgate: London and Edinburgh, 1885.

tions, of the views expressed in vol. i., on primitive ideas respecting religion.

The question is put, "Are religious ideas innate or are they derived?" and the second alternative is chosen. Of course, if the only question asked about religious ideas is the question of their origin in time, no objection need be taken to its being put in this form. But the more important question of the validity of ideas is very apt to be confused with the question about their origin. The opponents against whom Mr. Spencer argues, *e.g.*, Prof. Max Müller, do often seem to suppose that religious ideas would gain in value, if it could be shown that the primitive religion of mankind was a higher religion than those now prevalent among savages. This view, intelligible enough among those whose attention has mostly been given to the relatively high religions of India or of the Semitic peoples, would really make one despair more of the human race than the development theory to which it is opposed. If human beings could sink from a religion like that of the Vedic hymns to the crude beliefs of Australian savages, we can have less hope for future growth than if we suppose even Aryan and Semitic religions to have been developed from a stage like fetich worship. Because religion, in its higher forms, involves "a consciousness of the infinite," and is intimately connected with morality, it does not follow that religion, in its primitive forms, possessed these characteristics except in germ. On the other hand, when religious ideas are shown to undergo development, it is often supposed that their truth or value is thereby altogether impugned; and Mr. Spencer sometimes does *seem* to assume that the "natural genesis" of a religion removes all its claim to any special authority (cf. pp. 703, 704), though he most distinctly holds that the religious consciousness, however changed, will not disappear (p. 832, ff.) He does not here, any more than in his treatment of logical or ethical questions, sufficiently recognise the difference between a historical question of origin and a philosophical question of validity.

With regard to the historical point, he still holds that the propitiation of the ghosts of deceased ancestors is the origin of all religions (p. 675). Fetichism, animal-worship, and nature-worship, are all traced to this same origin. Is not this too rash a unification? To say that men worshipped the sun, because some man was once named the Sun in compliment (p. 686), seems as difficult a theory as the view of the philologists, who make all mythology a disease of language. Mr. Spencer is a thorough-going Euhemerist.

"Zeus," he says, "may have been at first a living person, and his identification with the sky resulted from his metaphorical name."

It seems safer, with Mr. Tylor and Mr. A. Lang (whom we may quote as a scientific authority, although he is a lively writer), to allow that primitive religions may have had more than one

source. The savage does not make such definite distinctions as the civilised man between human beings and animals.

Chapter ii. tells us that religion corresponds as function to ecclesiastical institutions as structure. The propitiation of ghosts is the business of the medicine-man or priest. These become differentiated, as the distinction is made between antagonistic and sympathetic dealing with spirits. The earliest priests, who propitiated the deceased ancestor, are children or other members of the family (iii.). But, "in conformity with the law of the instability of the homogeneous, an inequality soon arises. The propitiatory function falls into the hands of one member of the group"—the eldest male (iv.). When the family grows into the village community, the ruler remains high priest (v.). With the increase of a chief's territory, he comes to depute some of his functions, and thus we have the rise of a separate priesthood (vi.). The germs of a polytheistic priesthood are present already in the co-existence of the worship of family ancestors along with the worship of an apotheosized founder of the tribe. A definite system of polytheism grows up chiefly through the division and spreading of tribes, which outgrow their means of subsistence, or through conquest, or through certain local deities obtaining a reputation outside their original limits. As the inequalities among various gods become more marked, the tendency to monotheism appears, and along with this there goes an advance towards unification of priesthoods (vii.). Along with a centralised coercive political rule there goes a similar religious rule, i.e., a hierarchy.

"Establishment of an ecclesiastical organisation, separate from the political organisation, but akin to it in structure, appears to be largely determined by the rise of a decided distinction in thought between the affairs of this world and those of a supposed other world." "Along with increase of a priesthood in size, there habitually go these specialisations which constitute it a hierarchy. Integration is accompanied by differentiation" (viii.).

In chapter ix. is traced the influence of the ecclesiastical system as a social bond. Mr. Spencer (like Swift in his "Tale of a Tub") regards religious observances as being in their origin the carrying out of a deceased parent's wishes. Thus ecclesiasticism stands for the principle of social continuity. Chapter x. connects somewhat loosely with what precedes, and deals with "the military functions of priests." Both military leadership and sacerdotal office belonged originally to the chief of the tribe; and a union between these apparently opposed functions is often found even in later times, e.g., priests consecrate flags, the bishops in the House of Lords support a war policy, etc. Differentiation between military and ecclesiastical functions has taken place more completely in dissenting ministers, who are the least militant of religious functionaries. Chapter xi. shows that, in a similar way, the civil functions of priests are only gradually restricted by increasing specialisation. "Originally Church and State are undistin-

guished;" they gradually become separated (xii.). Nonconformity does not exist among savages. Ancient forms of dissent are simply the substitute of the authority of the past for that of the present; but only in late stages does there come an exercise of individual judgment, which goes to the extent of denying ecclesiastical authority in general (xiii.)—and thus new nonconformity is anti-sacerdotal in character. When the Church is disestablished, that social differentiation will be completed which began when the primitive chief first deputed his priestly function.

Complete individualism in religion, as in other matters, may be Mr. Spencer's practical ideal; but how can this be considered a complete differentiation and specialisation of function? A preacher, who acknowledges no hierarchy, who may sit in parliament, and may have shares in a commercial business, is surely, even if a more estimable, yet a less differentiated and specialised piece of social structure than a Roman Catholic priest.

Moral influence was at first merely a collateral display of the fundamental function of a priesthood—the maintenance of subordination (xiv.), and is long of asserting itself as the most important. Thus:—

"Under clerical management public schools have in past times been the scenes of atrocities unheard of in schools under lay management; and, if we ask for a recent instance of juvenile savagery, we find it at King's College School, where the death of a small boy was caused by the unprovoked blows given in sheer brutality by cowardly bigger boys; King's College being an institution established by churchmen and clerically governed, in opposition to University College, which is non-clerical in its government and secular in its teaching."

It will be seen that Mr. Spencer's formulæ of differentiation and integration apply more easily to the earlier than to the later stages of sacerdotal institutions. There are certainly some instructive parallels between mediæval or modern customs and institutions and those of savage life, which we are too apt to think totally distinct from them; some of these, however, like that just cited, are possibly more ingenious than sound. On the whole, it is startling to find in a book on Ecclesiastical Institutions so very little about the rise of the Papacy or the Protestant revolution. Mr. Spencer's interest always seems to flag as he approaches the times which are associated with the "History" at which he scoffs so much. It is certainly shocking that "a clergyman examining young ladies at (? for) their confirmation" should think it remarkable that Melchizedek was both king and priest (p. 725, *note*); and it is quite true that the study of so-called "classical" or modern periods of history gains immensely by all light that is thrown on the early stages of institutions. But surely, the very early stages cannot have either the same certainty or the same value as those nearer ourselves. The modern English Nonconformist seems arrived at a little too suddenly. Human affairs are too complex for Mr. Spencer's synthesis, which is perhaps after all *subtilitati naturæ longe impar*.

Perhaps most readers will turn with greatest interest to the last two chapters, entitled respectively, "Ecclesiastical Retrospect and Prospect," and "Religious Retrospect and Prospect." Complete separation of ecclesiastical from political institutions, increased number of religious bodies, with, on the whole, more numerous shades of difference, complete loss of the sacerdotal character in the minister—such is the ecclesiastical prospect. It is difficult to discuss the accuracy of Mr. Spencer's forecasts, because every tendency that may seem contrary is regarded by him as only a temporary reaction due to "the recrudescence of militancy." "De-anthropomorphisation" is adopted from Mr. Fiske as a descriptive term for the tendency in the conception of the object of religious veneration. In an interesting passage (pp. 837, 838) Mr. Spencer meets a suggested objection: "How can such a final consciousness of the Unknowable, thus tacitly alleged to be true, be reached by successive modifications of a conception, which was utterly untrue?" His answer is that—
 "A germ of truth was contained in the primitive conception—the truth, namely, that the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently-conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness."

The question might be raised, whether this admission does not carry us beyond the limits which Mr. Spencer has set to his philosophy:—

"The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

Mr. Spencer sees the *non-ego* in the *ego*. But may not the truth be as much, or rather, in the converse aspect?

The concluding section, in which it is shown that "the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder," rises through the grandeur of the subject almost to eloquence, and might even be quoted in sermons as an occasional substitute for Kant's "Starry Heavens;" but where is the "Moral Law"?

Every one must hope that Mr. Spencer's health will allow him speedily to complete the remaining parts of his Sociology. That on "Industrial Institutions" will be looked to with the most interest, for there we shall feel that the writer is most in sympathy with his subject; and it will be extremely valuable to have that subject treated from a point of view, at least wider, and so far more philosophical, than that of the statistician or the abstract political economist.

"SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH PROSE STYLE."*

It is probable that there is no living writer more competent to deal critically with English Prose than Mr. George Saintsbury.

* "Specimens of English Prose Style." Selected and Annotated, with an Introductory Essay, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Parchment, large 8vo. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

He is pre-eminently a student of literature, and moreover has the advantage, scarcely to be exaggerated, of thorough familiarity with the best literature of that country which, with England, has so long been foremost in intellectual production. To the danger of such a student as Mr. Saintsbury permitting himself to be unduly influenced by technical considerations may be opposed that critic's acute natural and cultivated refinement of taste, too sympathetically discriminative to be found in company with indifference to genuine excellence, even when the latter may be handicapped by certain flaws of minor importance. This beautiful volume of "Specimens of English Prose Style" will assuredly obtain wide recognition and acceptance; and deservedly so, edited as it is with scholarly knowledge and taste. Close upon an hundred writers of prose are represented, beginning with Malory (in the Editor's own words, "for convenience' sake the *terminus a quo* has been fixed at the invention of printing"), and ending with Macaulay. On the whole, Mr. Saintsbury may be considered to have decided wisely in setting "the inferior birth limit" at 1800, thus avoiding many difficult points over which even the most tactful critic-selector would almost inevitably stumble, more or less disastrously. His selections, also, are in the main admirable, their only defect from the reader's point of view, indeed, lying in their brevity. With his choice, of course, there could be no invariable agreement: for example, there surely are few who would represent Sir Thomas Browne by the two passages from *Christian Morals* (which, with that notable one beginning "Now since these dead bones" from the *Hydriotaphia*, are the specimens selected by Mr. Saintsbury) rather than by the possibly hackneyed but certainly finer passages on Oblivion in the last-named work. Is there, out of the Old Testament (and seldom even there) a finer example of prose than *There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things; or, again, than But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids: or, once more, the passage beginning, And since it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness?* But after all it must not be overlooked that the Editor's endeavour has been to provide, "not a book of beauties, but a collection of characteristic examples of written style." A somewhat more material objection arises out of the omission of several well-known and genuinely-fine writers of prose, a circumstance all the more noticeable because of the introduction of two or three indubitable "minor stars." Is it merely fortuitously that each of the six important omissions the present writer has noted is that of a Scotchman? William Robertson, though certainly not as an author so deserving as he has often been accounted, was the most brilliant historical writer

whom Scotland produced in the eighteenth century, with the exception of Hume: another, but from Mr. Saintsbury's standpoint undeniably less worthy chronicler, was Sir Archibald Alison. Again, Dugald Stewart is certainly not the least attractive of philosophical writers; rather much more so than several of those who in these latter days would fain enlighten us in our darkness. Among essayists, is not the omission of John Foster and of Lord Jeffrey strange? Specimens of fine prose could easily be excerpted from, *e.g.*, the former's *On a Man Writing Memoirs of Himself*; or from, say, the latter's essay on the *Perishable Nature of Poetical Fame*. Perhaps the strangest omission is that of Dr. Chalmers. This great man not only spoke with the tongue, but wrote, and not infrequently, with the pen of a master,—witness, for example, certain passages in the *Astronomical Discourses*.

But to many the chief interest of this delightful book will lie in the altogether excellent and valuable Introductory Essay on Style—on what Dryden called “the other harmony of prose.” Mr. Saintsbury has written no more scholarly essay, and that is saying a good deal. We may or may not agree with all he puts forward, we may even smile at one or two inconsistencies suggestive of the proverb anent glass houses; but the fact remains that not only has Mr. Saintsbury written an able and instructive dissertation, but he has also done genuine service to the cause of English prose. He is specially acute in his remarks concerning the essential difference between lofty prose and poetry, and in those on rhythm in prose; and there are few pages where there do not occur passages amply exemplificative of the writer's principles, with, not infrequently, sentences marked at once by keen critical insight and originality of expression. Sometimes he is just a little over-subtle, as when, on the subject of contemporary prose, he states that “much would have to be said on the growth of what I may call the aniline style and the style of marivaudage, the first dealing in a gorgeous and glaring vocabulary, the second in unexpected turns and twists of thought or phrase,” etc. Mr. Saintsbury is also, and justly, severe on undue Latinization of our language, but he himself gives us *quintessenced* and *epexegetis*. Not to take leave of a valuable and most interesting volume with carping, it may be added that the book is printed, paged, and bound in a manner worthy of its contents.

WILLIAM SHARP.

HELMHOLTZ ON THE SENSATIONS OF TONE.*

THIS is a translation by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis (whose musical researches have long since earned for him as much respect in one

* “On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music.” By Hermann L. F. Helmholtz, M.D., etc., etc. (second English edition). Longman's. 1885.

science as his great philological knowledge had already obtained in another) of the fourth and latest edition of the famous *Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*, by Professor Helmholtz, a book which on its appearance in 1862 at once revolutionised the whole theory of acoustics. The exhaustion of the first English edition of 1875 has rendered a reprint necessary, and the opportunity has therefore been taken to revise carefully the English translation throughout, from the fourth and latest German edition, and to improve the book in many ways. Here, then, we have presented faithfully by Mr. Ellis, the latest views of the most distinguished writer on this important subject, or, as we may say with truth, the creator of this new science.

On the merits of Mr. Ellis's translation it would be quite superfluous to speak. It is worthy of the highest praise. If Professor Helmholtz had written in English he might have written exactly thus. As to the points wherein Mr. Ellis's translation of 1875 (first English edition) has been attacked, he justifies himself, in our opinion, unanswerably. To give an instance. Helmholtz's central discovery was the compound nature of all ordinary musical tones; which he showed to be made up of "partial-tones," extending in a long chord above the predominant prime tone, the latter being alone recognised by ordinary ears. Professor Tyndall ("Sound," 1869) translated the German *klangfarbe*, the word used by Helmholtz to express the combined sound of the entire partials of a compound tone, by "clang-tint;" but we fully agree with Mr. Ellis that "quality of tone," a well-known English musical expression, is far more intelligible, has no such foreign flavour about it, and is fully equal in clearness. Again the *partialtöne* which Mr. Ellis calls "partial tones" have been carelessly held by many English writers to include only those tones above the prime, or what Helmholtz calls *obertöne*; so that we read of "the prime and four partials," and expressions of that kind. The true correction is made throughout the present work, and in the case mentioned "the prime and four upper partials" would be the expression used. Some writers have preferred "harmonics" as a translation of *partialtöne*, but this is a grave error, for the harmonics of a violin, as well as those which one hears in a pianoforte as its tone dies away after a note is struck and held down, are compound-tones, not simple-tones, as all partials of course are.

Passing now to the differences between the first and the second English editions, we notice at once that the 824 pages of the first have been reduced to the 576 of the second, partly by the use of a larger paper and ingenious typographical devices, and partly by the alteration, amounting to reconstruction, of Mr. Ellis's own work, which under the heading Appendix XIX. took 184 pages in the first edition, and as Appendix XX. takes but 146 in the second. In reality this remarkable appendix is the contribution

of a long life. Its value can scarcely be overrated. The most important features are (1) the full account of Temperament; (2) the ingenious invention of "cents" (hundredths of a semitone), which is certainly far superior for the use of the general public in the computation of musical differences, to either logarithms or ratios; (3) the excellent and scientific exposition of the various means of determining pitch; (4) an absolutely complete table of all the musical intervals known to have been used in practice or theory within the octave, comprising over 150 different intervals, each with its value in cents, its ratio, its logarithm, and its full description, a mass of necessary information never before so neatly, so accurately, or so fully given; (5) the very valuable invention of "duodenes," for which workers at scales and temperaments have so often felt grateful to Mr. Ellis; the great table of duodenes being now, too, improved by the addition of cent numbers, etc., and representing the first and only table of modulations in just intonation; (6) an account of the various attempts to produce instruments tuned in just intonation (*i.e.*, without temperament), amongst which Mr. Ellis's own "Harmonical," exhibited at the recent Inventions and Music Exhibition, is at once the cheapest and the most readily accessible; (7) systems of tuning and tables of measurements of actual tuner's work; and (8) Mr. Ellis's invaluable work on the "History of Musical Pitch,"—a subject on which he is the acknowledged and undisputed authority,—and the table of actually measured and computed pitches in which extends as far back as the year 1361 (Halberstadt Organ), and comprises about 250 separate examples. This last section would of itself be of immense importance to the student, but the whole mass of Mr. Ellis's original work is simply indispensable to anyone who would be abreast of the musical theorists of our day. Facts so recent as the scales used by the Siamese band at the late exhibition are amply recorded and scientifically analysed. Nowhere is so vast an array of tabulated musical facts and so concise a display of musical theories to be found. The revision has been most careful, and we notice many points in which little slips of the original author have been amended. We cannot altogether get accustomed to the new-fangled division of the page into fifths by typographical signs, with the design of facilitating reference; we found ourselves frequently searching for imaginary footnotes, misled by the well-known ¶; but this is a matter which one would doubtless soon grow used to, and we can easily see that when familiar it might be found very convenient. We thoroughly commend Mr. Ellis's new notation of the comma on page 277, superseding both that used by Helmholtz and invented by Herr von Oettingen, and also the notation by Mr. Ellis used in the footnotes to the former edition (see first edition, p. 425); we consider the present notation more readily intelligible to the reader, and far easier for the printer.

Mr. Ellis mentions that the difficulties of the Oettingen notation delayed the first edition three months in its journey through the press. This brings us to our final remark: we have rarely seen so accurate a piece of workmanship as the printing of this book. Upon the most scrupulous examination we have not found a dozen errors; which, seeing that almost every page presents serious typographical difficulties, must be regarded as worthy of special commendation. The clearness of print, the voluminous index, and the whole arrangement of the book leave nothing to be desired, and it may be said, without fear of contradiction on the part of any competent judge, that in Ellis's Helmholtz we have by far the finest work on musical sound that has as yet been produced. The price is very moderate, considering the enormous labour the work must have cost.

H. K. MOORE.

SOME POLITICAL MANUALS.*

THE little book on Local Administration contains a vast mass of useful information admirably arranged. Few people, we imagine, have any conception of how they are governed. They are dimly aware of certain more or less mysterious bodies,—Boards of Guardians, Local Boards, School Boards, and so forth,—at whose election they are occasionally supposed to vote, and of whose existence they receive a practical reminder in the periodical visit of the rate collector; but as to “who they are, or why they are there, or what they are all about,” the average mind is in a dense fog. For our own part we confess to having been hitherto in utter ignorance about the machinery of Local Government, and we are proportionately grateful to the authors of this book for enlightening us on the point, and for giving us a conception of the existing administrative chaos, the results of which are that—

“Unity of government has been lost, but thoroughness of government has not been gained. The administrative machinery works with waste and with difficulty; much is done badly, much is left undone; taxation is manifold, heavy, and unjust; debts are piled up almost without the knowledge of the public; abuses are hard to discover, harder still to correct; many of the most capable men shrink from any attempt to take part in public life; and the citizens in general have come to regard local affairs with a sulky and desponding indifference.

A good deal is said, now and then, about the National Debt, and we congratulate ourselves when we reduce it by about £8,000,000 a year, quite unaware of the important fact that while the *National* Debt is diminishing, the *local* debt is increasing

* “Local Administration,” by WILLIAM RATHBONE, M.P., ALBERT PELL, M.P., and F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A.; “England and Russia in Asia,” by the RIGHT HON. W. E. BAXTER, M.P.; “Women Suffrage,” by MRS. ASHTON DILKE and WILLIAM WOODALL, M.P.; “Local Option,” by W. S. CAINE, M.P., WILLIAM HOYLE, and DAWSON BURNS, D.D. Imperial Parliament Series. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1885.

almost *pari passu*. At the end of the year 1882-3, the local debt amounted to nearly £160,000,000, the greater part of which has been incurred within the last twenty years, and yet, as the authors remark, although it gives every prospect of doubling itself in the next twenty, only a few statisticians know or care.

Did space permit, we could say much more about this little manual, which ought to be widely read, and would do much towards arousing public opinion to the pressing need of a thorough and sweeping reform of Local Government. A good map, showing the extent to which administrative areas and jurisdictions overlap each other, would have been a valuable addition to the book.

The chief thing that we can say about Mr. Baxter's book is to repeat the remark of the worthy who said that *Hamlet* was very full of quotations. *England and Russia* is very full of quotations. The book consists, exclusive of about twenty pages of appendices, of fifty-eight full pages of print, of which thirty-six are extracts from other writers. As we do not feel called upon to review the dicta of Mr. Malcolm McColl, Dr. Lansdell, Lord Lawrence, Edmund Burke, Leigh Hunt, Stepniak, and many others, whom Mr. Baxter has laid under contribution, we will confine ourselves to saying that the purpose of the book is to show that the Russian scare is a bogey dressed up by the jingoes, and that there is no reason on earth why England and Russia should not each mind her own (Asiatic) business.

If there be any intelligent person of unprejudiced mind who thinks that it is desirable not to extend the Franchise to women, we would commend Mrs. Ashton Dilke's little book to his careful attention. All the arguments against Women's Suffrage are there clearly and forcibly stated, and as clearly and forcibly confuted. In point of fact, granted the principle of equality, which is already conceded by the Married Women's Property Act and by the right which they enjoy to vote for and sit on sundry Boards, there is no argument against the Extension of the Franchise which is worth considering. That representation should accompany taxation has been the theory underlying the whole of our parliamentary history, and it is one of the absurd anomalies of our legislation that the injustice of taxing an unrepresented class should not have been already remedied. The question whether women would care to exercise the Franchise is beside the point. As a matter of fact, if the Municipal Elections are any test they would avail themselves of the privilege, and as a matter of justice it should be conceded to them, apart from any consideration of the probability or improbability of their caring to go to the polling-booths. The book contains some useful appendices, notably an extract from the *Times*, giving the census statistics of female employment in England.

The case for Local Option is ably set forth by Messrs. Caine,

Hoyle, and Dawson. In the small compass of one hundred pages they have given us a lucid sketch of the movement from the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance in 1853 to the last of the three favourable resolutions passed by the outgoing Parliament, in the session of 1883, together with a summary of the arguments for and against the system, and much information as to the working of temperance laws in other countries. It is not so generally known as it should be that there are many districts in England in which the entire absence of public-houses has produced the most beneficial effects; and, as the authors say—

“It is not a little singular that the writers who predict so many unfortunate results from Local Option, do not inquire as to the present working of Prohibition, where it is a regulation concerning which the inhabitants have not been consulted. They cannot pretend that . . . the same rule which now works well under Landlord Option, would work ill under Popular Option.”

In conclusion they urge, with much truth, that

“If there be a sincere desire to give the people Local Option in a genuine and constitutional form, there will be no hesitation in permitting them to adopt the simplest and most direct means of declaring their wishes on a subject vital to their happiness and interests. A refusal to grant such a power can only arise from a determination to maintain the liquor traffic in districts despite the wishes of the inhabitants, and is, therefore, a denial of their right to self-government in this particular.”

This book, like the last, contains some useful appendices, with valuable statistics bearing on the subject.

MEREDITH'S "RICHARD FEVEREL."*

IF *Evan Harrington* is the pleasantest of Mr. Meredith's books, *Richard Feverel* is, I think, the greatest. Others may perhaps have as much, singly, of certain qualities, but assuredly none has quite so much of so many. There is tragedy in it, and comedy, wit, humour, thought, philosophy, instruction, entertainment, all mutually agreeing, mutually helpful towards the true artistic unity of the book. It is the wisest novel I know; it is one of the most delightful. And the reason is just this,—though what may be the reason of my reason I know not. Mr. Meredith has made it the mouthpiece of youth and of maturity. He has put into it all the poetry and sweet romance of youth; all the ripe wisdom and experience of maturity. Everything in the book that treats of youth has youth's very heat and hue in it; the words are magic notes under the fingers of a divine player, rendering him sound for sound as he wills, up to the tenderest, scarcely-to-be-caught faint treble of unshadowed love. Never, surely, has the unutterable been more nearly uttered than in those early scenes of Richard's and Lucy's love; scenes of poetry as ethereal and perfect as ever mounted without the wings of verse. On the

* "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." By GEORGE MEREDITH. New Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

other hand, what maturity could be more complete than that which takes so searching a survey of human action, so pitilessly clear a view of human motive? The novel tells the tale of a life; of an education and its consequences. And with what infallible insight every move is noted, every fault or deviation commented on, every consequence inferred, every result traced back to its cause, every character shown in transition! The author, we can see, loves the good ones of his characters, pities them; but he is sternly just; no fate could be more impartial. The book is a tragedy; again and again we see happiness within the grasp of its seekers; a word the more, a laugh the less, and all would be well. But Mr. Meredith, who employs no villains in his novels, shows us that this is just how tragedies come about; by these slight causes, trifles that we think lightly of; and in this simple way, letting things take their merely natural course, he draws us onward to the desolation and misery of the climax, allowing us always to perceive, that with no intentional wrong, among merely good intentions and selfishnesses, the most utter tragedy may come about. It is the sad epic and epitome of modern life.

Of the characters and special scenes in this book it is scarcely necessary to speak. Who does not know Adrian, "the wise youth," embodiment of cynical selfishness and worldly wisdom, a mouthpiece for many of Mr. Meredith's most brilliant epigrams? Who has not laughed over the inimitable Mrs. Berry, lineal descendant, surely, of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*? Who has not loved Lucy, sweetest of heroines, and Richard, manliest of heroes? Who has not beheld "the enchantress," Mrs. Mount, a creature of fire and air, a *fleur du mal*, superb as a tropical poison-flower, Lilith or Cleopatra? And if any one has never read "Clare's Diary," every word of it a burning tear, or that last great scene of the parting of Richard and Lucy, every word a heart-throb, he has yet to learn (whatever else he may have read) the whole meaning of the word pathos.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.*

THIS book is dedicated "to all the big and little boys who read it;" and as one of the "big boys" who have read it with great enjoyment, we add with pleasure our voice to the chorus of praise which from all sides has greeted it. It is an admirably told story, and the interest is sustained to the very end. No one who takes the book up, if he has least taste for tales of adventure, will put it down unfinished, if he can help it.

We do not propose to give a sketch of the moving accidents by flood (subterranean) and field which befel the dauntless three in

* "King Solomon's Mines," by H. RIDER HAGGARD. London: Cassell & Co., 1885.

the course of their search for, and eventual discovery of, the diamond mines whence King Solomon drew his wealth, nor to narrate how, after narrowly escaping death in the desert, first by thirst and then by hunger, they finally attained the object of their quest, but only to find themselves in peril greater than any they had yet undergone. To do this would far exceed our limits, and would moreover, we think, spoil the enjoyment of the book itself for any one who happened to see our review before reading the story. Mr. Haggard has placed King Solomon's mines in the No-man's-land to the north of the Transvaal, in a fertile and secluded spot, protected from a covetous world by an almost impassable desert, and has given them, for additional security, into the possession of a brave and warlike tribe, who strongly resent the presence of the white man. One of the best scenes in the book is that in which the three travellers first meet with these savages, who fortunately speak a sort of antiquated Zulu, and with whom the Englishmen can thus converse. A small party of Kukuanas suddenly turns up, the leader of whom hastens to inform the travellers, first of all, that they are liars in saying that they came across the mountains, and secondly, that their lies don't matter, for in any case they must be killed, "for no stranger may live in the land of the Kukuanas."

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good.

"He says we are going to be scragged," I answered grimly.

"Oh Lord," groaned Good; and, as was his way when perplexed, put his hand to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaws with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for the next second the dignified crowd of Kukuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I.

"It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!"

In another second curiosity had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly.

"How is it, oh strangers," asked the old man solemnly, "that the man" (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving) "whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare, who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who has one shining and transparent eye" [he wore a single eye glass], "has teeth that move of themselves, coming away from his jaws and returning of their own will?"

Good, thereupon, showed them his mouth, first without and then with teeth, which utterly discomfited the adversary.

"I see that ye are spirits," said the old man falteringly. "Did ever man born of woman have hair on one side of his face, and not on the other, or a round and transparent eye, or teeth which moved and melted away and grew again? Pardon us, oh my lords."

An opportune shot with a rifle added to the conviction of the savages that the strangers were more than human, and they were taken with all ceremony to call on the king, with whom they presently got into difficulties. Doubts were entertained as to their magic powers, and their lives were in imminent danger. Fortunately, however, Good had remembered that an eclipse was due, and this phenomenon, which the travellers had taken occasion to declare that their magic would bring to pass, caused

such terror that they escaped. The whole of this scene is excellent; the rage of the king at being thwarted, the doubt in the minds of the Englishmen as to whether the eclipse "would come up to time," their excitement when it did actually begin, and the awe of the natives, culminating in a general stampede, is a first rate piece of description.

The sketch of Good, the dapper and imperturbable navy captain, who is never seen without his eye glass and his false teeth, who provides himself, for a journey through the wilderness, with a razor and gutta-percha collars, "because they weigh so little, and I always like to look like a gentleman;" who takes every opportunity of shaving himself, even with a piece of fat when other materials are wanting (he was engaged in this operation when the Kukuanas first appeared, and had in consequence to go for the rest of his stay in their country half shaved and trouserless, so as "to live up to the character" in which they originally met him), and yet is withal a cool and brave man, always to be relied on in any emergency—this sketch is one of the best features in this admirable story. Sir Henry Curtis and Quatermain, who relates the adventures of the trio, are also good and consistent throughout. In fact, the only fault that we have to find with the book is that there is a little too much bloodshed in it. But this is, after all, a matter of taste, and is, at worst, no very grievous flaw in the general excellence of what we are inclined to call quite the best novel of the season.

WANDERINGS IN CHINA.

BOOKS of travel have, as a rule, but little attraction for us. Either the places visited are in themselves uninteresting, or if they are interesting, the writer's description is not. The record is too often merely a record of sights and events, written in a style which would make the history even of the most remarkable incidents unentertaining. But Miss Gordon Cumming's forthcoming book, the proof sheets of which we have seen, is in every way a marked exception to the rule. The scene of her "Wanderings" is of unusual interest, her experiences which on her travels were anything but commonplace, she possesses, as we already know, great powers of observation, and to all this is added artistic finish of style and evidence of increasing literary skill. Every page of the book is readable—more than readable, even deeply interesting; while it contains many passages which, for power of descriptive realism and dramatic word-painting, exceed anything else of the kind with which we are acquainted. For an instance we may turn to the first few pages, in which Miss Gordon Cumming tells

* "Wanderings in China." By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

us how, from a house overlooking the town and harbour of Hong Kong, she witnessed a terrible fire which came near destroying the entire city. Conflagrations have been described over and over again. The novelist revels in incendiarism, the traveller is always delighted to seize the opportunity of enlivening his pages with a good sensational fire, but very few writers of either class have the gift of bringing the whole scene before our eyes as it is here brought. We seem actually to see the spread of the flames and to hear the alarm bells

"ringing on more and more wildly—sharp jangling bells, which once heard could never be forgotten, so unlike any other peal is that affrighted clanging. . . . From our high post we looked down on the awful sea of fire, watching it work onward, stealing under roofs, lighting in a rain of fire on distant houses, where we could see sparks on some weak corner of a roof or an inflammable verandah—then would come a little puff of smoke followed by a burst of flame, and then another outburst in quite a different part of the town, till so many fires were blazing at once, that the firemen were utterly baffled."

Want of space forbids our quoting from this description at the length we could wish. Suffice it to say, that it is one of the finest pen-pictures we have ever met with.

About Canton and the life there Miss Gordon Cumming has much to tell. She saw a great deal of the native town, and, we were about to say, described everything she saw, so full of information is this chapter about the manners and customs of the Chinese. But we gather that she left much untold.

"I wish I could give you [she says] a faint idea of a thousandth part of what I saw in yesterday morning's walk through the principal streets of Canton, before we even began to explore its temples and other wonderful sights."

We think that every reader of the book will share our regrets, that Miss Gordon Cumming should have omitted any detail of her impressions of this "very strange city," although she has devoted several pages to Canton alone, each of them full of interest.

On one occasion Miss Gordon Cumming had the privilege of being invited with a friend to call on a certain wealthy Mandarin, and gladly availed herself of the opportunity of seeing a Chinese interior of the aristocratic class, being little prepared for the seriousness of the ordeal which constitutes a Cantonese visit of ceremony. Their host, after showing them his house and grounds,—and a very singular residence it seems to have been,—introduced them to the ladies of the family, and gave them a sumptuous lunch, of which his mother and wife did not partake. Then began the trying part of the affair.

"Leaving the gentlemen to finish their wine, we rejoined the ladies, who now, in the absence of any lord of the creation, were much more at their ease. . . . To-day the only work of the attendants was to fan us, and assiduously feed us with luscious preserved fruits and cakes, which it would have been deemed uncourteous to refuse, though it was terrible to have to swallow so many. One or two would really have been enjoyable, but here hospitality involves surfeit. . . . Chinese hospitality is only satisfied so long as the mouth of the guest is well filled."

We do not wonder that the combined sweetmeats and close air brought on a headache, and are devoutly thankful that the

Chinese method of entertaining guests does not obtain further west.

The account of the Jade Stone Market is curious, and incidentally brings up an interesting problem. The name "jade" is a corruption of the Spanish "*Piedra de ijada*" (given in consequence of a Mexican superstition that the stone is a protection against diseases of the loins), and yet this mineral has not been discovered in America, and the only known mines are in Turkestan. Whence then did the Mexicans obtain their specimens?

A very striking chapter is "The Offerings of the Dead," in which Miss Gordon Cumming shows how ancestor worship lies at the root of all Chinese life, and gives us some idea of the astounding aggregate amount annually expended by the 400,000,000 of Chinese in appeasing the spirits of the defunct. And there are some very interesting facts about "demoniacal possession," or what the Chinese believe to be such; and some most startling cases are quoted, which the native Christians have of their own accord (to the amazement of their *white* friends) successfully treated, after the Scriptural method, by prayer only: the apparent maniacs becoming sane—"clothed and in their right mind."

But we have already lingered too long over this fascinating book, and want of space compels us to bring to a close a notice which is yet far too brief to do it justice. "When I praise an author," said Macaulay, on one occasion, "I like to give a sample of his wares," but in this instance we cannot give samples of the choice wares offered by Miss Gordon Cumming, for where all is so good, selection is almost impossible. We can only recommend our readers to take the earliest opportunity of judging for themselves.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA AND OTHER STORIES.*

THIS has reached us too late for adequate review, our space being already filled, and we have therefore done little more than glance at its contents. The stories appear to be of unequal merit, the one which gives its title to the book striking us as quite the weakest of those we have read. Others, however, are better written, and one in particular, *The Iceberg*, displays considerable literary ability, and no small dramatic perception. Whatever may be his defects of style, Major Harrison possesses the crowning merit of knowing what he has to say, and of saying it without circumlocution; his stories always have a point, and he goes straight to it.

* "The Queen of the Arena and Other Stories." By MAJOR STEWART HARRISON. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1885.

“ZECHARIAH: HIS VISIONS AND WARNINGS.”*

THE friends of the late Dr. Alexander, whose name is well known north of the Tweed as that of an accomplished divine and ripe scholar, have wisely collected in one volume, for wider circulation, a series of papers contributed to the *Homiletic Magazine*. In his treatment of the prophetic writings of Zechariah, whether they be regarded as the work of one author or of several, Dr. Alexander has given additional indication of the scholarly acumen and powers for accurate research which we should naturally expect from a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, while, unlike many adherents of the Orthodox school, he exhibits an intelligent and appreciative acquaintance with the best and latest results of German criticism, united to a critical knowledge of rabbinical literature.

All of the twenty-four sections into which the book is divided will well repay the student for the time spent in their perusal, those on “The High Priest and the Adversary,” “Four War-chariots,” “Purification and Enlightenment,” and “The Perfect and Spiritual Kingdom,” being particularly suggestive and excellent.

Dr. Alexander’s thoughtful and scholarly book will prove a useful and welcome addition to many a clerical library.

“FOUR CENTURIES OF SILENCE.”†

THIS work, like that of Dr. Alexander’s, is a *résumé* of articles contributed to the pages of our excellent contemporary, the *Homiletic Magazine*. Mr. Redford, while not professing to give the results of his own personal research, brings together very interesting and valuable information respecting the state of the Jewish Church during the long interval which intervened between the Old and New Testament Dispensations, the place occupied by Malachi, the status and influence of the Jewish pontificate, the Sanhedrim, the scribes and their traditions, and the Messianic expectation. In the chapter on “The Rise of the Jewish Sects,” we prefer Ewald’s criticism on the origin of the Sadducees to that of Mr. Redford, who, however, states his opinion very ably. The chapters on the Septuagint and the Apocrypha are very good.

* “Zechariah: His Visions and Warnings.” By the late Rev. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

† “Four Centuries of Silence; or, From Malachi to Christ.” By Rev. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B. London: Nisbet & Co.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.

Where the 'Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Bissell, Prof. C. C. The Pentateuch: its Origin, etc.; 8vo, Hodder, 9s.

Faussett, Rev. A. R. Commentary on Judges; 8vo, Nisbet, 10s. 6d.

Miller, Rev. E. Guide to Textual Criticism of New Test.; 12mo, Bell, 4s.

A 2.—HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dixon, Canon. History of the Church of England; Vol. III., 8vo, Routledge, 16s.

Fitzgerald, Bp. W. Lectures on Ecclesiastical History; 2 v., 8vo, Murray, 21s.

Hunt, Rev. W. Diocesan Hist. of Bath and Wells [Dioc. Histories]; 12mo, S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.

Kershaw, S. W. Protestants from France; cr. 8vo, Low, 6s.

Spencer, H. Ecclesiastical Institutions, Part I.; 8vo, Williams, 5s.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Christ and Christianity. By Dr. P. Schaff; roy. 8vo, Nisbet, 10s. 6d.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Richard + Williams; H., M.P.; J. Carvell. Disestablishment [Imp. Parl. Ser.]; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 1s.

A 5.—DEVOTION AND PRACTICE.

Bevan, Rev. L. D. Christ and the Age; cr. 8vo, Isbister, 7s. 6d.

Burbidge, E. Liturgies and Offices of the Church; cr. 8vo, Bell, 9s.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Goulburn, Dr. E. M. Holy Week in Norwich Cathedral; cr. 8vo, Rivington, 5s.

CLASS B.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY.

B 1.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

Islam, Dictionary of. By T. P. Hughes; roy. 8vo, Allen, 42s.

B 2.—COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE.

Crane, Prof. T. F. [Am.]. Italian Popular Tales; 8vo, Macmillan, 14s.

Harley, Rev. T. Moon Lore, with facs. ill. of old blocks; 8vo, Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

Knowles, J. H. Dictionary of Kashmir Proverbs; cr. 8vo, Trübner, 8s.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 1.—GENERAL.

Seth, Prof. A. Scottish Philosophy; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 5s.

C 2.—MENTAL.

Veitch, Prof. J. Institutes of Logic; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 12s. 6d.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 1.—HISTORY OF SOCIETY AND INSTITUTIONS.

Smith, Prof. W. R. Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia; 8vo Camb. Pr., 7s. 6d.

D 2.—LAW.

- International Law, Leading Cases in. By P. Cobbett ; 8vo, Stevens, 14s.
 Roman Law, Influence of, on English Law. By T. E. Scrutton ; 8vo, Camb. Pr., 10s. 6d.
 Torts, Treatise on. By S. Hastings ; roy. 8vo, Sweet, 28s.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

- Buxton, S., M.P. Over-Pressure and Elem. Education ; cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein, 2s.
 Sonnenschein, A. The Truth about Elem. Education [Reprinted from April, May, and Oct. Nos. of *Time*] ; 8vo, Sonnenschein, 6d.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

E 2.—EUROPE.

- Rhodes in Ancient Time. By C. Torr ; 8vo, Camb. Pr., 10s.
 Riviera, The. By Rev. Hugh Macmillan ; ill., 4to, Virtue, 21s.
 Rome, Ancient, in 1885. By G. H. Middleton ; ill., 8vo, Black, 21s.

E 3.—ASIA.

- India, New. By H. J. S. Cotton ; cr. 8vo, Paul, 4s. 6d.
 [Malay Pen.] The Chersonese with the Gilding Off [a reply to Miss Gordon Cumming's "The Golden Chersonese"]. By E. Innes ; 2v., cr. 8vo, Bentley, 21s.

E 6.—OCEANIA, ETC.

- Borneo, North. By F. Hatton ; ill., 8vo, Low, 18s.
 New Guinea. By C. Lyne ; cr. 8vo, Low, 10s. 6d.

E 7.—BRITAIN.

- Beddoe, Dr. J. The Races of Britain ; roy. 8vo, Trübner, 21s.
 London. Pop. Guide to Westminster Abbey ; ill., 4to, *Pall Mall* Office, 3s. 6d.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 1.—GENERAL.

- Maine, Sir H. S. Popular Government ; 8vo, Murray, 12s.

F 2.—ANCIENT.

- Schliemann, Dr. H. The Prehistoric Palace of Tiryns [for a prelim. acc. of this work see Dr. Blind's art. in *Time*, Feb., '85] ; ill., 4to, Murray, 42s.

F 4.—MODERN HISTORY.

- Heaton, M. The Three Reforms of Parliament ; cr. 8vo, Unwin, 5s.

CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

- Brontë Family, The. By F. A. Leyland ; 2 v., cr. 8vo, Hurst, 21s.
 Bunyan, J., Life, Work, and Times of. By J. Brown ; 8vo, Isbister, 21s.
 Carey, W. [Miss], Life of ; 8vo, Murray, 16s.
 "Eliot, George." Life. Cabinet edition, Vol. I. ; cr. 8vo, Blackwood, 5s.
 Fawcett, H., Life of. By Leslie Stephen ; cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder, 12s. 6d.
 Garrison, Lloyd [Amer.], Life of [1805-40] ; 2 v., 8vo, Unwin, 30s.
 Marlborough. By G. Saintsbury [English Worthies] ; 12mo, Longman, 2s. 6d.
 Newman, Card. J., Catholic Life and Letters of ; 8vo, Burns, 2s. 6d.
 Ulfilas, Apostle of the Goths. By C. A. Anderson ; cr. 8vo, Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
 Yates, Edm. Recollections ; new ed., cr. 8vo, Bentley, 6s.

G 2.—COLLECTIVE (Under Name of Author).

- Herbert, Lady. Wives and Mothers in the Olden Time ; cr. 8vo, Bentley, 6s.
 Ward, T. H. Men of the Reign ; cr. 8vo, Routledge, 15s.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 3.—CHEMISTRY.

- Crookes, Dr. W. Select Methods of Chemical Analysis ; 8vo, Longman, 24s.

H 4.—ASTRONOMY.

- Clerke, A. M. Popular History of Astronomy ; 8vo, Black, 12s. 6d.

H 5.—PHYSIOGRAPHY.

- Croll, J. Discourses on Climate ; 8vo, Black, 10s. 6d.

H 8.—ZOOLOGY.

- Green, G. C. Collections, etc., of Natural History ; cr. 8vo, L. Reeve, 7s. 6d.
 Hartmann, R. Anthropoid Apes [Int. Scient. Ser.] ; cr. 8vo, Paul, 5s.
 Pennington, A. S. British Zoophytes ; ill., 8vo, L. Reeve, 10s. 6d.

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.**I 2.—ENGINEERING, MACHINERY, ETC.**

- Collyer, F. Treatise on Modern Steam Engines ; ill., 4to, Spon, 25s.
 Jackson, L. D. A. Statistics of Hydraulic Works, etc. ; roy. 8vo, Thacker, 31s. 6d.
 Lock, C. G. W. Workshop Receipts [Spon's Worksh. Rec. iv.] ; cr. 8vo, Spon, 5s.

I 5.—INDUSTRIES.

- Brick and Tile Book, Practical. By F. Walker ; 12mo, Lockwood, 6s.
 Dyeing of Textile Fabrics. By J. J. Hummel ; 12mo, Cassell, 5s.
 Porcelain, English. By Prof. A. H. Church [S. Kens. Mus. Hdbks.] ; cr. 8vo, Chapman, 3s.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE.

- Fruit and Fruit Trees. By L. H. Grindon ; cr. 8vo, Simpkin, 6s.
 Pig, The Book of the. By J. Long ; numerous plates, 4to, Upcott Gill, 15s.

I 8.—ARCHITECTURE.

- Menzies W. Cottages for Rural Districts ; ill., 4to, Batsford, 10s. 6d.

I 9.—FINE ARTS.

- Pheidias, Essays on Art of. By Prof. C. Waldstein ; ill., roy. 8vo, Camb. Pr., 30s.

I 10.—ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

- Caricaturists, English, of Nineteenth Century. By Graham Everitt [with 56 full-page reproductions of caricatures, etc., by the Cruikshanks, Rowlandson, Gillray, Seymour, Lane, Leech, "Phiz," Doyle, etc.] ; 4to, Sonnenschein, 42s.
 Doyle, Dick, Journal of, in 1840 ; 4to, Smith & Elder, 21s.
 Herrick, R. Selections from Poems. ill. E. A. Abbey [Am.] ; 4to, Low, 42s.
 Isis and Thamesia. By A. J. Church ; etchings, imp. 8vo, Seeley, 16s.

I 12.—SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

- Coaching Age, The. By S. Harris, ill. J. Sturgess ; 8vo, Bentley, 18s.
 Pike and other Coarse Fish. By H. C. Pennell [Badminton Library] ; ill., cr. 8vo, Longman, 10s. 6d.
 Salmon and Trout Fishing. By H. C. Pennell [Badminton Library] ; ill., cr. 8vo, Longman, 10s. 6d.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.**K 2.—HISTORY OF LITERATURES.**

- Gosse, E. From Shakespeare to Pope ; cr. 8vo, Cambr. Press, 6s.

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